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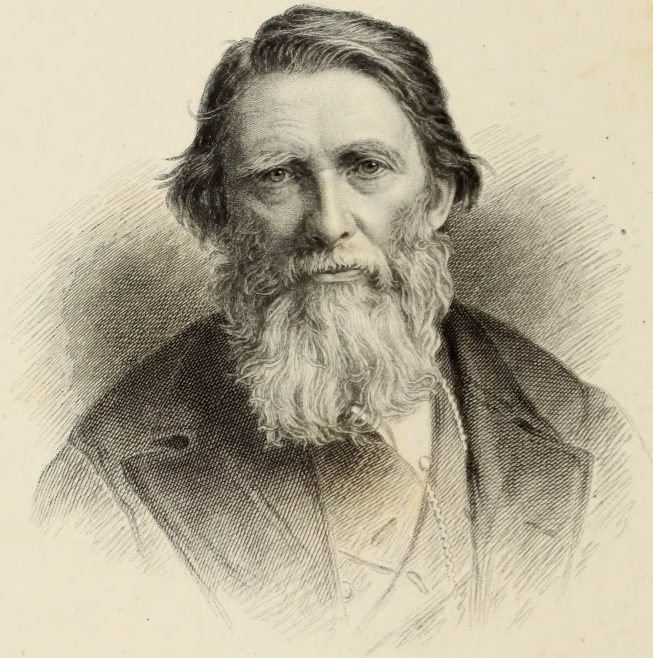

Faithfully Yours
John Ruskin

Engraved by W. Roffe from a Photograph by Elliott & Fry

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THE WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

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1907

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VOLUME XXIX

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS 73–96

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN

VOLUME III

CONTAINING

LETTERS 73–96

1877, 1878–80–83–84

WITH THE AUTHOR'S INDEX

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXIX

THIS volume contains Letters 73–96 of *Fors Clavigera* (corresponding to volumes vii. and viii. of the original issue of the work); an Appendix, consisting of additional passages or letters, relating to *Fors;* and an Index. Full particulars of the original publication, and of subsequent alterations, are given in Bibliographical Notes; in the case of the Letters, at p. xxix., in that of the Index at p. 603.

Letters 73–84 were issued during 1877, and with them may be grouped Letters 85–87, for these followed consecutively during the first three months of 1878. There then comes a break of two years, caused by Ruskin's serious illness. The period of his life and work which is covered by Letters 73–87 has already been dealt with in a previous Introduction (Vol. XXIV.), but some additional notes may here be given in illustration of passages in *Fors Clavigera.*

The earlier Letters (73–78), as also the later Letters in the preceding volume, are dated from Venice, where, it will be remembered, Ruskin spent the winter of 1876 and spring of 1877. While carrying on the general scheme of the book, these Letters reflect his Venetian interests, and the temper of his mind under Venetian influences. They contain discussions of Venetian pictures and architecture, and recite Venetian legends. They show him at work with photographers, artists, and sculptors, collecting examples for St. George's Museum at Sheffield. They have at times a mystical strain which was connected, as already explained,[1] with his imagination of St. Ursula. His Venetian friend Count Zorzi has recently published some Reminiscences of Ruskin[2] during this Venetian period which give a vivid picture of his occupations, interests, and thoughts during the months when the Venetian Letters were written. Among the young artists whom Ruskin had

[1] See Vol. XXIV. pp. xliii., xliv.

[2] In the *Cornhill Magazine,* August and September, 1906. Extracts are here given by courteous permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. Some letters from Ruskin, printed in Count Zorzi's articles, are given in a later volume of this edition.

working for him at Venice was Signor Raffaelle Carloforti of Assisi, whose name figures repeatedly in the Accounts published in *Fors.*[1] He was acquainted with Count Zorzi, and had spoken to Ruskin of the Count's desire to publish a pamphlet of protest against the restoration of St. Mark's. Ruskin had bidden Carloforti to invite Count Zorzi to bring his manuscript:—

"When at eight o'clock that evening I entered his study and drawing-room, Ruskin, upright and serious, was seated at a large writing-table, covered with books, manuscripts, and writing paper, and in his hand he held an immense cork pen-holder as thick as a Havana cigar: he gave me one like it some time later.

"He wore a dark-blue frock-coat, a high cravat, and a higher collar. His ruddy face, his reddish hair and whiskers, and indeed his whole figure, were illuminated by a number of candles burning in silver candlesticks. It seemed to me there were seven of them: perhaps because my head was full of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture.*

"He rose quickly and, with his slight person full of dignity, advanced to meet me as Carloforti introduced me, and thanked me for coming, in very English Italian. Then sitting down again and signing to me to take an arm-chair near him, he continued:

"'And I thank my good friend Raffaele for having fulfilled the mission with which I charged him. So—they are assassinating St. Mark's?'

"'Yes, sir, most unfortunately. And no one can see that better than yourself. They have been at it a good while, and they are going on.'

"'I must say that you are very courageous, and that you have taken upon yourself a right hard task. I see you have brought your manuscript with you, as I told Carloforti to ask you to do. Will you be kind enough to read me some of the most important passages?'"

The Count proceeded to read the pages which were presently published with a preface by Ruskin:[2]—

"I spoke with impetuous enthusiasm, for all my heart was in the subject. All at once Ruskin interrupted me by springing to his feet. I did the same, and found myself in his arms.

"'For thirty years,' he said, with emotion, kissing my forehead, 'I have been seeking a Venetian patrician—an artist—who would think and write about Venice and about St. Mark's as you have done, my young friend, and I am happy to have found you.'"

[1] See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 583, 633, 677, 729, 769; and below, p. 50.
[2] See Vol. XXIV. pp. 403–411.

"Why do you not publish?" asked Ruskin. The Count, it seems, had not the means to venture on separate publication; he proposed to send his chapters piecemeal to the *Adriatico*:—

"'No, no, that is not to be thought of; the polemics roused day by day by your criticisms would spoil the effect of your arguments. Your terrible book must come out as a whole; it must be a big gun and do its work at a single shot. It must sweep away the evils of restoration as practised hitherto on the ancient monuments, evils deeply rooted not only here but in the whole of Europe. Allow me to offer you the means necessary for the publication, and find a publisher at once. Permit me to say that you are young; and although you have already engaged in the struggle for the conservation of the monuments of your city with isolated publications, this is the moment when you may be said to begin the real war against powerful adversaries who enjoy the confidence of the Government—the existing commissions, the bureaucracy. It is true that your artist colleagues and contemporaries are on your side; but you need an old general well known in Europe for the battle on behalf of your new ideas. I will therefore write you a letter addressed to every art centre in Europe, in which I will support and justify everything that you have expressed at greater length so ably and so courageously, touching these matters of archæology, art, and history, which interest the whole civilised world. And you will be kind enough to insert my letter as a preface to your book.'

"'Do you know,' he burst out gaily, in a louder tone—'do you know that the Academy of Fine Arts elected me one of its honorary members a good while ago, and that the "Società Veneta di Storia Patria," on April 25 last, almost as soon as it was started, also wanted to have me among its founders? I am yours! I am yours! I am at last a Venetian!'

"After a pause he went on in a sympathetic tone: 'Carloforti has told me of the recent loss you have sustained in the death of your good father, and described him to me as a real Venetian gentleman of the good old stamp. He told me also that your mother is a Morosini. Pray offer her my respectful homage, and say that I shall feel honoured to pay her a visit if she will permit me.'

"The idea of meeting a real Morosini—who was not only the great-granddaughter of the last Procurator of St. Mark's and descendant in the direct line of the Doge Domenico Morosini (1148–1155), who was buried in Santa Croce, and in whose reign the Campanile of St. Mark's was completed, and of the Doge Marino Morosini (1249–1252), who was buried in St. Mark's Atrium, and at whose death the custom was introduced of hanging up the arms of the Doges in the Basilica—filled Mr. Ruskin with the greatest joy.

At home, as also abroad, this form of exercise and serviceable manual labour was constant with Ruskin; see his note on the subject in Letter 83, written at Brantwood (p. 273[1]).

Ruskin returned from Venice in June 1877, as has been previously said, "to St. George's work";[2] and the Letters written immediately on his return contain much matter on that subject. On a visit to the Midlands, to inspect St. George's land at Bewdley, he saw something of the nail-making district—a sight which inspired one of the most vivid passages in *Fors*, describing the "Clavigeræ" of modern industrial life (p. 174). A visit to London earlier in the year, when he went to the theatre and picture-galleries, had one memorable outcome; for a *critique* of the Grosvenor Gallery in Letter 79 led to the libel case of Whistler *v.* Ruskin, presently to be noticed. Among the places of entertainment which Ruskin was fond of visiting was the St. James's Hall, where the Moore and Burgess company of "Christy Minstrels" used then to perform. "I remember Sir Edward Burne-Jones's account," says Mr. Collingwood, "of a visit to them; how the Professor dragged him there, to a front seat, and those burnt-corked people anticked and shouted, and Burne-Jones wanted to go, and Ruskin wouldn't, but sat laughing through the whole performance as if he loved it. An afternoon to him of oblivion to the cares of life."[3] There is a reference to these Christy Minstrels in Letter 76 (p. 85[4]).

In the autumn of 1877 Ruskin received, among other visitors at Brantwood, Mr. T. C. Horsfall of Manchester, in whose scheme for establishing an Art Museum in that city he was greatly interested. Mr. Horsfall's paper on the subject, with Ruskin's comments, occupies several pages in this volume;[5] and in an Appendix several private letters from Ruskin to the same correspondent are now given. Mr. Horsfall's scheme took shape in the "Manchester Art Museum and University Settlement" (Ancoats Hall, Every Street, Manchester), which for many years has been a centre of "sweetness and light" in that city. It is an admirably educational Museum, and Ruskin's influence is very apparent in the ideas which have governed its arrangements. It includes several of his drawings, as also many copies after Turner by Mr. William Ward, in some cases touched by Ruskin. He wrote a few notes also descriptive of these copies, which the Committee

[1] "Ruskin's bill-hook, for cutting coppice at Brantwood," is among the "personal relics" in the Ruskin Museum at Coniston.

[2] Vol. XXIV. p. xlv.

[3] *Ruskin Relics*, p. 156.

[4] See also Vol. XXVIII. p. 492.

[5] See pp. 149–157, 195–197, 213–217.

have placed under them "as one of the many proofs he has given them of his interest in their work."[1]

The winter months of 1877–1878 were, as already noticed,[2] a time of much mental strain with Ruskin. The state of anger and of isolation, into which the writing of *Fors Clavigera* was apt to throw him, was a dangerous aggravation of over-work. One seems to see him in these later letters constantly fighting, but in vain, against excitement; certainly he is constantly promising the reader that he means in future to keep calm and adopt a gentler tone. "After this seventh year," he writes in the last Letter of 1877, "I am going out into the highways and hedges; but no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be in my pilgrimage" (pp. 293–4[3]).

It may be noted that, just a year before, he had made a like vow. "One quite fixed plan for the last year of *Fors*," he wrote to Miss Beever from Venice (November 13, 1876), "is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it." He permitted himself, however, "a good fling at the Bishops to finish with."[4] But there was too much "devil" in him to make those blameful words the last. To his state of nervous irritability at the end of 1877 must be attributed the tone of the correspondence with Miss Octavia Hill, an old, true, and well-tried friend, and its publication in Letter 86 (February 1878). He allowed the correspondence to stand, when he afterwards revised the book; but at a later date (1888) he spoke to a friend of his desire to "ask forgiveness" for his "anger and pride." The last Letter (87: "The Snow Manger"), written before his illness, is perfectly coherent and forcible, as a reader, who uses the notes of reference now given below the text, will perceive; but the Letter shows also, as he subsequently said, "a dangerous state of more or less excited temper and too much quickened thought" (p. 382).

And then at last came the break-down, in the form of the grave illness of February 1878. His recovery, as we have seen,[5] was not slow;

[1] Mr. Horsfall explained his original scheme for the Museum, both in the letter to the *Manchester Guardian* quoted in *Fors*, and in a pamphlet entitled *The Art Museum, Manchester* (1878). An interesting account of the Museum is given in *The Ruskin Reading Guild Journal*, vol. i. (1889) pp. 149–151.

[2] See Vol. XXV. pp. xxi. *seq.*

[3] See also p. 200.

[4] *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 40 (ed. 1); reprinted in a later volume of this edition. See also the letter of July 28, 1877, to Mr. Horsfal in Appendix 22 (below, p. 589).

[5] Vol. XXV. p. xxvi.

but he was weak, and for some time the injunctions of his doctors made the suspension of *Fors* imperative.

One of the first duties which awaited him on his partial recovery was the task of considering the defence in the libel action brought by Whistler. Ruskin's *critique* had appeared in July 1877 (p. 160), and it was at once reported that Whistler intended to bring an action for libel. Ruskin had been delighted at the prospect. "It's mere nuts and nectar to me," he wrote to Burne-Jones, "the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head, by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two."[1] But this was not to be. The action was not brought immediately; Ruskin's serious illness intervened, and when the case was ready for trial his doctors forbade him to risk the excitement of appearing in person. Ruskin and Whistler, it may be interesting to state, had never met. Some years before Whistler had, through a mutual friend, expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of Ruskin, whose works he knew and appreciated, and he wished to show his pictures to the critic, but the meeting had not taken place.

The works which Whistler had exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 were (in addition to a portrait of Carlyle):—

4. Nocturne in Black and Gold	*Artist.*
5. Nocturne in Blue and Silver	*Mrs. Leyland.*
6. Nocturne in Blue and Gold	*Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.*
6A. Nocturne in Blue and Silver	*W. Graham.*
7. Arrangement in Black, No. 3—Irving as Philip II. of Spain	*Artist.*
8. Harmony in Amber and Black	*Artist.*
9. Arrangement in Brown	*Artist.*

Ruskin's criticism was general, but was given a certain specific application by the remark that he had "never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." One of the pictures in question—the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver (Battersea Bridge)"—is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1959), having been presented to the nation by the Art Collections Fund in 1905. It is often stated that this is the picture which Ruskin attacked, but

[1] *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 86.

the statement is somewhat misleading. Several pictures were, indeed, included in the critical indictment, but the one which in fact aroused Ruskin's ire was, however, the "Nocturne in Black and Gold (The Falling Rocket)"—the only one of the four Nocturnes then for sale —"a night piece," Whistler called it at the trial, "representing the fireworks at Cremorne." This, too, was the picture which Ruskin's principal witness, Burne-Jones, singled out as justifying the criticisms. It now belongs to Mrs. Samuel Untermeyer.

The case, which was tried before Baron Huddleston, excited lively interest both in artistic circles and among the general public. Ruskin's leading counsel was the Attorney-General, Sir John Holker, and with him was Mr. (afterwards Lord) Bowen.[1] On the other side was another famous counsel of the time, Serjeant Parry. Whistler appeared in the box, and he called as experts Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and Mr. W. G. Wills. Ruskin's witnesses, besides Burne-Jones, were Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Tom Taylor. The names of these witnesses show how sharply both the artistic and the critical opinions were at that time divided on the character of Whistler's work. Perhaps it is true of painters, as Wordsworth said of poets, that innovators have to create the taste by which they are to be admired. Whistler produced his Nocturnes in court; the defence produced Ruskin's portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti by Titian,[2] to show what is meant by sound workmanship. In the end the jury found for the plaintiff, but awarded only one farthing damages[3]—a verdict which implied that in their opinion Ruskin was technically in the wrong, but that substantially his remarks were fair criticism. The

[1] Bowen's Opinion, given (November 29, 1877) when the action was first threatened, concluded as follows: "Most people of educated habits of mind are well aware of the infinite importance of having works of art, or alleged works of art, freely and even severely criticised by skilled and competent critics. But Mr. Ruskin must not expect that he will necessarily find juries composed of persons who have any knowledge of or sympathy with art. It would, for example, be hopeless to try to convince a jury that Mr. Ruskin's view of Mr. Whistler's performance was right. They never could or would be able to decide on that. They would look to the language used rather than to the provocation. And their sympathies would rather lean to the side of the man who wanted to sell his picture than to the side of the outspoken critic whose criticism interfered with the sale of a marketable commodity. I think, therefore, that Mr. Ruskin, whose language about Mr. Whistler in *Fors Clavigera* is exceedingly trenchant and contemptuous, must not be surprised if he loses the verdict. I should rather expect him to do so. The question is one of fact, whether the limits of fair and reasonable criticism were passed or not. And this issue will have to be determined not by a tribunal with any knowledge of or love for art, but by a jury composed of those who probably know nothing about it."

[2] Plate X. in Vol. XIX.

[3] Whistler for some years used to wear the farthing on his watch-chain.

trial called forth a bitter, but not unamusing, brochure by Whistler, entitled *Whistler* v. *Ruskin: Art and Art Critics;* afterwards included in his book *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.* But better than anything in Whistler's pamphlet was a remark which he made when under cross-examination. "Can you tell me," asked the Attorney-General, "how long it took you to knock off that Nocturne?" "Two days." "The labour of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?" "No; I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

Burne-Jones, on whose evidence Ruskin chiefly relied, had been placed in a position of much delicacy and difficulty. Whistler was also his friend, and the passage in *Fors*, which formed the subject of the action, was practically a comparison between Whistler's work and his own. He felt strongly, however, that Ruskin was justified in asserting that good workmanship was essential to a good picture, and in finding this quality absent from the pictures in question. Ruskin's letters show how much he relied on Burne-Jones, and how grateful he was:—

> "BRANTWOOD, *November* 2 (1878).—I gave your name to those blessed lawyers as chief of men to whom they might refer for anything which in their wisdom they can't discern unaided concerning me. But I commended them in no wise and for no cause whatsoever to trouble or tease you; and neither in your case, nor in that of any other artist, to think themselves justified in asking more than may enable them to state the case in court with knowledge and distinctness."[1]
>
> "BRANTWOOD, *November* 28.—I'm very grateful to you for speaking up, and Arthur [Severn] says you looked so serene and dignified that it was a sight to see. I don't think you will be sorry hereafter that you stood by me, and I shall be evermore happier in my serene sense of your truth to me, and to good causes—for there *was* more difficulty in your appearing than in any one else's, and I'm so glad you looked nice and spoke so steadily."

The result of the trial gave satisfaction to neither side. The damages awarded to Whistler were contemptuous; and the judge had not given the plaintiff costs. Each side was thus left to pay its own costs, and Ruskin found himself mulcted in a sum of £400 as the price of his criticism, which, whether sound or mistaken, was at any rate

[1] This letter has been printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 87.

disinterested. Friends and admirers subscribed this sum, and sent it to Ruskin with an "expression of their opinion that your life-long, honest endeavours to further the cause of art should not be crowned by your being cast in the costs arising out of that action." Ruskin acknowledged the gift gratefully, but the result of the trial rankled in his mind, and letters to Dean Liddell show this was the cause which finally decided him to resign his Professorship at Oxford:—

> "BRANTWOOD, *November* 28, 1878.—Although my health has been lately much broken, I hesitated in giving in my resignation of my Art-Professorship in the hope that I might still in some imperfect way have been useful at Oxford. But the result of the Whistler trial leaves me no further option. I cannot hold a Chair from which I have no power of expressing judgment without being taxed for it by British Law. I do not know in what formal manner my resignation should be signified, but thought it best that the decisive intimation of it should be at once placed in your hands."
>
> "BRANTWOOD (no date).—It is much better that the resignation of the office should be distinctly referred to its real cause, which is virtually represented by this Whistler trial. It is not owing to ill-health that I resign, but because the Professorship is a farce, if it has no right to condemn as well as to praise. It has long been my feeling that nobody really cared for anything that I *knew;* but only for more or less lively talk from me—or else drawing-master's work — and neither of these were my proper business."

Ruskin himself wrote, and carefully preserved, some remarks on the action. These are now printed in an Appendix (pp. 585–587), together with a report of the trial (pp. 580–584).

The publication of *Fors Clavigera* was resumed some fourteen months after these events, but after three more Letters had appeared it was again interrupted by a further serious illness (in the spring of 1881). In May 1883 the book was once more resumed, and carried to its conclusion at Christmas 1884. In these later Letters Ruskin succeeded in keeping clear of that "blameful work" which excited him unduly, and they are among the most interesting and charming of the series. We need not here anticipate the story of his life after 1878, which will be found in a later Introduction, but one or two notes may be given in special connexion with *Fors.*

One of the Letters (92) is entitled "Ashestiel," and gives Ruskin's impressions, with some fine descriptive passages, of the Scott country.

These were the result of a journey in September and October 1883, during which he had spent a couple of days as the guest of Lord Reay at Laidlawstiel. An account of this visit by a fellow-guest has been printed by Grant-Duff:[1]—

"Mr. Ruskin (wrote Mr. Rutson to Grant-Duff) came to Laidlawstiel for two nights after I wrote to you. I was delighted with his courtesy and charming manner and his eloquence. We went to Ashestiel. You should have seen the reverent way in which he approached, with his hat off, an old man who had worked for Scott, and how he expressed his sense of the honour of seeing a man who had known Scott, and how the sense of his having known Scott must make the man himself very happy. All this, said in a low and rich tone of Ruskin's beautiful voice, while he stood slightly bowed, made a memorable little picture, the man standing in his doorway, and Ruskin just outside the cottage. . . . In the afternoon we partly drove and partly walked to Traquhair, getting our first view of it from outside the great gates, looking down the avenue guarded by the stone bears. From nearer at hand, Ruskin made a sketch of the house, which he declares (we not dissenting) to be a true work of art, faithful to the genius of the place, towers, height and pitch of roof, size and mutual relation of windows, and strength of material—all harmonising with each other and suited to the need of its inhabitants and to its situation among Scottish hills."

A feature of the later Letters of *Fors* (91, 93, 94, 95, and 96) is the inclusion of drawings by Kate Greenaway. Ruskin had made her acquaintance in 1882, and when these drawings began to appear in *Fors*, the acquaintance had ripened into warm friendship. A large collection of Ruskin's letters to Kate Greenaway will be found in a later volume, but one is given in this place because it refers to the headpiece of *Fors*, Letter 93. It is dated December 26, 1883:—

"I shan't go to sleep over your note to-day.

"But I have no words, any more than if I *was* asleep, to tell you how marvellous I think these drawings. No one has ever done anything equal to them in pure grace of movement—no one in exquisiteness of dainty design. I tremble now to ask you to draw in any other way.

"As for the gift of them, I had never such a treasure given me, in my life—but it is not for me only. I am sure that these drawings will be [valued] endlessly and everywhere if I can get them engraved the least rightly—the sight of them alters one's thoughts of all the world.

[1] *Notes from a Diary, 1881–1886*, vol. i. pp. 186–187.

"The little beauty with the note, alone, would have made a Christmas for me.

"I hope you will like the use I've made of one of your little dance-maidens. I think her glory of simplicity comes well alone."[1]

The Appendix to this volume contains additional passages from the manuscript of *Fors Clavigera*, and letters relating to the books. It has been noticed already[2] how greatly Ruskin's correspondence was increased by the publication of *Fors*. Readers, who were interested in one aspect or another of his schemes, wrote to him in remonstrance or for counsel. *Fors*, again, was often controversial, and the "Correspondence" which he published in the Letters themselves was only a small portion of what he received or wrote. Several of his correspondents have placed their letters at the disposal of the editors, and selections from such material are now included in the Appendix (1, 2, 10, 11, 16, 17 (*b*), and 22).

Ruskin preserved, partly in manuscript and partly in proof, a large quantity of material intended for use in *Fors*. Particulars under this head have already been given.[3] Some of this material was printed in Mr. Faunthorpe's General Index to *Fors;* and this portion (not always the most interesting or important) is in this Complete Edition included: Appendix 3, 9, 14, and 17 (in part). Another piece of over-matter was sent by Ruskin in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* (Appendix 25). The matter in the other Appendices, selected from the manuscripts at Brantwood, is included for its intrinsic interest and as supplementing the hitherto printed text of the book. Particular attention may be called to the notes on "Ruskin and Scott" (Appendix 7), which explain the special interest taken by Ruskin in the early life of that master; to the additional "Notes on the Life of Scott" (Appendix 8), which Ruskin wrote for *Fors;* to the notes of travel, now entitled "Morning Thoughts at Geneva" (Appendix 18), which he promised in Letter 72 for a later number but omitted to include; to the description of designs by Ludwig Richter (Appendix 23); and to an interesting Epilogue to the whole work (Appendix 26).

The Brantwood MSS. have also been drawn upon for occasional notes under the text; see, for instance, pp. 196, 395, 448, 497.

Finally, Ruskin's own Index to *Fors* has been collated and completed, as explained more fully in a Bibliographical Note below (p. 607).

[1] This letter has appeared in *Kate Greenaway,* by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, p. 122.
[2] See Vol. XXVIII. p. xv.
[3] See Vol. XXVII. p. lxxxviii.

For particulars with regard to the *manuscript* and *text*, the reader is referred to the Introduction in Volume XXVII. (pp. lxxxviii.–lxxxix.).

The *plates* in this volume are all new, with the exception of the woodcut from a child's writing, called by Ruskin "Theuth's Earliest Lesson" (VII.), and of the drawing by Kate Greenaway called "Rosy Vale" (VIII.). The *frontispiece*—a portrait of Ruskin (*circa* 1882)—though new in this place, occupied the same position in *The Ruskin Birthday Book* (1883). The plates introduced to illustrate the Venetian Letters are from negatives made for Ruskin in 1876 and 1877. The first (I.) is of the Vine Angle of the Ducal Palace; the next two (II. and III.) are of various capitals, described in the text. The fourth (IV.) is of the southern porches of the West Front, as they were at the same time. The next plate (V.) is introduced to illustrate Ruskin's remarks upon Scott's homes, at Ashestiel and Abbotsford. The facsimiles of Tintoret's handwriting on Plate VI. are from some sheets which Ruskin photographed from Venetian archives. The remaining two plates (IX. and X.) are woodcut-facsimiles by Mr. H. S. Uhlrich of two of Richter's designs illustrating the Lord's Prayer—designs which Ruskin included among "Things to be Studied" by all his pupils. The illustrations printed in the text were all included in the original issues of *Fors*.

With regard to the plate of "Rosy Vale," it should be understood that it was intended by the artist to be coloured, and was treated by the engraver accordingly. One or two impressions were coloured by hand, by Miss Emily Warren, but Ruskin abandoned the idea of giving the coloured plate in *Fors*.

The *facsimiles* include three pages of the manuscript of *Fors* as published, and one page from a rough copy of an unused passage (see p. 537 *n.*). The other *facsimile* is of a passage in the manuscript (at Brantwood) of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

E. T. C.

[*Bibliographical Note.*—Letters 73–84 were originally issued in wrappers similar to those described in Vol. XXVIII. p. xxiii., but the imprint was altered at the foot, and reads as follows: "London: Printed for the Author by | Hazell, Watson, and Viney, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent."

Except where otherwise stated, the first edition of Letters 73–84 and 85–96 consisted of 2000 copies, and the second of 1000. The title of the Letter was also, except where otherwise stated, added in the Second Edition.

VOL. VII. (1877)

LETTER 73. *First Edition* (January 1, 1877).—Pages 1–24.

Second Edition (October 1885).

LETTER 74. *First Edition* (February 1, 1877).—Pages 25–56.

Second Edition (October 1885).

LETTER 75. *First Edition* (March 1, 1877).—Pages 57–94. A "cancel" sheet (pp. 57–58, 71–72) was issued with Letter 76, accompanied by a slip dated "Orpington, *April* 2." For the mistakes on pp. 71–72, which rendered the substitution of this sheet necessary, see below.

Second Edition (September 1884).—The mistakes above mentioned were corrected.

LETTER 76. *First Edition* (April 2, 1877).—Pages 95–126.

Second Edition (December 1884).

LETTER 77. *First Edition* (May 1, 1877).—Pages 127–148.

Second Edition (August 1885).

LETTER 78. *First Edition* (June 1, 1877).—Pages 149–179. The actual date of publication was later: see Ruskin's statement in § 17 (p. 140).

Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 79. *First Edition* (July 2, 1877).—Pages 181–213.

Second Edition (November 1883). *Third Edition* (January 1900). 150 copies.

LETTER 80. *First Edition* (August 1, 1877).—Pages 215–246.

Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 81. *First Edition* (September 1, 1877).—Pages 247–290.

Second Edition (May 1885).

LETTER 82. *First Edition* (October 1, 1877).—Pages 291–342.

Second Edition (May 1885).

This and some preceding Letters, though each of them dated the first of the several months, were in fact issued later: see Letter 82, § 7 (below, p. 227).

LETTER 83. *First Edition* (November 1, 1877).—Pages 343–388.

Second Edition (May 1885).

Letter 84. *First Edition* (December 1, 1877).—Pages 389–412. At the foot of p. 412 is the imprint "Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

Second Edition (March 1885).

Letters 73–84 have never been reprinted collectively in volume form. Volumes supplied by the publisher have been made up from time to time of the separate Letters. The title-page originally issued was as here given (p. 3). That of the volume as now current bears the date "1895" and the words "Third Edition."

NEW SERIES (VOL. VIII., 1878–1884)

With Letter 85 the "New Series" began (see p. 315). The twelve Letters comprising it were originally issued, separately, in buff-coloured paper wrappers. The first six Letters were numbered Letter the First, the Second, and so on. Then the consecutive numbering was adopted; thus, "Letter 91st (Seventh of New Series)," and so on. Letters 1–3 (85–87 in the collected series) had no title-pages, but a title on the front of the wrapper. Letters 4–12 (88–96) had title-pages as well. The "Advertisement" (as before) was printed on p. 4 of each wrapper. The price was 10d. each Letter.

Letter 85 (New Series, Letter 1). *First Edition* (January 1878).—The title on the wrapper of this, and of the two succeeding Letters, was:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | New Series. | Letter the First [Second, Third] | January 1st [February 1st, March 1st], 1878 | [*Rose.*] | London: printed for the author by | Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London & Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | Price Tenpence.

Octavo, pp. 1–35.

Second Edition (March 1885).—This was headed "Letter the 85th," instead of "Second Series, Letter 1."

Third Edition (January 1896).—400 copies.

Letter 86 (New Series, Letter 2).—*First Edition* (February 1, 1878).—Pages 37–74.

Second Edition (March 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (January 1896).—350 copies.

Letter 87 (New Series, Letter 3).—*First Edition* (March 1, 1878).—Pages 75–100.

Second Edition (March 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (January 1896).—350 copies.

At the beginning of this Letter (1st ed.) the following slip was inserted:—

> "Professor Ruskin, who is at present lying seriously ill—from prostration, caused by overwork—will not, until further notice, be able to issue 'Fors,' his medical advisers having ordered absolute rest for some time.'
>
> "Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.
> "*February 26th.*"

LETTER 88 (New Series, Letter 4).—The remaining Letters were issued with title-pages. Common to them all were the words: "Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent." On Letter 88 the description of the contents, after the author's name, was "New Series. | Letter the Fourth | March 21, 1880." The titles were reproduced on the front of the wrapper, with the addition of the words "Price Tenpence" at the foot. In the case of Letters 4–6 the date was omitted from the wrapper. In the case of Letter 4 only there was in ed. 1 an imprint at the foot of the reverse of the title-page—"Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury."

First Edition (March 21, 1880).—Pages 101–126. Page 101 was blank; on p. 102 was the quotation from the Orphic Hymn (see here p. 380).

Second Edition (June 1885).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (July 1900).—250 copies.

With this Letter, at the time of its original issue in March 1880, the following notice (written by Ruskin) was circulated by his publisher as a "Note" at the end of his list of "Works by Mr. Ruskin":—

> "The second series of *Fors Clavigera*, recommencing in the current number, will be carried forward as the author finds leisure, to the close of the eighth volume; the complete summary and indices of the whole, forming a smaller ninth volume, will be issued, with the closing letter, it is hoped within a year of the present date.
>
> "The change in the plan of *Love's Meinie*, from a limited series of University Lectures to a school book of Ornithology, has been the chief cause of the delay in the publication of the third lecture on the Chough. This is now in the press—but displaced so as to become the fourth in order;[1] the intermediate one, on the Ouzel and Dabchick, will be published together with the lecture on Serpents prepared for the London Institution, which will form the seventh number of *Deucalion*.[2] Both these lectures will be ready in April.
>
> "The '*Elements of Prosody*' were found by the author much more difficult, but also much more interesting matter to handle than he expected. The book is at last in the press, and may be safely promised, if all go well, for autumn issue in the present year.[3]
>
> "☞ Mr. Ruskin has always hitherto found his correspondents under the impression that, when he is able for average literary work, he can also answer any quantity of letters. He most respectfully and sorrowfully must pray them to observe that it is precisely when he is in most active general occupation that he can answer fewest private letters, and this year he proposes to answer—none, except those on St. George's business. There will be enough news of him, for any who care to get them, in the occasional numbers of *Fors*."

The last part of the notice was also lithographed on notepaper, with the address "Brantwood, Coniston" at the end, and circulated.

LETTER 89 (New Series, Letter 5).—On the title-page "New Series, | Letter the Fifth. | September 29, 1880."

First Edition (September 29, 1880).—Pages 127–158.

Of this Letter 525 copies were supplied free to Trade Unions, each copy being stamped "Trades Union Copy | presented | by the Author" (see below, p. 411).

Second Edition (January 1884).—Renumbered.

Third Edition (June 1892).—600 copies.

LETTER 90 (New Series, Letter 6).—On the title-page "New Series. | Letter the Sixth. | Lost Jewels. | May, 1883."

[1] See on these matters Vol. XXV. pp. xxxi., xxxii.
[2] See now Vol. XXVI. pp. 295 *seq.*
[3] See now Vol. XXXI.

First Edition (May 1883).—Pages 159–178. This Letter, and the succeeding ones, were entitled from the first.

Second Edition (April 1884).

Third Edition (March 1893).—500 copies.

LETTER 91 (New Series, Letter 7. This, and the remaining Letters were not, however, headed "Second Series"). On the title-page "Letter the 91st. | (Seventh of New Series.) | September, 1883. | Dust of Gold."

First Edition (September 1883).—Pages 179–191.

Second Edition (August 1885).

Third Edition (January 1900).—250 copies.

LETTER 92 (New Series, Letter 8).—On the title-page "Letter the 92nd. | (Eighth of New Series.) | November 1883. | Ashestiel."

First Edition (November 1883).—Pages 193–214.

Second Edition (March 1886).

LETTER 93 (New Series, Letter 9).—On the title-page "Letter the 93rd. | (Ninth of New Series.) | Christmas, 1883. | Invocation." Of this Letter the *first* is the only edition. 3000 copies. Pages 215–230.

LETTER 94 (New Series, Letter 10).—On the title-page "Letter the 94th. | (Tenth of New Series.) | March, 1884. | Retrospect."

First Edition (March 1884).—Pages 231–250. 3000 copies.

Second Edition (January 1900).—250 copies.

LETTER 95 (New Series, Letter 11).—On the title-page "Letter the 95th. | (Eleventh of New Series.) | October, 1884. | Fors Infantiæ."

First Edition (October 1884).—Pages 251–281. 3000 copies.

Second Edition (January 1899).—350 copies.

This Letter had a frontispiece, "Theuth's Earliest Lesson" (here Plate VII.).

Some portion of § 21 in this Letter had previously been used in the papers on *A Museum or Picture-Gallery* (1880): see below, p. 509 *n*.

LETTER 96 (New Series, Letter 12).—On the title-page "Letter the 96th (Terminal). | (Twelfth of New Series.) | Christmas, 1884. | Rosy Vale." Pages 283–306. 3000 copies.

Of this Letter the *first* is the only edition. It had a frontispiece (Plate VIII.).

A slip inserted at the beginning of Letter 96 reads as follows:—

"ADVICE

"SUBSCRIBERS TO 'FORS CLAVIGERA' are requested to note that the present Letter (No. 96, 'Rosy Vale') completes Volume VIII., and the entire series of the work; also that a general Index is in preparation, of which due notice of publication and price will be given shortly.

"SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
"*Christmas*, 1884."

Letters 85–96 have never been collectively reprinted; but the separate numbers are made up by the publisher into a volume. The title-page, as first supplied, is shown here on p. 305.

SMALL EDITION

For particulars of this edition, and of the Pocket Edition, see Vol. XXVII. pp. c.–ciii. Letters 73–96 occupy vol. iv. The following are

the curtailments, etc., made in it, in addition to the omission of all the "Notes and Correspondence" in Letters 73, 74, 77, 78, 83, 85, 86, and 89.

LETTER 73. The passage in § 1 ("In which seventh year . . . my books") is omitted.

LETTER 74. The author's footnote to § 15 is omitted.

LETTER 75. § 7, fourth line from end, "Mr. Swan has" altered to "there are." The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except § 21.

LETTER 76. The author's footnote to § 12 is omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are given, except § 22.

LETTER 77. §§ 1, 6, the footnotes are omitted. § 8, the footnote is altered into one giving a short explanation of § 16 ("Notes and Correspondence").

LETTER 79. The passage at the end of § 11 ("For Mr. Whistler's own sake . . . public's face") is omitted. In the second edition of the octavo issue, though later than the libel case, it was retained. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that § 14 is given (but not the Accounts).

LETTER 80. Of the "Notes and Correspondence" only §§ 14, 15 (omitting the first paragraph), 16, 17, 22 are given.

LETTER 81. § 4, the author's footnote is omitted. § 10, the last three lines are omitted. The "Notes and Correspondence" are omitted, except that parts of §§ 14, 15 are strung together and given, and that the whole of §§ 17–20 is given.

LETTER 82. § 22, the last sentence but one is omitted. Of the "Notes and Correspondence" only §§ 28, 29, 30, 33, 34 are given.

LETTER 86. § 12 *n.*, the passage, "The following note . . ." to the end, is omitted.

LETTER 88. § 1, the passage, "These will be . . . the work," is omitted.

LETTER 89. § 6, the author's footnote is omitted.

LETTER 90. The whole of §§ 10–12 is omitted.

LETTER 93. The "Christmas Postscript" (§ 11) is omitted.

LETTER 95. The whole of §§ 24–27 is omitted.

REVIEWS

Spectator, April 7 and 14, 1877: articles entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Will" and "Microscopic Extravagance."

Saturday Review, April 14, 1877: "The Confessions of Mr. Ruskin."

Standard, August 22, 1877 (referred to in Letter 81, § 13; below, p. 207).

Spectator, September 22, 1877. An article entitled "Mr. Ruskin's Unique Dogmatism," quoted and commented upon in Letter 85 (below, pp. 318–322).

Appleton's Journal (New York), July 1878, N.S., vol. 5, pp. 58–65: "Ruskin's *Fors Clavigera*" (an intelligent summary of the book).

Atlantic Monthly, July 1878, vol. 42, pp. 39–51. An article by H. E. Scudder on "St. George's Company" (a summary of *Fors*).

Spectator, March 15 and 22, 1879: "Mr. Ruskin's Society." "We give this account," wrote the editor, "from a friend of the scheme, as of a certain intellectual interest. We pass no criticism on what may be called a dream of fair living."

The Manchester Magazine, January 1880, vol. 2, pp. 116–118: "What is the Guild of St. George? Abstract of a lecture delivered to the Aberdeen Branch of the Ruskin Society," by Mr. John Morgan (for whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 312).

The Bingley Telephone and Airedale Courant, April 23, 1880 (referred to in Letter 89, § 1; below, p. 398).

The Winchester Review, June 15, 1880, No. 2, pp. 74–90: an article entitled "A New Utopia," by E. Clarke.

The Scotsman, November 15, 1883 ("Mr. Ruskin on Ashestiel").

Pall Mall Gazette, November 14 and December 27, 1883 (Letters 92 and 93); March 8 and December 23, 1884 (Letters 94 and 96).

Variæ Lectiones.—Letter 73, § 3, lines 7 and 10, "you" and "them" italicised in accordance with Ruskin's marking in his copy. § 11, footnote, "December 2" is here a correction for "December 1." § 15, first note, see p. 24 *n.* § 18, line 2, "makes" is similarly corrected to "make." § 18 (line 17 of p. 29 here), "67" (the number of the Letter referred to) has hitherto been misprinted "p. 27."

Letter 74, § 2, footnote, line 3, "Coldara" is corrected to "Caldara." § 5, for a passage struck out by the author, see p. 33 *n.* § 7, line 29, "angel's" in ed. 1, "angels'" later. § 15, line 27, "be" was misprinted "to" in ed. 2. § 18, line 2, "for" (in ed. 1) was misprinted "or" in later editions. In "Egbert Rydings" account, under January 1, 1877, "Guy" was misprinted "Gay" in ed 1. At the end of the "Notes and Correspondence" there was the following: "Erratum.—In *Fors* of December last, p. 381, for xxiii. read xxxiii." (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 759). The mistake was corrected in ed. 3 of Letter 72.

Letter 75, § 2, line 8, "melons" has hitherto been misprinted "lemons." § 9, the last word in the quotation from Cheney is here "permitted" (as in Cheney) instead of "allowed" (in previous editions). See also p. 65 *n.* § 10, line 15, "Couttet" was misprinted "Contet" in ed. 1 and "Coutet" afterwards. § 12, line 2, "quæso" is here a correction for "queso"; line 9, "87th" Psalm is here a correction for "86th." § 14, footnote, "Edward" has hitherto been misprinted "Edwards." § 21 (line 16 of p. 78 here), the word "Free" before "Church" is here omitted; Ruskin wrote it in error—the Act to which the letter refers was concerned with the Established Church.

Letter 76, § 1, line 28, "or" before "householder" in ed. 1, afterwards corrected to "nor." § 15, line 5, "£2200" is the author's correction for "£1200." § 18, line 20, "for" is here inserted after "preparing."

Letter 77, § 3, line 32, the commas before and after "following" (important for the sense) are now inserted in accordance with a note in Ruskin's copy.

Letter 78, § 7, lines 19–21, the text has hitherto read: "No. 10, which is of a door of St. Mark's with two prophets bearing scrolls, in the midst of vineleaf ornament on each side, and look . . ." The corrections now made are from Ruskin's copy. So in § 8, "The two northern" and "The two southern" are his corrections for "Northern" and "Southern"; and "in No. 11" is his insertion in line 12.

Letter 79, note (*h*), see p. 155 *n*.

Letter 80, § 8, dots are here introduced in the first passages from Plato, to mark where Ruskin passes from 698 B to 699 C. § 9, line 11, at the word "translation" there was in all the octavo editions an asterisk with the following footnote appended :—

> * "*Rock Honeycomb* cost me and my printers' best reader more than usual pains to get into form: some errata have, nevertheless, escaped us both; of which 'fully' for 'full,' in line 114, as spoiling a pretty stanza, and '106' for '166,' in page 62, as causing some inconvenience, had better be at once corrected. It is also the hundred and first, not the fifty-first psalm whose rhythm is analyzed at page xliii. of the Preface."

These corrections are made in *Rock Honeycomb* as printed in this edition (Vol. XXXI.).

Letter 81, § 10, third line from end, "Grey" hitherto is a misprint for "Guy" (corrected by Ruskin in his copy).

Letter 82, § 2, the reference to Müller's *Dorians* is here corrected from "ch. ii." to "ch. xi.," and in the extract "Æolic" is a correction for "Eolic." § 10, author's footnote, "subject of much" is here a correction for "much subject of." § 15, author's footnote, line 5, has hitherto been in all editions "*must* be read now, though I'm terribly sorry to give it only in small print. It must not have small print . . ."; altered by Ruskin in his copy as in the present text. It is strange that the correction should not have been made by his proof-readers, for the passage was given in large print. Ruskin obviously changed his mind in the course of writing the note, and forgot to strike out the words "I'm terribly sorry," etc. § 17, line 20, and § 19, fifth line from end, ed. 1 and the Small Edition "Dionysus"; misprinted "Dionysius" in ed. 2. § 19, note (IV.), line 2, "peoples" in ed. 1. § 20, last line but one, "to" before "be" is omitted as marked by Ruskin in his copy. § 23, line 4, "person" has hitherto been misprinted for "power." § 24, author's footnote, "Blachford" is here a correction for "Blackford." § 33, "Schwab" has hitherto been misprinted "Schawb."

Letter 83, § 7, line 3, "'guided'" in ed. 1; "guided" afterwards; the quotation marks are now restored, as the reference is to the corrected word in Scott's manuscript in § 6. § 24, last line, "Reddie" has hitherto been misprinted "Rennie."

Letter 85, § 10, line 11, the inverted commas after "alleged incomes" were omitted in ed. 3. § 12, line 24, "Herbert Spencer" has hitherto been misprinted "Spencer Herbert." § 14, ed. 1 had a misprint in the extract from Viollet-le-Duc—*e.g.*, "dike" for "dyke" in the eleventh line from the end of the present p. 332; on the other hand, ed. 3 misprinted "were" for "where" in line 7 of p. 334.

Letter 86, § 1, line 3, "an MS." in ed. 1. § 12, footnote, line 13, "retards" in ed. 1. § 16, line 6, "Saint Cross" has hitherto been misprinted "South Cross." § 17, line 20 of Mr. Willett's letter, "systems" was misprinted for "system" in ed. 3. § 18, line 40, "adapted" was misprinted "adopted" in ed. 1. § 26, fifth line from the end of Miss Hill's letter, "people" for "the people" in ed. 1.

Letter 87, § 1, line 9, "the" is Ruskin's correction in his copy for "these," and ed. 1 reads "nor is it possible." § 2, line 26, "Winny" is here altered to "Winnie" (to correspond with the spelling of the name

in *Castle Blair*). § 4, line 23, "and" is similarly his insertion; and so also "following" in § 7, line 24. In § 13, line 5, the punctuation now given is in accordance with Ruskin's correction; the passage has hitherto been printed "I am myself so nearly, as you are so grievously faithless . . ." § 13, line 35, "and" was misprinted "add" in the third and small editions. § 14, line 10, "of" misprinted "or" in ed. 3. § 15, line 11, "Parizade" was misprinted "Pairzael" in ed. 1; line 17 from end, "worked" was misprinted "wroked" in ed. 1; Ruskin in his copy changed the "worked" of later editions into "wrought."

Letter 88, § 11, line 56, "1861" is here a correction for "1864." § 14, line 49, for "three nights" ed. 1 reads "four nights." § 17, line 13, "a twelfth" is here a correction for "an eleventh."

Letter 89, § 1, lines 6–9, the brackets are inserted in accordance with Ruskin's copy. § 2, line 2, "silence hitherto" is his correction for "hitherto silence." § 7, the last word "nations" is here substituted in accordance with Hartwig's text for "governments." § 8, line 18, "these" is his correction for "their." § 10, line 6, "while" is his correction for "and." § 13, line 19, the word "is" has now been inserted after "in which." § 14, line 26, the word "getting" is here inserted. § 18, line 20, "industrious" was misprinted "industries" in ed. 3.

Letter 90, § 11, line 12, "dog" is here a correction for "dogs."

Letter 91, § 4, line 4, "develope" in ed. 1.

Letter 92, § 6, the quotation marks were incorrectly printed in previous editions. § 7, line 6, "six" is here a correction for "five."

Letter 93, § 5, line 2, "not only that" is here a correction (required by the subsequent form of the sentence) for "that, not only." In the list of members of the Guild (p. 477) "Somervell" is here a correction for "Somerville."

Letter 95, § 25, line 4 of (2) "Mr. Park's (family?)" is here a correction for "Mr. Park"; the former words being those given in Mr. Craig-Brown's book (for which, see p. 512 *n.*).

Letter 96, § 1, line 1, "Menevia" is here a correction for "Meneira." § 4. The account of "The Mother of the Orphans" was reprinted with some revisions in Part III. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (1887). The revisions have been followed in the text given in this volume. They are (in addition to minor matters of punctuation) as follows:—

In lines 8 and 9, *Fors* reads "the contemplative side of such a life."

On page 520, the notes * and † were not given in *Christ's Folk;* lines 10, 11, 28 and 29, the italics were added in *Christ's Folk;* page 521, line 6, *Fors* reads "at" for "on," and in line 12, "the room" for "a room"; line 26, *Fors* adds "leave it" after "do." The italics and the two footnotes on this page were not given in *Christ's Folk.*

Page 522, lines 1 and 2, the italics were not there given; lines 33 *seq.*, *Fors* has "D." for "Don." Differences in the author's footnotes are explained under the text.

Page 523, line 2, "(3d.)" is an addition from *Christ's Folk*, as is "Don" for "D."; line 32, the italics were not given in *Christ's Folk.*

Page 525, the italics and the footnote were not in *Christ's Folk.*

Page 526. The footnote is added from *Christ's Folk.*]

FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTERS 73–96

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

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VOL. VII.

GEORGE ALLEN,
SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON, KENT.
1877.

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FORS CLAVIGERA

LETTER 73

COMMISSARIAT[1]

VENICE, *20th November*, 1876.

1. THE day on which this letter will be published will, I trust, be the first of the seventh year of the time during which I have been permitted, month by month, to continue the series of *Fors Clavigera*. In which seventh year I hope to gather into quite clear form the contents of all the former work; closing the seventh volume with accurate index of the whole.[2] These seven volumes, if I thus complete them, will then be incorporated as a single work in the consecutive series of my books.

If I am spared to continue the letters beyond the seventh year, their second series[3] will take a directly practical character, giving account of, and directing, the actual operations of St. George's Company; and containing elements of instruction for its schools, the scheme of which shall be, I will answer for it,[4] plainly enough, by the end of this year, understood. For, in the present volume,[5] I intend speaking directly, in every letter, to the Yorkshire

[1] [See below, § 9.]

[2] [On this subject, see below, p. 166.]

[3] [Letters 85–96 (No. 85 being the first of the eighth year) were called "New Series": see the Bibliographical Note (above, p. xxx.).]

[4] ["But I did not say 'If the Lord will,' and the answer was an entirely unexpected one."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.* He refers to the illnesses which made the last volume of *Fors* intermittent, and prevented him from carrying out the intentions stated in the text, which, moreover, were somewhat modified in a later Letter (see below, p. 138).]

[5] [Of the original edition, Letters 73–84.]

operatives, and answering every question they choose to put to me,—being very sure that they will omit few relevant ones.

2. And first they must understand one more meaning I have in the title of the book. By calling it the "Nail bearer," I mean not only that it fastens in sure place the truths it has to teach (January, 1872[1]), but also, that it nails down as on the barn-door of our future homestead, for permanent and picturesque exposition, the extreme follies of which it has to give warning: so that in expanded heraldry of beak and claw, the spread, or split, harpies and owls of modern philosophy may be for evermore studied, by the curious, in the parched skins of them.

For instance, at once, and also for beginning of some such at present needful study, look back to Letter 44, §§ 2, 3,[2] wherein you will find a paragraph thus nailed fast out of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—a paragraph which I must now spend a little more space of barn-door in delicately expanding. It is to the following effect (I repeat, for the sake of readers who cannot refer to the earlier volumes):—

"The wealth of this world may be 'practically' regarded as infinitely great. It is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereby useless to others; and it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the principal, or indeed that they are at all common or important, modes of acquiring wealth."

You will find this paragraph partly answered, though but with a sneer, in the following section, § 4; but I now take it up more seriously, for it is needful you should see the full depth of its lying.

3. The "wealth of this world" consists, broadly, in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, and works of art.[3]

The healthy food-giving land, so far from being infinite, is, in fine quality, limited to narrow belts of the globe.

[1] [Letter 13, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 231; and compare Letter 60, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 463).]

[2] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 126–128.]

[3] [Compare *A Joy for Ever*, §§ 144 *seq.* (Vol. XVI. pp. 129 *seq.*).]

What properly belongs to *you* as Yorkshiremen is only Yorkshire. You, by appropriating Yorkshire, keep other people from living in Yorkshire. The Yorkshire squires say the whole of Yorkshire belongs to *them*, and will not let any part of Yorkshire become useful to anybody else, but by enforcing payment of rent for the use of it; nor will the farmers who rent it allow its produce to become useful to anybody else but by demanding the highest price they can get for the same.

The convenient building land of the world is so far from being infinite, that, in London, you find a woman of eight-and-twenty paying one-and-ninepence a week for a room in which she dies of suffocation with her child in her arms (*Fors*, December, 1872[1]); and, in Edinburgh, you find people paying two pounds twelve shillings a year for a space nine feet long, five broad, and six high, ventilated only by the chimney (*Fors*, April, 1874; and compare March, 1873[2]).

4. The useful animals of the world are not infinite: the finest horses are very rare; and the squires who ride them, by appropriating them, prevent you and me from riding them. If you and I and the rest of the mob took them from the squires, we could not at present probably ride them; and unless we cut them up and ate them, we could not divide them among us, because they are not infinite.

The useful minerals of Yorkshire are iron, coal, and marble,—in large quantities, but not infinite quantities by any means; and the masters and managers of the coal mines, spending their coal on making useless things out of the iron, prevent the poor all over England from having fires, so that they can now only afford close stoves (if those!) (*Fors*, March, 1873[3]).

The books and works of art in Yorkshire are not infinite, nor even in England. Mr. Fawkes' Turners are many, but not infinite at all, and as long as they are at Farnley

[1] [Letter 24, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 431).]
[2] [Letter 40, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 73), and Letter 27, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 498).]
[3] [Letter 27, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 502).]

they can't be at Sheffield. My own thirty Turners[1] are not infinite, and as long as they are at Oxford, can't be at Sheffield. You won't find, I believe, another such thirteenth-century Bible as I have given you,[2] in all Yorkshire; and so far from other books being infinite, there's hardly a woman in England, now, who reads a clean one, because she can't afford to have one but by borrowing.[3]

5. So much for the infinitude of wealth. For the mode of obtaining it, all the land in England was first taken by force, and is now kept by force. Some day, I do not doubt you will yourselves seize it by force.[4] Land never has been, nor can be, got, nor kept, otherwise, when the population on it was as large as it could maintain. The establishment of laws respecting its possession merely defines and directs the force by which it is held:[5] and fraud, so far from being an unimportant mode of acquiring wealth, is now the only possible one; our merchants say openly that no man *can* become rich by honest dealing. And it is precisely because fraud and force *are* the chief means of becoming rich, that a writer for the *Pall Mall Gazette* was found capable of writing this passage. No man could by mere overflow of his natural folly have written it. Only in the settled purpose of maintaining the interest of Fraud and Force; only in fraudfully writing for the concealment of Fraud, and frantically writing for the help of unjust Force, do literary men become so senseless.[6]

The wealth of the world is not infinite, then, my Sheffield friends; and moreover, it is most of it unjustly divided, because it has been gathered by fraud, or by dishonest force, and distributed at the will, or lavished by the neglect, of such iniquitous gatherers. And you have to ascertain

[1] [Ruskin's collection of Turners was much more numerous (see Vol. XIII. pp. 556–558). He must here refer to those which happened to be in his rooms at Corpus at this time.]

[2] [See Letter 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 727).]

[3] [Compare Letter 16, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 233).]

[4] [Compare Letter 2, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 30).]

[5] [Compare Letter 45, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 152).]

[6] [Compare below, p. 200.]

definitely, if you will be wise Yorkshiremen, how much of it is actually within your reach in Yorkshire, and may be got without fraud, by *honest* force. Compare Propositions V. and VI., October, 1872.[1]

6. It ought to be a very pleasant task to you, this ascertaining how much wealth is within your reach in Yorkshire, if, as I see it stated in the article of the *Times* on Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, quoted in *Galignani* of the 10th of November, 1876:[2] "The immense accession of wealth which this country has received through the development of the railway system and the establishment of free trade, makes the present war expenditure," etc., etc., etc. What it does in the way of begetting and feeding Woolwich Infants[3] is not at present your affair; your business is to find out what it does, and what you can help it to do, in making it prudent for you to beget, and easy for you to feed, Yorkshire infants.

But are you quite sure the *Times* is right? Are we indeed, to begin with, richer than we were? How is anybody to know? Is there a man in Sheffield who can,—I do not say, tell you what the country is worth,—but even show you how to set about ascertaining what it is worth?

The *Times* way, *Morning Post* way, and *Daily News* way of finding out, is an easy one enough, if only it be exact.

Look back to *Fors* of December, 1871,[4] and you will find the *Times* telling you that "by every kind of measure,

[1] [Letter 22, §§ 11, 12 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 379, 380).]

[2] [*Galignani* must have been here quoting from some other paper. The passage cited does not occur in the article of the *Times*, which was by no means sympathetic towards Lord Beaconsfield's speech; in this he said (on the eve of the Constantinople Conference): "Although the policy of England is peace, there is no country so well prepared for war as our own. If she enters into a conflict in a righteous cause, if the contest is one which concerns her liberty, her independence, or her Empire, her resources are, I feel, inexhaustible. She is not a country that, when she enters into a campaign, has to ask herself whether she can support a second or a third campaign."]

[3] [See Letter 2, § 20 *n.* (Vol. XXVII. p. 43).]

[4] [Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]

and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established," because we drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as we used to. But it is quite conceivable to *me* that a man may drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as he used to do, yet not be the richer man for it, nor his wife or children materially better off for it.

7. Again, the *Morning Post* tells you (*Fors*, October, 1872[1]) that because the country is at present in a state of unexampled prosperity, coals and meat are at famine prices; and the *Daily News* tells you (*Fors*, May, 1873[2]) that because coals are at famine prices, the capital of the country is increased. By the same rule, when everything else is at famine prices, the capital of the country will be at its maximum, and you will all starve in the proud moral consciousness of an affluence unprecedented in the history of the universe. In the meantime your wealth and prosperity have only advanced you to the moderately enviable point of not being able to indulge in what the *Cornhill Magazine* (*Fors*, April, 1873[3]) calls "the luxury of a wife," till you are forty-five—unless you choose to sacrifice all your prospects in life for that unjustifiable piece of extravagance;—and your young women (*Fors*, May, 1873[4]) are applying, two thousand at a time, for places in the Post Office!

8. All this is doubtless very practical, and businesslike, and comfortable, and truly English. But suppose you set your wits to work for once in a Florentine or Venetian manner, and ask, as a merchant of Venice would have asked, or a "good man" of the trades of Florence, *how much money there is in the town*,—who has got it, and what is becoming of it? These, my Sheffield friends, are the first of economical problems for *you*, depend upon it; perfectly soluble when you set straightforwardly about them; or, so

[1] [Letter 22, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 376).]
[2] [Letter 29, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 527).]
[3] [Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]
[4] [Letter 29, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 536).]

far as insoluble, instantly indicating the places where the roguery is. Of money honestly got, and honourably in use, you can get account: of money ill got, and used to swindle with, you will get none.

But take account at least of what is countable. Your initial proceeding must be to map out a Sheffield district clearly. Within the border of that, you will hold yourselves Sheffielders;—outside of it, let the Wakefield and Bradford people look after themselves; but determine your own limits, and see that things are managed well within them. Your next work is to count heads. You must register every man, woman, and child, in your Sheffield district (compare and read carefully the opening of the *Fors* of February last year[1]); then register their incomes and expenditure; it will be a business, but when you have done it, you will know what you are about, and how much the town is really worth.

9. Then the next business is to establish a commissariat.[2] Knowing how many mouths you have to feed, you know how much food is wanted daily. To get that quantity good; and to distribute it without letting middlemen steal the half of it, is the first great duty of civic authority in villages, of ducal authority in cities and provinces, and of kingly authority in kingdoms.

Now, for the organization of your commissariat, there are two laws to be carried into effect, as you gain intelligence and unity, very different from anything yet conceived for your co-operative stores—(which are a good and wise beginning, no less). Of which laws the first is that, till all the mouths in the Sheffield district are fed, no food must be sold to strangers. Make all the ground in your district as productive as possible, both in cattle and vegetables; and see that such meat and vegetables be distributed swiftly to those who most need them, and eaten fresh.

[1] [Letter 62, § 3 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 513).]
[2] [See the title to this Letter.]

Not a mouthful of anything is to be sold across the border, while any one is hungry within it.

10. Then the second law is, that as long as any one remains unfed, or barebacked, the wages fund must be in common.* When every man, woman, and child is fed and clothed, the saving men may begin to lay by money, if they like; but while there is hunger and cold among you, there must be absolutely no purse-feeding, nor coin-wrapping. You have so many bellies to fill;—so much wages fund (besides the eatable produce of the district) to do it with.† Every man must bring all he earns to the common stock.

"What! and the industrious feed the idle?"

Assuredly, my friends; and the more assuredly because under that condition you will presently come to regard their idleness as a social offence, and deal with it as such: which is precisely the view God means you to take of it, and the dealing He intends you to measure to it. But if you think yourselves exempted from feeding the idle, you will presently believe yourselves privileged to take advantage of their idleness by lending money to them at usury, raising duties on their dissipation, and buying their stock and furniture cheap when they fail in business. Whereupon you will soon be thankful that your neighbour's shutters are still up, when yours are down; and gladly

* Don't shriek out at this, for an impossible fancy of St. George's. St. George only cares about, and tells you, the constantly necessary laws in a well-organized state. *This* is a temporarily expedient law in a distressed one. No man, of a boat's crew on short allowance in the Atlantic, is allowed to keep provisions in a private locker;—still less must any man of the crew of a *city* on short allowance.[1]

† "But how if other districts refused to sell *us* food, as you say we should refuse to sell food to *them?*"

You *Sheffielders* are to refuse to sell food only because food is scarce with you, and cutlery plenty. And as you had once a reputation for cutlery, and have yet skill enough left to recover it if you will, the other districts of England (and some abroad) will be glad still to give you some of their dinner in exchange for knives and forks,—which is a perfectly sagacious and expedient arrangement for all concerned.

[1] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 65 (Vol. XVII. p. 372).]

promote his vice for your advantage. With no ultimate good to yourself, even at the devil's price, believe me.

11. Now, therefore, for actual beginning of organization of this Sheffield commissariat, since probably, at present, you won't be able to prevail on the Duke of York[1] to undertake the duty, you must elect a duke of Sheffield, for yourselves. Elect a doge, if, for the present, to act only as purveyor-general:—honest doge he must be, with an active and kind duchess. If you can't find a couple of honest and well-meaning married souls in all Sheffield to trust the matter to, I have nothing more to say: for by such persons, and by such virtue in them only, is the thing to be done.

Once found, you are to give them fixed salary * and fixed authority; no prince has ever better earned his income, no consul ever needed stronger lictors, than these will, in true doing of their work. Then, by these, the accurately estimated demand, and the accurately measured supply, are to be coupled, with the least possible slack of chain; and the quality of food, and price, absolutely tested and limited.

12. But what's to become of the middleman?[2]

If you really saw the middleman at his work, you would not ask that twice. Here's my publisher, Mr. Allen, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages; the consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages

* The idea of fixed salary, I thankfully perceive, is beginning to be taken up[3] by philanthropic persons (see notice of the traffic in intoxicating liquors in *Pall Mall Budget* for December 2, 1876[4]), but still connected with the entirely fatal notion that they are all to have a fixed salary themselves for doing nothing but lend money, which, till they wholly quit themselves of, they will be helpless for good.

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[1] [At the time when Ruskin wrote, there was, however, no Duke of York, the title having been in abeyance from the death of George III.'s son Frederick in 1827 to the creation of the present Prince of Wales as Duke of York in 1892.]

[2] [The question is taken up again in the next Letter: see below, pp. 41–42.]

[3] [That is, since Ruskin preached the idea in *Unto this Last* (1860): see Vol. XVII. pp. 33 *seq.*]

[4] [A leading article entitled "The Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors," discussing Mr. Chamberlain's advocacy of the "Gothenburg System." One of his proposals is described as being "to empower local authorities to carry on the trade themselves through the agency of managers remunerated by fixed salaries."]

and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one.

Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door,—that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in;—that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it and hand you over the pot and sops,—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?

To my extreme surprise, I find, on looking over my two long-delayed indexes,[1] that there occurs not in either of them the all-important monosyllable "Beer." But if you will look out the passages referred to in the index for 1874, under the articles "Food" and "Fish,"[2] and now study them at more leisure, and consecutively, they will give you some clear notion of what the benefit of middlemen is to you; then, finally take the *Fors* of March, 1873,[3] and read § 10 carefully,—and you will there see that it has been shown by Professor Kirk, that out of the hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds which you prove your prosperity by spending annually on beer and tobacco, you pay a hundred millions to the rich middlemen, and thirty millions to the middling middlemen, and for every two shillings you pay, get threepence-halfpenny-worth of beer to swallow!

13. Meantime, the Bishop, and the Rector, and the Rector's lady, and the dear old Quaker spinster who lives in Sweetbriar Cottage, are *so* shocked that you drink so much, and that you are such horrid wretches that nothing can be done for you! and you mustn't have your wages raised, because you *will* spend them in nothing but drink. And to-morrow they are all going to dine at Drayton Park, with the brewer who is your member of Parliament, and is building a public-house at the railway station, and

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. pp. 437, 505, 553, 568.]

[2] [See the Index, below, p. 631; and for the entries now supplied under "Beer," p. 615.]

[3] [Letter 27 (Vol. XXVII. p. 497).]

another in the High Street, and another at the corner of Philpott's Lane, and another by the stables at the back of Tunstall Terrace, outside the town, where he has just bricked over the Dovesbourne, and filled Buttercup Meadow with broken bottles; and, by every measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of your prosperity is established!

You helpless sots and simpletons! Can't you at least manage to set your wives—what you have got of them—to brew your beer, and give you an honest pint of it for your money? Let *them* have the halfpence first, anyhow, if they must have the kicks afterwards.

Read carefully over, then, thirsty and hungry friends, concerning these questions of meat and drink, that whole *Fors* of March, 1873; but chiefly Sir Walter's letter,[1] and what it says of Education, as useless, unless you limit your tippling-houses.*

14. Yet some kind of education is instantly necessary to give you the courage and sense to limit them. If I were in your place, I should drink myself to death in six months, because I had nothing to amuse me; and such education, therefore, as may teach you how to be rightly amused I am trying with all speed to provide for you. For, indeed, all real education, though it begins in the wisdom of John the Baptist—(quite *literally* so; first in washing with pure water[2]), goes on into an entirely merry and amused life, like St. Ursula's; and ends in a delightsome death. But to be amused like St. Ursula you must feel like her, and become interested in the distinct nature of Bad and Good. Above all, you must learn to know faithful and good men from miscreants.[3] Then you will be amused by knowing the histories of the good ones—and very greatly entertained by visiting their tombs, and seeing their statues. You will

* Compare *Fors*, February, 1872 [Letter 14, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 256).]

[1] [Letter 27, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 500).]
[2] [Compare Letter 71, § 12 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 740).]
[3] [For this word, see Vol. XXVII. p. 466.]

even feel yourselves pleased, some day, in walking considerable distances, with that and other objects, and so truly seeing foreign countries, and the shrines of the holy men who are alive in them, as well as the shrines of the dead. You will even, should a voyage be necessary, learn to rejoice upon the sea, provided you know first how to row upon it, and to catch the winds that rule it with bright sails. You will be amused by seeing pretty people wear beautiful dresses when you are not kept yourselves in rags, to pay for them; you will be amused by hearing beautiful music, when you can get your steam-devil's tongues, and throats, and wind-holes anywhere else, stopped, that you may hear it; and take enough pains yourselves to learn to know it, when you do. All which sciences and arts St. George will teach you, in good time, if you are obedient to him:—without obedience, neither he nor any saint in heaven can help you.[1]

15. Touching which, now of all men hated and abused, virtue,—and the connection more especially of the arts of the Muse with its universal necessity,—I have translated a piece of Plato for you,[2] which, here following, I leave you to meditate on till next month:—

"The Athenian."—It is true, my friends, that over certain of the laws, with us, our populace had authority; but it is no less true that there were others to which they were entirely subject.

"The Spartan."—Which mean you?

"The Athenian."—First, those which in that day related to music, if indeed we are to trace up to its root the change which has issued in our now too licentious life.

For, at that time, music was divided according to certain ideas and forms necessarily inherent in it; and one kind of songs consisted of prayers to the gods, and were called hymns; and another kind, contrary to these, for the most part were called laments,* and another, songs of resolute strength

* The Coronach of the Highlanders represents this form of music down to nearly our own days. It is to be defined as the sacredly ordered expression of the sorrow permitted to human frailty, but contrary to prayer, according to Plato's words, because expressing will contrary to the will of God.[3]

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[1] [For a passage originally intended for this Letter, see Appendix 19 (p. 578).]

[2] [*Laws*, ii. 700–701.]

[3] [This note was placed in quotation marks in later editions, though not in ed. 1. It can hardly be doubted, however, that the note is Ruskin's.]

and triumph, were sacred to Apollo; and a fourth, springing out of the frank joy of life, were sacred to Dionusos, and called "dithyrambs." * And these modes of music they called Laws as they did Laws respecting other matters; but the laws of music for distinction's sake were called Harp-laws.

And these four principal methods, and certain other subordinate ones, having been determined, it was not permitted to use one kind of melody for the purpose of another; and the authority to judge of these, and to punish all who disobeyed the laws concerning them, was not, as now, the hissing, or the museless † cry of the multitude in dispraise, neither their clapping for praise: but it was the function of men trained in the offices of education to hear all in silence; and to the children and their tutors, and the most of the multitude, the indication of order was given with the staff; ‡ and in all these matters the multitude of the citizens was willing

* "The origin of the word is unknown" (Liddell and Scott). But there must have been an idea connected with a word in so constant use, and spoken of matters so intimately interesting;[1] and I have myself no doubt that a sense of the doubling and redoubling caused by instinctive and artless pleasure in sound, as in nursery rhymes, extended itself gradually in the Greek mind into a conception of the universal value of what may be summed in our short English word "reply"; as, first, in the reduplication of its notes of rapture by the nightingale,—then, in the entire system of adjusted accents, rhythms, strophes, antistrophes, and echoes of burden; and, to the Greek, most practically in the balanced or interchanged song of answering bodies of chorus entering from opposite doors on the stage: continuing down to our own days in the alternate chant of the singers on each side of the choir.

† "Museless," as one says "shepherdless," unprotected or helped by the Muse.

‡ I do not positively understand this,[2] but the word used by Plato signifies properly, "putting in mind," or rather putting in the notion, or "nous"; and I believe the wand of the master of the theatre was used for a guide to the whole audience, as that of the leader of the orchestra is to the band,—not merely, nor even in any principal degree, for time-keeping (which a pendulum in his place would do perfectly),—but for exhortation and encouragement. Supposing an audience thoroughly bent on listening and understanding, one can conceive the suggestion of parts requiring attention, the indication of subtle rhythm which would have escaped uncultivated ears, and the claim for sympathy in parts of singular force and beauty, expressed by a master of the theatre, with great help and pleasure to the audience;—we can imagine it best by supposing some

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[1] [The derivation of the word remains unknown. Ruskin, in connecting it with some idea of "doubling," accepts the old explanation, *δι θύραμβος* for *δι θύραμος*, applied to Bacchus, meaning *double-doored*, an allusion to the double birth of the god (see Euripides, *Bacchæ*, 526), who is thus supposed to have given the name to the strain. But the fact that the first syllable in *δι θύραμβος* is long seems a fatal objection to this explanation: see Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks*, p. 17 *n.*]

[2] [*ῥάβδου κοσμούσης ἡ νουθέτησις ἐγίγνετο.*]

to be governed, and did not dare to judge by tumult; but after these things, as time went on, there were born, beginners of the museless libertinage,—poets, who were indeed poetical by nature, but incapable of recognizing what is just and lawful for the Muse; exciting themselves in passion, and possessed, more than is due, by the love of pleasure: and these mingling laments with hymns, and pæans with dithyrambs, and mimicking the pipe with the harp, and dragging together everything into everything else, involuntarily and by their want of natural instinct * led men into the false thought that there is no positive rightness whatsoever in music, but that one may judge rightly of it by the pleasure of those who enjoy it, whether their own character be good or bad. And constructing such poems as these, and saying, concerning them, such words as these, they led the multitude into rebellion against the laws of music, and the daring of trust in their own capacity to judge of it. Whence the theatric audiences, that once were voiceless, became clamorous, as having professed knowledge, in the things belonging to the Muses, of what was beautiful and not; and instead of aristocracy in that knowledge, rose up a certain polluted theatrocracy. For if indeed the democracy had been itself composed of more or less well-educated persons, there would not have been so much harm; but from this beginning in music, sprang up general disloyalty, and *pronouncing of their own opinion by everybody about everything;* and on this followed mere licentiousness, for, having no fear of speaking, supposing themselves to know, fearlessness begot shamelessness. For, in our audacity, to have no fear of the opinion of the better person, is in itself a corrupt impudence, ending in extremity of license. And on this will always follow the resolve no more to obey established authorities; then, beyond this, men are fain to refuse the service and reject the teaching of father and mother, and of all old age,—and so one is close to the end of refusing to obey the national laws, and at last to think no more of oath, or faith, or of the gods themselves: thus at last likening themselves to the ancient and monstrous nature of the Titans, and filling their lives full of ceaseless misery.

great, acknowledged, and popular master, conducting his own opera, secure of the people's sympathy. A people not generous enough to give sympathy, nor modest enough to be grateful for leading, is not capable of hearing or understanding music. In our own schools, however, all that is needful is the early training of children under true musical law; and the performance, under excellent masters, of appointed courses of beautiful music, as an essential part of all popular instruction, no less important than the placing of classical books and of noble pictures, within the daily reach and sight of the people.

* Literally, "want of notion or conception."[1]

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[1] [μουσικῆς ἄκοιτες ὑπ' ἀνοίας καταψευδόμενοι.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

16. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts to the end of the year will be given in the February *Fors*.[1] The entire pause in subscriptions, and cessation of all serviceable offers of Companionship,* during the last six months, may perhaps be owing in some measure to the continued delay in the determination of our legal position. I am sure that Mr. Somervell,[2] who has communicated with the rest of the Companions on the subject, is doing all that is possible to give our property a simply workable form of tenure; and then, I trust, things will progress faster; but whether they do or not, at the close of this seventh year, if I live, I will act with all the funds then at my disposal.

17. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

Paid—		£	s.	d.
Nov. 18.	The Bursar of Corpus	13	0	0
„	Henry Swan; engraving for *Laws of Fésole*[3]	5	0	0
29.	Jackson	25	0	0
Dec. 7.	C. F. Murray, for sketch of Princess Ursula and her Father, from Carpaccio[4]	10	0	0
10.	Oxford Secretary	100	0	0
11.	Self at Venice †	150	0	0
12.	Downs	50	0	0
15.	Burgess	42	0	0
		£395	0	0
Balance, November 15th		£1135	3	4[5]
		395	0	0
Balance, December 15th		£740	3	4

* I have refused several which were made without clear understanding of the nature of the Companionship; and especially such as I could perceive to be made, though unconsciously, more in the thought of the honour attaching to the name of Companions, than of the self-denial and humility necessary in their duties.

† Includes the putting up of scaffolds at St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace to cast some of their sculptures;[6] and countless other expenses, mythologically definable as the opening of Danaë's brazen tower; besides enormous bills at the "Grand Hotel," and sundry inexcusable "indiscriminate charities."[7]

[1] [Letter 74 (p. 48).]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 659.]
[3] [Plate II.: see Vol. XV. p. 367.]
[4] [No. 56 in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX.]
[5] [This amount should be £670, 9s. 4d., leaving a balance on December 15th of £275, 9s. 4d. See Letter 74, § 18 (p. 50), where Ruskin corrects the mistakes in accounts in Letter 72, § 13.]
[6] [Some of the casts were sent to Sheffield: see below, p. 116.]
[7] [See Letters 4, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 67), and 93, § 6 (below, p. 471).]

18. (III.) The mingled impertinence and good feeling of the following letter make it difficult to deal with.[1] I should be unjust to the writer in suppressing it, and to myself (much more to Mr. Sillar) in noticing it.[2] The reader may answer it for himself; the only passage respecting which I think it necessary to say anything is the writer's mistake in applying the rule of doing as you would be done by to the degree in which your neighbour may expect or desire you to violate an absolute law of God. It may often be proper, if civil to your neighbour, to drink more than is good for you; but not to commit the moderate quantity of theft or adultery which you may perceive would be in polite accordance with his principles, or in graceful compliance with his wishes.

"*November* 14*th*, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Why so cross? *I* don't want to discuss with you the 'uses of Dissent.' I am no more a Dissenting minister than you are, and not nearly as much of a Dissenter; and where you find my 'duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks and the legality of the Jews' I don't know.

"Mr. Sillar backbites with his pen, and does evil to his neighbour. He does it quite inadvertently, misled by a passage in a book he has just read. Mr. Ruskin, forgetting his own clear exposition of Psalm xv., takes up the reproach against his neighbour, believes the evil, and won't even pray for the sinner. I correct the mistake; whereupon Mr. Ruskin, instead of saying he is sorry for printing a slander, or that he is glad to find Mr. Sillar was mistaken, calls Mr. Wesley an ass ('unwise Christian—altering rules so as to make them useless,' are his words, but the meaning is the same), and sneers at Methodism evidently without having made even an 'elementary investigation' of its principles, or having heard one sermon from a Methodist preacher,—so at least I judge from *Fors* 36, § 7.

"If you wanted information—which you don't—about our rules, I would point out that our rules are only three:—1, 'To do no harm;' 2, 'To do all the good we can to men's bodies and souls;' and 3, 'To attend upon all the ordinances of God.' A Methodist according to Mr. Wesley's definition (pardon me for quoting another of his definitions; unfortunately, in this case it does not express what *is*, but what ought to be) is, 'One who lives after the method laid down in the Bible.'

"In answer to your questions, we don't approve of *going to law*, yet sometimes it may be necessary to appeal unto Cæsar; and in making a reference to a Christian magistrate in a Christian country, we don't think we should be doing what St. Paul condemns,—'going to law before the unjust, before unbelievers and not before saints.'

"As to usury and interest. Hitherto, perhaps wrongly, we have been satisfied with the ordinary ideas of men—including, apparently, some of your most esteemed friends—on the subject. You yourself did not find out the wrong of taking interest until Mr. Sillar showed you how to judge of it (*Fors* 43, § 14); and your investigations are still, like mine, so elementary that they have not influenced your practice.

"I cannot tell you with 'pious accuracy' the exact number of glasses of wine

[1] [For the previous letter from this correspondent, and Ruskin's comments thereon, see Letter 71, §§ 18, 19 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 750).]

[2] [Here in his notes for the Index Ruskin has: "*Dissent*, Temper of, illustrated by Dissenter's letter. As I arrange this bit of index, Fors sends me a letter from a friend with this sentence in it: 'There is a chapel in the village, Methodist, I conclude—we were amused to find that the mangling was done in the chapel; so I suppose it is a laundry during the week.'"]

you may properly take, giving God thanks; but pray don't take too many. Personally, I fancy the rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' would keep me on the right side if I had any capital to invest, which I haven't. My good mother, eighty-three years of age, has a small sum, and since reading *Fors* I have just calculated that she has already received the entire amount in interest; and of course she must now, if your ideas are correct, give up the principal, and 'go and work for more.'

"As for my postscript, I really thought from *Fors* 66 (§ 19), 67 (§ 22), that you were bothered with lawyers, and did not know what to do with sums of money given to you for a definite purpose, and which apparently could not be legally applied to that purpose. A plan that has answered well for John Wesley's Society would, I thought, answer equally well for another company, in which I feel considerable interest. The objects of the two societies are not very dissimilar: our rules are substantially yours, only they go a little further. But whilst aiming at remodelling the world, we begin by trying to mend ourselves, and to 'save our own souls,' in which I hope there is nothing to raise your ire, or bring upon us the vials of your scorn. Referring to *Fors* 67,[1] I think I may say that 'we agree with most of your directions for private life.' In our plain and simple way, —assuredly not with your eloquence and rigour,—'we promulgate and recommend your principles,' without an idea that they are to be considered distinctively yours. We find them in the Bible: and if we don't 'aid your plans by sending you money,' it is because not one of us in a hundred thousand ever heard of them; and besides, it is possible for us to think that, whilst your plans are good, our own are better. For myself, I have for some time wished and intended to send something, however trifling it might seem to you, towards the funds of St. George's Company. Will you kindly accept 20s. from a *Methodist Preacher?** I was going to send it before you referred to us, but spent the money in your photographs and Xenophon;[2] and sovereigns are so scarce with me that I had to wait a little before I could afford another.

"And now, if you have read as far as this, will you allow me to thank you most sincerely for all that I have learnt from you? I could say much on this subject, but forbear. More intelligent readers you may have, but none more grateful than

"Yours very truly,
"A METHODIST PREACHER."

* With St. George's thanks.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 657.]

[2] [That is, the Lesson Photographs and "The Economist of Xenophon" (vol. i. of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*).]

LETTER 74

FATHER-LAW

VENICE, *Christmas Day*, 1876.*

1. LAST night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus "out of her bedroom window, with her love,"[1] and, as I was standing beside it, this morning,—(ten minutes ago only,—it has just struck eight), watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud, just midway between the domes of St. George and the Madonna of Safety, there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question:[2] with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before; but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to say, been misled, hitherto, into quite vain collection of the little I knew about either Turkey or Russia; and entirely lost sight (though actually at this time chiefly employed with it!) of what Little Bear has thus sent me the flower out of the dawn in her window, to put me in mind of,—the religious meanings of the matter.

I must explain her sign to you more clearly before I can tell you these.

2. She sent me the living dianthus (with a little personal message besides,[3] of great importance to *me*, but of none to the matter in hand), by the hands of an Irish

* I believe the following entry to be of considerable importance to our future work; and I leave it, uncorrected, as it was written at the time for that reason.

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[1] [For this passage, see the Introduction to Vol. XXIV. p. xliii.; and compare Letter 20, giving account of the picture of St. Ursula's Dream (Vol. XXVII. p. 342, and Plate VIII.), and Letters 75, § 1, and 88, § 6 (below, pp. 54, 385).]

[2] [See below, p. 45. Ruskin in his notes for the Index compares Letter 75, § 7 (p. 60).]

[3] [For "one of the pieces of the private message," see Letter 76, § 18 (p. 101).]

Fors. 1

all S of Fors. (copied) the first pages. back the envelope or back one all S. of Times letter.

Venice; Christmas day
1876

Last night, St Ursula sent me her dianthus "out of her bedroom window, with her love"; and as I was standing beside it this morning, — (— ten minutes ago only, — it has just struck eight) — watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud ~~behind~~ ~~just~~ midway between the domes of St George and the Madonna of Safety. there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question: with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before, but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to be, been misled hitherto into quite vain collection of the little I knew ~~either~~ about either Turkey or Russia, — and entirely lost sight, (though actually at this ~~moment~~ ~~time~~ ~~I was~~ ~~myself employed with it~~) ~~of what it is my own~~ of what Little Bear has that ~~sent me~~ the flower ~~out~~ ~~of~~ the dianthus in her window to put me in mind of, — the religious ~~bearings~~ meaning of the ~~being~~ matter.

A Page of the MS. of Letter 74 (§ 1)

friend now staying here:[1] but she had sent me also, in the morning, from England, a dried sprig of the other flower in her window, the sacred vervain,* by the hands of the friend who is helping me in all I want for *Proserpina*,—Mr. Oliver.[2]

Now the vervain is the ancient flower sacred to domestic purity; and one of the chief pieces of teaching which showed me the real nature of classic life, came to me ten years ago, in learning by heart one of Horace's house-songs, in which he especially associates this herb with the *cheerful* service—yet sacrificial service—of the household Gods.

"The whole house laughs in silver;—maid and boy in happy confusion run hither and thither; the altar, wreathed with chaste vervain, asks for its sprinkling with the blood of the lamb."[3]

Again, the Dianthus, of which I told you[4] more was to be learned, means, translating that Greek name, "Flower of God," or especially of the Greek Father of the Gods; and it is of all wild flowers in Greece the brightest and richest in its divine beauty. (In *Proserpina*, note classification.†)

3. Now, see the use of myths, when they are living.

You have the Domestic flower, and the Wild flower.

* I had carelessly and very stupidly taken the vervain for a decorative modification of olive.[5] It is painted with entire veracity, so that my good friend Signor Caldara (who is painting Venetian flowers for us,[6] knew it for the "Erba Luisa" at the first glance), went to the Botanical Gardens here, and painted it from the life. I will send his painting, with my own drawing of the plant from the Carpaccio picture, to the Sheffield museum.[7] They can there be photographed for any readers of *Fors* who care to see such likeness of them.

† All left as written, in confusion: I will make it clear presently [§ 5].

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[1] [Lady Castletown.]
[2] [See Vol. XXV. p. 331.]
[3] [Horace, *Odes*, IV. xi. 6–10.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 745 *n.*]
[5] [In Letter 71: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 745.]
[6] [See the Rudimentary Series at Oxford, Cabinet XI. (Vol. XXI. p. 231); and Letter 71 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 749).]
[7] [The drawings, however, were not sent, but the Museum contains one by J. W. Bunney of St. Ursula's window with the plants. Ruskin's drawing was No. 176 in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in 1907.]

You have the Christian sacrifice of the Passover, for the Household; and the universal worship of Allah, the Father of all,—our Father which art in Heaven,[1]—made of specialty to you by the light of the crimson wild flower on the mountains; and all this by specialty of sign sent to you in Venice, by the Saint whose mission it was to convert the savage people of "England over-sea."[2]

4. I am here interrupted by a gift, from another friend, of a little painting of the "pitcher" (Venetian water-carrier's) of holy water, with the sprinkling thing in it,—I don't know its name,—but it reminds me of the "Tu asperges" in Lethe, in the *Purgatorio*,[3] and of other matters useful to me: but mainly observe from it, in its bearing on our work, that the blood of Sprinkling, common to the household of the Greek, Roman, and the Jew,[4]—and water of Sprinkling, common to all nations on earth, in the Baptism to which Christ submitted,—the one speaketh better things than that of Abel, and the other than that unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, in so far as they give *joy* together with their purity; so that the Lamb of the Passover itself, and the Pitcher of Water borne by him who showed the place of it, alike are turned, the one, by the last Miracle, into sacramental wine which immortally in the sacred Spirit makes glad the Heart of Man, and the other, by the first Miracle, into the Marriage wine, which here, and immortally in the sacred, because purified Body, makes glad the Life of Man.

2nd January, 1877.

5. Thus far I wrote in the morning and forenoon of Christmas Day: and leave it so, noting only that the reference to the classification in *Proserpina* is to the name there

[1] [Matthew vi. 9.]

[2] [See Letter 71, §§ 12, 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 739).]

[3] [*Purgatorio,* xxxi. 98. The "sprinkling thing" is called the *asperges* or *aspergillum.*]

[4] [See Hebrews ix. 19. For the other Bible references in § 4, see Matthew iii. 13; Hebrews xii. 24; 1 Corinthians x. 2; Mark xiv. 12, 13; Matthew xxvi. 26–28; Psalms civ. 15; and John ii. 7–10.]

given for the whole order of the pinks, including the dianthus,—namely, Clarissa.[1] The Dianthus will be the first sub-species; but note that this Greek name is modern, and bad Greek also; yet to be retained, for it is *our* modern contribution to the perfectness of the myth. Carpaccio meant it, first and practically, for a balcony window-flower —as the vervain is also; and what more, I can't say, or seek, to-day, for I must turn now to the business for this month, the regulation of our Sheffield vegetable market;—yet for *that*, even you will have to put up with another page or two of myth, before we can get rightly at it.

6. I must ask you to look back to *Fors* of August, 1872;[2] and to hear why the boy with his basket of figs was so impressive a sign to me.

He was selling them before the south façade of the Ducal Palace; which, built in the fourteenth century, has two notable sculptures on its corner-stones. Now, that palace is the perfect type of such a building as should be made the seat of a civic government exercising all needful powers.* How soon you may wish to build such an one at Sheffield depends on the perfection of the government you can develop there, and the dignity of state which you desire it should assume. For the men who took counsel in that palace "considered the poor,"[3] and heard the requests of the poorest citizens, in a manner of which you have had as yet no idea given you by any government visible in Europe.

* State prisoners were kept in the palace, instead of in a separate tower, as was our practice in London, that none might be in bonds more than a month before they were brought up for judgment.

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[1] [In previous editions the text continued:—

> ". . . Clarissa. It struck me afterwards that it would be better to have made it simply 'Clara,' which, accordingly, I have now determined it shall be. The Dianthus . . ."

As, however, Ruskin did not in fact make the change (see Vol. XV. p. 427, and *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 355), he struck out this passage in his own copy of *Fors*.]

[2] [Letter 20, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 336).]

[3] [Psalms xli. 1.]

This palace being, as I said, built in the fourteenth century, when the nation liked to express its thoughts in sculpture, and being essentially the national palace, its builder, speaking as it were the mind of the whole people, signed first, on its corner-stones,[1] their consent, in the scriptural definition of worldly happiness,—"Every man shall dwell under his vine and under his fig tree."[2] And out of one corner-stone he carved a fig tree: out of the other, a vine. But to show upon what conditions, only, such happiness was to be secured, he thought proper also on each stone to represent the temptations which it involved, and the danger of yielding to them. Under the fig tree he carved Adam and Eve, unwisely gathering figs: under the vine, Noah, unwisely gathering grapes.

"*Gathering*," observe;—in both instances the hand is on the fruit; the sculpture of the Drunkenness of Noah differing in this from the usual treatment of the subject.

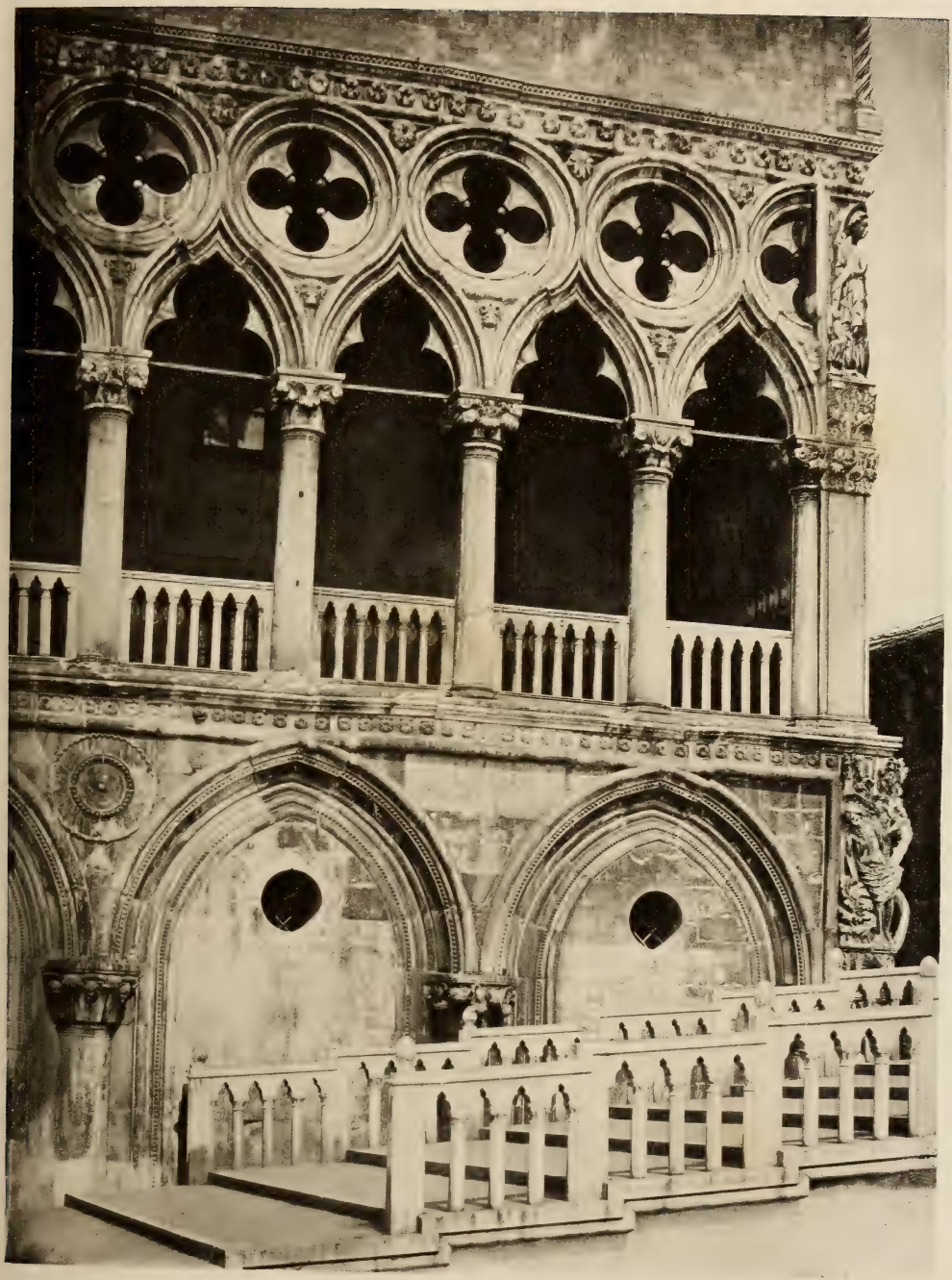
These two sculptures represent broadly the two great divisions of the sins of men: those of Disobedience, or sins against known command,—Presumptuous sins—and therefore, against Faith and Love; and those of Error, or sins against unknown command, sins of Ignorance—or, it may be, of Weakness, but not against Faith, nor against Love.

These corner-stones form the chief decoration or grace of its strength—meaning, if you read them in their national lesson, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."[3] Then, next above these stones of warning, come the stones of Judgment and Help.

3rd January, 1877.

7. Above the sculpture of Presumptuous Sin is carved the angel Michael, with the lifted sword. Above the

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 359).]
[2] [Micah iv. 4; compare *Mornings in Florence*, § 130, where Ruskin refers to this passage (Vol. XXIII. p. 422).]
[3] [1 Corinthians x. 12.]



Allen & Co. Sc.

The Vine Angle of the Ducal Palace.

sculpture of Erring Sin, is carved the angel Raphael, leading Tobias, and his dog.[1]

Not *Tobit*, and his dog, observe. It is very needful for us to understand the separate stories of the father and son, which gave this subject so deep a meaning to the mediæval Church. Read the opening chapter of Tobit,[2] to the end of his prayer. That prayer, you will find, is the seeking of death rather than life, in entirely noble despair. Erring, but innocent; blind, but *not thinking that he saw*,—therefore without sin.

To him the angel of all beautiful life is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire, to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, for ever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great error of seeking pleasure before use.[3] This is the dreadfulness which brings the true horror of death into the world, which hides God in death, and which makes all the lower creatures of God —even the happiest, suffer with us,—even the most innocent, injure us.*

But the young man's dog went with them—and returned, to show that all the lower creatures, who can love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and guidance of angels.

And now you will understand why I told you in the last *Fors* for last year that you must eat angels' food before you could eat material food.[4]

* Measure,—who can,—the evil that the Horse and Dog, worshipped before God, have done to England.

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[1] [For an earlier description of this sculpture, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 363–364); and for the story of Tobias and the dog, *ibid.*, p. 364 *n.*, and compare Vol. XXIII. p. 377.]

[2] [Ruskin writes from memory. It is not "the opening chapter" that he refers to, but ch. iii. 1–6.]

[3] [Compare Letter 61, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 502).]

[4] [See Letter 72, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 763).]

Tobit got leave at last, you see, to go back to his dinner.

8. Now, I have two pretty stories to tell you (though I must not to-day) of a Venetian dog,[1] which were told to me on Christmas Day last, by Little Bear's special order. Her own dog, at the foot of her bed, is indeed unconscious of the angel with the palm, but is taking care of his mistress's earthly crown;[2] and St. Jerome's dog, in his study, is seriously and admiringly interested in the progress of his master's literary work, though not, of course, understanding the full import of it.[3]

The dog in the vision to the shepherds, and the cattle in the Nativity, are always essential to these myths, for the same reason; and in next *Fors*, you shall have with the stories of the Venetian dog, the somewhat more important one of St. Theodore's horse,[4]—God willing. Finally, here are four of the grandest lines of an English prophet, sincere as Carpaccio, which you will please remember:—

> "The bat that flits at close of eve,
> Hath left the brain that won't believe."

> "Hurt not the moth, nor butterfly,
> For the Last Judgment draweth nigh."[5]

And now, Tobit having got back to his dinner, we may think of ours: only Little Bear *will* have us hear a little reading still, in the refectory. Take patience but a minute or two more.

9. Long ago, in *Modern Painters*,[6] I dwelt on the, to

[1] [See Letter 75, § 11 (p. 67).]

[2] [For the picture of St. Ursula, see Plate VIII. in Vol. XXVII. (p. 344).]

[3] [For the picture of St. Jerome, see Plate LXVI. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 354), and for an engraving of the dog, *ibid.*, p. 230.]

[4] [See Letter 75, §§ 9, 11 (pp. 66-69).]

[5] [William Blake, *Auguries of Innocence;* referred to also in *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 4 (Vol. XIX. p. 56), and see Appendix 18 (below, p. 577). Blake wrote "Kill," not "Hurt."]

[6] [See in this edition Vol. V. pp. 80-81.]

me, utter marvellousness, of that saying of Christ (when "on this wise showed He Himself")—

> "Come and dine. . . . .
> . . . . So when they had dined," etc.[1]

I understand it now, with the "Children, have ye here any meat?"[2] of the vision in the chamber. My hungry and thirsty friends, do not you also begin to understand the sacredness of your daily bread; nor the divinity of the great story of the world's beginning;—the infinite truth of its "Touch not—taste not—handle not, of the things that perish in the using, but only of things which, whether ye eat or drink, are to the glory of God"?[3]

10. But a few more words about Venice, and we come straight to Sheffield.

My boy with his basket of rotten figs *could* only sell them in front of the sculpture of Noah, because all the nobles had perished from Venice, and he was there, poor little costermonger, stooping to cry fighiaie between his legs, where the stateliest lords in Europe were wont to walk, erect enough, and in no disordered haste. (Curiously, as I write this very page, one of the present authorities in progressive Italy, progressive without either legs or arms, has gone whizzing by, up the canal, in a steam propeller, like a large darting water beetle.) He *could* only sell them in that place, because the Lords of Venice were fallen, as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; and the sentence is spoken against them, "No man eat fruit of thee, hereafter."[4] And he could only sell them in Venice at all, because the laws of the greater Lords of Venice who *built* her palaces are disobeyed in her modern liberties. Hear this, from the

[1] [John xxi. 1, 12, 15.]
[2] [John xxi. 5: compare (in a later volume) *Letters on the Lord's Prayer* (August 19).]
[3] [Colossians ii. 21, 22; 1 Corinthians x. 31. With § 9 compare the passage from Ruskin's diary given in Vol. XXIV. p. xxxiii.]
[4] [Revelation vi. 13; Mark xi. 14.]

Venetian Laws of State respecting "Frutti e Fruttaroli," preserved in the Correr Museum:—

19th June, 1516.*—"It is forbidden to all and sundry to sell bad fruits. Figs, especially, must not be kept in the shop from one day to another, on pain of fine of twenty-five lire."

30th June, 1518.—"The sale of squeezed figs and preserved figs is forbidden. They are to be sold ripe."

10th June, 1523.—"Figs cannot be preserved nor packed. They are to be sold in the same day that they are brought into this city."

The intent of these laws is to supply the people largely and cheaply with ripe fresh figs from the mainland, and to prevent their ever being eaten in a state injurious to health, on the one side, or kept, to raise the price, on the other. Note the continual connection between Shakespeare's ideal, both of commerce and fairyland, with Greece, and Venice: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,—with purple grapes, *green* figs, and mulberries;"[1] the laws of Venice respecting this particular fruit being originally Greek (Athenian; see derivation of word "sycophant," in any good dictionary[2]).

11. But the next law, 7th July, 1523, introduces question of a fruit still more important to Venetians:—

"On pain of fine (ut supra), let no spoiled or decaying melons or bottle-gourds be sold, nor any yellow cucumbers."

9th June, 1524.—"The sale of fruits which are not good and nourishing is forbidden to every one, both on the canals and lands of this city. Similarly, it is forbidden to keep them in baskets more than a day; and, similarly, to keep bad mixed with the good."

On the 15th July, 1545, a slight relaxation is granted of this law, as follows:—

"Sellers of melons cannot sell them either unripe or decayed (crudi o marci), without putting a ticket on them, to certify them as such."

* "Innibito a chiunque il vendere frutti cattivi." *Before* 1516, observe, nobody *thought* of doing so.

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[1] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1.]

[2] ["A *fig-shewer*, i.e., *one who informs against persons exporting figs* from Attica, or *plundering sacred fig-trees;* hence a common informer, and so generally a false accuser" (Liddell and Scott).]

And to ensure obedience to these most wholesome ordinances of state, the life of the Venetian greengrocer was rendered (according to Mr. John Bright *) a burden to him, by the following regulations :—

6th July, 1559.—"The superintendents of fruits shall be confined to the number of eight, of whom two every week (thus securing a monthly service of the whole octave) shall stand at the barrier, to the end that no fruits may pass, of any kind, that are not good."

* *Fors*, January, 1874 [Letter 37, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 16)].

I observe that, in his recent speech at Rochdale,[1] Mr. Bright makes mention of me which he "hopes I shall forgive." There is no question

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[1] [A speech on Temperance at the Rochdale Workmen's Club, fully reported in the *Times* of January 3, 1877. Bright said: "I have not come here for the purpose of lecturing or preaching to you. I agree very much with an observation that I met with the other day in a lecture by Mr. Ruskin, that there is a good deal of the patronizing style practised when men come forward to address any of the labouring classes or the workmen such as are members of this Club. I should like to read you an extract from one of his lectures to explain to you what I mean. Mr. Ruskin is a great critic; he is a man who writes beautifully; he says a great many things that are worth being remembered; and, I must say,—I hope he will forgive me—he says a great many things that ought to be forgotten. Well, Mr. Ruskin on a subject like this says: 'Nothing appears to me at once more ludicrous and more melancholy than the way the people of the present age usually talk about the morals of labourers. You hardly ever address a labouring man upon his prospects in life, without quietly assuming that he is to possess, at starting, as a small moral capital to begin with, the virtue of Socrates, the philosophy of Plato, and the heroism of Epaminondas.' Now these were among the very greatest of the men of ancient Greece, and I think anybody who expects that is a little unfair. Mr. Ruskin says (here Bright quoted the rest of § 183 of *The Two Paths*, Vol. XVI. p. 400). I shall not follow the methods which Mr. Ruskin so amusingly condemns."

Later on in the speech Bright quoted "the lines of Ebenezer Elliott, the Sheffield poet, the Corn Law rhymer :—

"Bread-taxed weaver all may see
What thy tax hath done for thee
And thy children, vilely led
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet.
What shall bread-tax do for thee,
Venerable monarchy?
Dreams of evil spare my sight,
And let that horror rest in night."

Later, again, in extolling the blessings of the cheap press, with its daily panorama of the world, Bright said: "Then you go to India, and even this very day

More special regulations follow, for completeness of examination; the refusal to obey the law becoming gradually, it is evident, more frequent as the moral temper of the people declined, until, just two centuries after the issuing

of forgiveness in the matter; Mr. Bright speaks of me what he believes to be true, and what, to the best of his knowledge, is so: he quotes a useful passage from the part of my books which he understands; and a notable stanza from the great song of Sheffield, whose final purport, nevertheless, Mr. Bright himself reaches only the third part of the way to understanding. He has left to me the duty of expressing the ultimate force of it, in such rude additional rhyme as came to me yesterday, while walking to and fro in St. Mark's porch, beside the grave of the Duke Marino Morosini;[1] a man who knew more of the East than Mr. Bright, and than most of his Rochdale audience; but who, nevertheless, shared the incapacity of Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas, to conceive the grandeur of the ceremony "which took place yesterday in Northern India."

Here is Ebenezer's stanza, then, with its sequence, taught me by Duke Morocen:—

"What shall Bread-Tax do for thee,
Venerable Monarchy?
Dreams of evil,—sparing sight,
Let that horror rest in night.

What shall Drink-Tax do for thee,
Faith-Defending Monarchy?
Priestly King,—is *this* thy sign,
Sale of Blessing,—Bread,—and Wine?

What shall Roof-Tax do for thee,
Life-Defending Monarchy?
Find'st thou rest for England's head,
Only free among the Dead?
Loosing still the stranger's slave,—
Sealing still thy Garden-Grave?
Kneel thou there; and trembling pray,
'Angels, roll the stone away.'"

(Venice, 11th January, 1877.)

—Socrates and Plato and Epaminondas and all the ancient Greeks and ancient Romans had never dreamt of such a thing as you see in your newspapers—read of the grand ceremony celebrated yesterday at Delhi, in North India, and the Proclamation made that the Queen of England was henceforth the Empress of the Indian Dominions." For a reference by Ruskin to the "Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas" passage, see below, p. 58.]

[1] [For Ruskin's description of Morosini's tomb in the *atrium* of St. Mark's, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 112–113).]

of the first simple order, that no bad fruit is to be sold, the attempts at evasion have become both cunning and resolute, to the point of requiring greater power to be given to the officers, as follows:—

28th April, 1725.—"The superintendents of the fruits may go through the shops, and seek in every place for fruits of bad quality, and they shall not be impeded by whomsoever it may be. They shall mount upon the boats of melons and other fruits, and shall prohibit the sale of bad ones, and shall denounce transgressors to the magistracy."

Nor did the government once relax its insistance, or fail to carry its laws into effect, as long as there was a Duke in Venice. Her people are now Free, and all the glorious liberties of British trade are achieved by them. And having been here through the entire autumn, I have not once been able to taste wall-fruit from the Rialto market, which was not *both* unripe and rotten, it being invariably gathered hard, to last as long as possible in the baskets; and of course the rottenest sold first, and the rest as it duly attains that desirable state.

12. The Persian fruits, however, which, with pears and cherries, fill the baskets on the Ducal Palace capitals,[1] are to the people of far less importance than the gourd and melon. The "melon boats," as late as 1845, were still so splendid in beauty of fruit, that my then companion, J. D. Harding,[2] always spent with me the first hour of our day in drawing at the Rialto market. Of these fruits, being a staple article in constant domestic consumption, not only the quality, but the price, became an object of anxious care to the government; and the view taken by the Venetian Senate on the question I proposed to you in last *Fors*,[3] the function of the middleman in raising prices, is

[1] [See the descriptions of the 25th and 27th capitals in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 423, 424).]

[2] [For Ruskin's days at Venice with J. D. Harding, see the Epilogue to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 353).]

[3] [See Letter 73, §§ 11, 12 (p. 21).]

fortunately preserved at length in the following decree of 8th July, 1577:—

Decree of the Most Illustrious Lords, the Five of the Mariegole *

"It is manifestly seen that Melons in this City have reached a price at which scarcely anybody is bold enough to buy them; a condition of things discontenting to everybody, and little according with the dignity of the persons whose duty it is to take such precautionary measures as may be needful," (the Five, most Illustrious, to wit,) "and although our Presessors † and other Magistrates, who from time to time have had special regard to this difficulty, have made many and divers provisional decrees, yet it is seen manifestly that they have always been vain, nor have ever brought forth the good effect which was desired; and the cause of this is seen expressly to be a great number of buyers-to-sell-again who find themselves in this city, and in whose presence it is impossible so quickly to make public anything relating to the import or export of food, but this worst sort of men pounce on it, ‡ and buy it, before it is born; in this, using all the intelligences, cunnings, and frauds which it is possible to imagine; so that the people of this city cannot any more buy anything, for their living, of the proper Garden-master of it; but only from the buyers-to-sell-again, through whose hands such things will pass two or three times before they are sold, which notable disorder is not by any manner of means to be put up with. Wherefore, both for the universal benefit of all the City, and for the dignity of our Magistracy, the great and illustrious Lords, the Five Wise Men, and Foreseers upon the Mariegole, make it publicly known that henceforward there may be no one so presumptuous as to dare, whether as Fruiterer, Green-grocer, Buyer-to-sell-again, or under name of any other kind of person of what condition soever, to sell melons of any sort, whether in the shops or on the shore of our island of Rialto, beginning from the bridge of Rialto as far as the bridge of the Beccaria; and similarly in any part of the piazza of St. Mark, the Pescaria, or the Tèra Nuova, § under penalty to whosoever such

* A Mariegola, Madre-Regola, or Mother-Law, is the written code of the religious and secular laws either of a club of Venetian gentlemen, or a guild of Venetian tradesmen.[1] With my old friend Mr. Edward Cheney's help, I shall let you hear something of these, in next *Fors*.[2]

† Those who before us sat on this Seat of Judgment.

‡ Most illustrious, a little better grammar might here have been advisable;—had indignation permitted!

§ These limitations referring to the Rialto market and piazza, leave the *town* greengrocers free to sell, they being under vowed discipline of the Mariegola of Greengrocers.

[1] [See p. 10 of Cheney's *Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Venetian Republic* (for further particulars of which, see below, p. 64 *n.*). Compare also Letter 87, § 15 (p. 376).]

[2] [See, again, p. 64; and for Ruskin's friendship with Edward Cheney, Vol. XXIV. pp. xxxix., 187.]

person shall sell or cause to be sold contrary to the present order, of 120 ducats for each time; to lose the melons, and to be whipped round the Piazza of the Rialto, or of San Marco, wheresoever he has done contrary to the law;" but the Garden-masters and gardeners may sell where they like, and nobody shall hinder them.[1]

5th January, Morning.

13. I will give the rest of this decree in next *Fors;*[2] but I must pause to-day, for you have enough before you to judge of the methods taken by the Duke and the statesmen of Venice for the ordering of her merchandize, and the aid of her poor.

I say, for the ordering of her merchandize; other merchandize than this she had;—pure gold, and ductile crystal, and inlaid marble,—various as the flowers in mountain turf. But her first care was the food of the poor; she knew her first duty was to see that they had each day their daily bread. Their corn and pomegranate; crystal, not of flint, but life; manna, not of the desert, but the home—"Thou shalt let none of it stay until the morning."[3]

14. "To *see* that they had their daily bread;" yes—but how to make such vision sure? My friends, there is yet one more thing, and the most practical of all, to be observed by you as to the management of your commissariat. Whatever laws you make about your bread—however wise and brave,—you will not get it unless you pray for it. If you would not be fed with stones, by a Father Devil, you must ask for bread from your Father, God. In a word, you must understand the Lord's Prayer—and *pray it;* knowing, and desiring, the Good you ask; knowing also, and abhorring, the Evil you ask to be delivered from. Knowing and obeying your Father who is in Heaven; knowing and wrestling with "your Destroyer" who is come down to Earth; and praying and striving also, that

[1] [For a reference to these "Mariegolas of Venice," see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 385).]

[2] [This, however, was one of the things for which Ruskin could not find time in the next *Fors:* see below, p. 55.]

[3] [Exodus xii. 10.]

your Father's will may be done there,—not his; and your Father's kingdom come there, and not his.

And finally, therefore, in St. George's name, I tell you, you cannot know God, unless also you know His and your adversary, and have no fellowship with the works of that Living Darkness, and put upon you the armour of that Living Light.[1]

15. "Phrases,—still phrases," think you? My friends, the Evil Spirit indeed exists; and in so exact contrary power to God's, that as men go straight to God by believing in Him, they go straight to the Devil by disbelieving in Him. Do but fairly rise to fight him, and you will feel him fast enough, and have as much on your hands as you are good for. Act, then. Act—yourselves, waiting for no one. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked,[2] to the last farthing in your own power. Whatever the State does with its money, do you that with yours. Bring order into your own accounts, whatever disorder there is in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's; then, when you have got the Devil well under foot in Sheffield, you may begin to stop him from persuading my Lords of the Admiralty that they want a new grant, etc., etc., to make his machines with; and from illuminating Parliament with new and ingenious suggestions concerning the liquor laws.[3] For observe, as the outcome of all that is told you in this *Fors*, all taxes put by the rich on the meat or drink of the poor, are *precise* Devil's laws. That is why they are so loud in their talk of national prosperity, indicated by the Excise, because the fiend, who blinds them, sees that he can also blind you, through your lust for drink, into quietly allowing yourselves to pay fifty millions a year, that the rich may make their machines of blood with, and play at shedding blood.*

* See third article in Correspondence [p. 51], showing how the gain of our nobles becomes the gain of our usurers.

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[1] [Ephesians v. 11; Romans xiii. 12.]
[2] [See Matthew xxv. 35, 36.]
[3] [See above, p. 21 *n.*]

But patience, my good fellows. Everything must be confirmed by the last, as founded on the first, of the three resolutions I asked of you in the beginning,—"Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones."[1] No rattening, if you please;[2] no pulling down of park railings;[3] no rioting in the streets. It is the Devil who sets you on that sort of work. Your Father's Servant does not strive, nor cry, nor lift up His voice in the streets. But He will bring forth judgment unto victory;[4] and, doing as He bids you do, you may pray as He bids you pray, sure of answer, because in His Father's gift are all order, strength, and honour, from age to age, for ever.

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16. Of the Eastern question, these four little myths contain all I am able yet to say:[5]—

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[1] [See Letter 2, § 22 (Vol. XXVII. p. 44).]

[2] [An allusion with particular reference to Sheffield; the practice of rattening (that is, abstracting tools and destroying machinery, etc.) having been specially common among the trade unionists of that town: see Murray's *New English Dictionary*, and Justin McCarthy's *History of our Own Times*, 1880, vol. iv. p. 156.]

[3] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 493.]

[4] [Matthew xii. 19, 20.]

[5] [Some sheets of MS. at Brantwood show that Ruskin sent these "four little myths" in a letter to the *Times*, thus:—

"VENICE, *December* 27, 1876.

"SIR,—I observe in your columns a letter from Lord FitzWilliam, in which he speaks of the conveners of the late meeting on the Eastern Question as ignorant persons and enthusiasts. Will you permit four words, or, in their now despised Greek form, myths, to be spoken on the Eastern Question by one of the ignorant persons to English wisdom, and by one of these enthusiastic persons to English caution? . . . [I.–IV. as in the text.] I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. RUSKIN."

In a second draft: "I am informed that recently in your columns there has appeared a letter from an English nobleman whom I have reason to respect," etc. The letter was not inserted. Lord FitzWilliam's letter was quoted in the *Times* of October 24 from the *Sheffield Independent*. It criticised Mr. Gladstone's language as "calculated to influence the minds of the ill-informed." In a letter in the *Times* of October 26 he referred to such persons as "men who have had their indignation naturally and justly aroused," but "many of whom probably have neither leisure nor opportunity for general historical reading." For Ruskin as one of the conveners of the Conference on the Eastern Question, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii. He refers to such taunts as Lord FitzWilliam's in Letter 87, § 4 (below, p. 365).]

I. St. George of England and Venice does not bear his sword for his own interests;[1] nor in vain.

II. St. George of Christendom becomes the Captain of her Knights in putting off his armour.

III. When armour is put off, pebbles serve.[2]

IV. Read the psalm "In Exitu."[3]

[1] [See *Mornings in Florence,* § 136 (Vol. XXIII. p. 428); and compare Letter 78, § 5 (below, p. 128).]

[2] [1 Samuel xvii. 40.]

[3] [Psalm cxiv.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts I leave wholly in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Rydings, and our kind helper, Mr. Walker. I believe their statement will be ready for publication in this article.

Our legal affairs are in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Somervell,[1] and in the claws of the English faculty of Law: we must wait the result of the contest patiently.

I have given directions for the design of a library for study connected with the St. George's Museum at Sheffield,[2] and am gradually sending down books and drawings for it, which will be specified in *Fors* from time to time, with my reasons for choosing them. I have just presented

JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr.

1876.	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions to March 14th, see April *Fors*	1023	11	10
Additional to end of year:—			
May	8	6	1
June	10	10	0
July	102	0	6
September	16	16	0
November	50	0	0
December	10	0	0
Cheques £300, £500, £330	1130	0	0
	2351	4	5
To Balance	108	8	0
	£2459	12	5

Cr.

1876.	£	s.	d.
Paid to Bankers, see April *Fors*	977	12	1
,, ,, May, less 3d. charges	52	9	3
,, ,, June	95	12	6
,, ,, October	50	0	0
,, ,, December	10	0	0
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum	930	0	0
Law expenses, ditto	26	15	11
Chemicals at Museum	5	0	0
Prints, Colnaghi	29	10	0
Law expenses, Tarrant and Mackrell	20	17	5
Repairs of cottages at Barmouth	27	0	0
Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Feb. *Fors*	50	0	0
Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Feb. *Fors*	44	0	0
Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Aug. *Fors*	55	15	3
Cheque to H. Swan, Sheffield, see Nov. *Fors*	60	0	0
Mr. Rydings, for feeble workers at Laxey, Isle of Man	25	0	0
	£2459	12	5

[1] [To whom the matter had been referred: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 659, and above, p. 27. For the final settlement, see Vol. XXX.]

[2] [For the Museum at Walkley, see, again, Vol. XXX. For later references in *Fors* to examples sent to it, see below, pp. 124, 130, 165.]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (Chancery Lane Branch) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr. *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	14	1	10
6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	119	0	0
13.	,, Per George Allen	24	11	1
Feb. 15.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Sheffield	8	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Ambleside	6	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Bridgwater	100	0	0
,,	,, Ditto at Birmingham	5	0	0
22.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	35	0	0
Mar. 4.	,, Draft at Windsor	20	0	0
7.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Oxford	50	0	0
14.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	6	0	0
,,	,, Draft at Sheffield	20	0	0
May 3.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	17	11	0
6.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	9	19	3
9.	,, Ditto at Douglas, £25, less charges	24	18	9
June 9.	,, Per John Ruskin, Esq.	5	0	0
13.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	20	12	6
,,	,, Ditto at Bilston	50	0	0
17.	,, Cash per John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0
July 6.	,, Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10	0
Oct. 12.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	50	0	0
24.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell	25	0	0
Dec. 4.	,, Draft at Bridgwater	10	0	0
23.	,, Per George Allen	12	6	0
		£821	10	5

1876.		£	s.	d.
Feb. 22.	By charges on two local notes	0	0	10
25.	By Postage of pass book	0	0	3
Mar. 3.	,, John Ruskin, Esq.	300	0	0
July 28.	,, Ditto	330	0	0
Oct. 12.	,, Postage of pass book	0	0	3
Dec. 31.	By Balance	191	9	1
		£821	10	5

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY TO 31st DECEMBER, 1876

Dr. *Cr.*

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.
Subscriptions to beginning of year, see April *Fors*			785 1 10			
Ditto to end of year, see *Fors*, April to July, Sept., Nov., and Dec.			461 2 7			
Ditto from Mr. George Allen, viz.:						
Miss Kate Bradley	£1 1 0					
F. Somerscales	5 0 0					
Miss Guest	2 2 0					
Mona	1 1 0					
Miss Guest	2 2 0					
"Methodist Preacher"	1 0 0					
			12 6 0			
Ditto from Mr. Rydings, Dec. 14			33 15 0			
				1292	5	5
Interest on £7000 Consols to Jan. 1875, and on £8000 from July 1875 to July 1876				1007	17	6
Interest from balance at bankers'				9	18	0
Balance remaining due to Mr. Ruskin for sums advanced at various times				108	8	0
				£2418	8	11

PAYMENTS.		£	s.	d.
Purchase of £1000 Consols		918	15	0
Power of attorney for dividends		0	5	0
Cheque book and other small charges at bankers'		0	6	3
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum		930	0	0
Law expenses on the above		26	15	11
F. D. Acland, for chemicals at Museum		5	0	0
Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at ditto, per separate accounts to Dec. 31		193	12	2
Repairs of cottages at Barmouth		27	0	0
Colnaghi and Co., for prints		29	10	0
Law charges for the Company		20	17	5
Mr. Rydings, for feeble "home-spun" workers at Laxey		25	0	0
Mr. Rydings, cheque sent to Italy and not yet returned	£33 15 0			
Cash at bankers'	191 9 1			
Ditto at Museum	16 3 1			
		241	7	2
		£2418	8	11

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

Dr. (From June 29, 1876, to January 16, 1877) *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.
June 29.	To Mrs. Jane Lisle	1	1	0
30.	,, Charles Firth	1	1	0
Aug. 7.	,, G. No. 50	10	10	0
12.	,, Miss Sargood	2	2	0
12.	,, Miss Christina Allan	2	2	0
Sept. 1.	,, John Morgan, for 1871, No. 6	1	1	0
5.	,, Geo. Thomson	5	0	0
Nov. 8.	,, John Morgan, for 1876, No. 6	1	1	0
9.	,, B. B., No. 26	1	10	0
Dec. 7.	,, J. D., No. 49	0	5	0
9.	,, Josiah Gittins	1	0	0
9.	,, Miss M. Guest	2	2	0
12.	,, A. H., No. 37	5	0	0
16.	,, Wm. Smither	5	0	0
July 1.	,, Miss M. Guest (received by Mr. Ruskin, omitted in his account)	2	2	0
Dec. 23.	,, Miss Dora Livesey	5	0	0
29.	,, John E. Fowler	3	0	0
1877.				
Jan. 1.	,, Miss Julia Firth	7	0	0
1.	,, John and Mary Guy	1	0	0
3.	,, Miss Sarah A. Gimson	1	1	0
16.	,, Miss F. B.	2	0	0
		£59	18	0

1876.		£	s.	d.
Dec. 14.	By cash paid to the Union Bank to the St. George's Fund	33	15	0
1877.				
Jan. 16.	,, Balance in E. Rydings' hands	26	3	0
		£59	18	0

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT

Dr.

1876.		£	s.	d.
July 1.	To Balance in hand	38	17	2
Nov. 22.	,, J. Ruskin, Esq., by cheque	60	0	0
		£98	17	2

Cr.

1876.		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
	Current Expenses.						
July 1.	H. Swan (salary)	10	0	0			
17.	Gas	0	6	2			
Sept. 11.	Water	0	5	7			
Oct. 1.	H. Swan (salary)	10	0	0			
Nov. 16.	Water	0	8	8			
Dec. 13.	Gas	0	7	3			
23.	Poor-rate	0	15	4			
					22	3	0
	Repairs and Building Expenses.						
Oct. 14.	J. Tunnard, for two gates	3	15	0			
Dec. 20.	Silicate Paint Company	0	17	1			
21.	Gravel and cartage	0	13	6			
					5	5	7
	Fittings and Cases.						
Sept. 6.	Jones, for cloth	0	3	6			
,,	Cockayne, ditto	0	3	4			
	Jackson, ditto	0	7	8			
Oct. 12.	C. H. Griffiths, safe	6	0	0			
Nov. 22.	Leaf and Co., velvets	3	7	4			
Dec. 1.	Smithson and Dale, cabinet cases	40	0	0			
12.	Cockayne, velvet	0	2	3			
					50	4	1
	Cartage of goods	3	13	2			
	Petty expenses	1	8	3			
					5	1	5
	Balance in hand				16	3	1
					£98	17	2

Examined and found correct, WM. WALKER, Jan. 9th, 1877.

the library with another thirteenth-century Bible,[1]—that from which the letter R was engraved at § 7 of *Fors*, April, 1872;[2] and two drawings from Filippo Lippi and Carpaccio, by Mr. C. F. Murray.[3]

18. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am bound to state, in the first place,—now beginning a new and very important year, in which I still propose myself for the Master of the St. George's Company,—that my head certainly does not serve me as it did once, in many respects. The other day, for instance, in a frosty morning at Verona, I put on my dressing-gown (which is of bright Indian shawl stuff) by mistake for my great-coat; and walked through the full market-place, and half-way down the principal street, in that costume, proceeding in perfect tranquillity until the repeated glances of unusual admiration bestowed on me by the passengers led me to investigation of the possible cause. And I begin to find it no longer in my power to keep my attention fixed on things that have little interest for me, so as to avoid mechanical mistakes. It is assuredly true, as I said in the December *Fors*,[4] that I *can* keep accounts; but, it seems, not of my own revenues, while I am busy with the history of those of Venice. In § 13, the November expenses were deducted from the sum in the first column instead of from that in the third, and the balance in that page should have been £670, 9s. 4d.; and in last *Fors*, £275, 9s. 4d. My Greenwich pottery usually brings me in £60; but I remitted most of the rent, this year, to the tenant, who has been forced into expenses by the Street Commissioners. He pays me £24, 16s. 9d., bringing my resources for Christmas to the total of £300, 6s. 1d.

My expenses to the end of the year are as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
Dec. 18.	Raffaelle (*a*)	15	0	0
22.	A. Giordani (*b*)	20	0	0
23.	Self	50	0	0
25.	Gift to relation	60	0	0
,,	Paul Huret (*c*)	5	0	0
27.	Downs	10	0	0
		£160	0	0

(*a*) In advance, because he goes home to Assisi at Christmas.[5]

(*b*) The old Venetian sculptor who cast the Colleone statue for the Crystal Palace.[6] Payment for casting Noah's vine on the Ducal Palace.[7]

(*c*) My godson at Boulogne. (His father, a pilot, now dead, taught me to steer a lugger.[8]) Christmas gift for books and instruments.

[1] [For the first one, see Letter 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 727). The second is a large manuscript Bible, described in Vol. XXX.]

[2] [Letter 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 284).]

[3] [These are the drawings described by Ruskin in the passage printed in Vol. XXIV. p. 451. They are in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX. The study from Carpaccio is the one mentioned in Ruskin's accounts above, p. 27.]

[4] [Letter 72, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 768).]

[5] [Raffaelle Carloforti of Assisi, studying at this time under Ruskin at Venice: see the Introduction, above, p. xvi.]

[6] [For this cast, see Vol. XI. p. 19.]

[7] [See Vol. XXX.]

[8] [In 1861: see Vol. XVII. p. xxxvii.]

Thus leaving me, according to my own views (I don't vouch for the banker's concurrence in all particulars), £140, 6s. 1d. to begin the year with, after spending, between last New Year's Day and this, the total sum of——I won't venture to cast it till next month;[1] but I consider this rather an economical year than otherwise. It will serve, however, when fairly nailed down in exposition, as a sufficient specimen of my way of living for the last twelve years, resulting in an expenditure during that period of some sixty thousand, odd, pounds. I leave, for the present, my Companions to meditate on the sort of Master they have got, begging them also to remember that I possess also the great official qualification of Dogberry and am indeed "one that hath had losses."[2] In the appropriate month of April, they shall know precisely to what extent, and how much—or little—I have left, of the money my father left me—with the action I mean to take in the circumstances.[3]

19. (III.) I reprint the following admirable letter with all joy in its sturdy statements of principle; but I wish the writer would look at Mr. D. Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*.[4] He is a little too hard upon the Turk, though it is not in Venice that one should say so.

"TURKISH LOANS AND BULGARIAN ATROCITIES

"To the Editor of the 'Carlisle Journal'

"SIR,—There appears to be one probable cause of the present Eastern imbroglio which has escaped the notice of most of those who have written or spoken on the subject, viz., the various Turkish loans which have been floated on the London Stock Exchange.

"At first sight, few would be inclined to regard these as the root of the present mischief, but investigation may reveal that Turkish loans at high rates of interest, and Bulgarian atrocities, follow each other simply as cause and effect.

"Of course few of the Christian investors in these loans would ever think, when lending their spare capital to the Turk, that they were aiding and abetting him in his brutalities, or sowing the seed which was to produce the harvest of blood and other abominations in the Christian provinces under his sway. But such, nevertheless, may be the fact, and the lenders of the sinews of war to tyrannical and bloodthirsty governments should be warned that they are responsible for the sanguinary results which may ensue.

"The horrors to which our world has been subjected, through this system of lending and borrowing, are beyond possibility of computation. But let us simply inquire how much misery, destitution, and death lie at the door of our own national debt.

"If our ecclesiastical leaders could take up this subject during the present mission, and preach sermons upon it (as Christ Himself would have done), from such texts as these,—'For they bind burdens upon men's shoulders, grievous to be borne, and will not touch themselves with one of their fingers,' and 'For ye devour widows' houses,'—they would not find it necessary to refer so much to

[1] [But not done then: see below, pp. 74–75.]

[2] [*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2.]

[3] [See Letter 76, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 99 *seq.*).]

[4] [*The Spirit of the East, illustrated in a Journal of Travels through Roumeli during an Eventful Period*, 2 vols., 1838. "He" in Ruskin's text means not Urquhart (who was a Turcophil), but the writer of the letter.]

empty or appropriated pews, or to lament that only five per cent. of our working men are in attendance at church.

"One can fancy the effect which could be produced by a few sermons on these texts. Our own debt is a 'burden' which takes nearly one pound annually from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, and our war armaments take nearly another pound. How many 'widows' houses' must these 'burdens' be literally devouring? And yet when do we find the professed followers of 'the Prince of Peace' imitating their Master, and crying out boldly against those who lay these heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people?

"Few would think, when investing in the Turkish loans, that they were laying the train which has just exploded in the Turkish provinces with such disastrous effects, scattering so much ruin and desolation amongst the poor inhabitants there. No, they would only think what a good investment it was, and what a large interest the Turkish Government had engaged to pay for the accommodation. This is as far as borrower and lender usually look. The child wishes to hold the razor, the maniac wants the revolver; let them have them; it is their look-out, not ours, what use they make of them; and in this same spirit we callously hand over the wealth which the labour of England and its laws have put under our control, to a race of homicides, and sit supinely by while they, having transformed part of it into powder and shot, shower these relentlessly over their Christian subjects, till the heart of Europe turns sick at the sight.

"Now, let us follow the consequences, as they crop out in natural sequence. The Turk obtains his loan from Englishmen, and doubtless intends to pay the large interest he promised; but how has he to accomplish this? If he had had a Fortunatus' purse he would not have had to borrow. He has no such purse, but he has provinces, where a population of Christians are faithfully cultivating the soil, and in one way or another providing themselves with the means of existence. These have to be the Fortunatus' purse, out of which he will abstract the cash to pay the English lenders the promised interest on their loan. The principal he spends in luxurious living, and in providing the arguments (gunpowder and steel) which may be required to convince his Christian subjects that they owe the English lenders the interest he has engaged to pay for the loan. The loan itself, of course, had been contracted for their protection and defence!

"Here, then, we come to the old story. His tax-farming agents have to apply the screw of higher taxes to the people, demanding more and still more, to pay these English lenders their interest, till human patience reaches its limit; and the provinces revolt, resolved to be free from those unjust and cruel exactions, or to perish in the attempt. The rest is all too well known to need recapitulation. Every one knows how the Turkish hordes rushed down upon the patient people whom they had despoiled for centuries, like an avalanche of fire and steel, and the horrors and abominations that ensued. Yet, when a neighbouring monarch, of kindred faith to the suffering provinces, demanded (with an

> 'Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered o'er Bulgaria's mountains cold'[1])

that these oppressions and atrocities should cease, as our Oliver Cromwell did effectually two centuries ago when similar atrocities were being perpetrated in Piedmont, what did we see?

"To the everlasting shame of England, we saw its fleet despatched to Besika Bay, as a menace to Russia not to put an end to these iniquities, and as a hint to Turkey to stamp out the revolt as quickly as possible, and by whatever means it might see fit to employ.

"Now to what have we to attribute this degradation of the British flag and British influence? Is it to secure British interests, the interest of a beggarly fifty

[1] [Milton's sonnet, *On the late Massacre in Piedmont,* applied to Bulgaria.]

millions, or thereabouts, of foolishly invested money, that our jolly tars have to be despatched to give at least moral support and countenance to the murderers of women and children?

"Why, take it on this mercenary ground, and calculate what those Christians, if freed from their thraldom to the Turk, might make out of this 'fairest part of God's creation' in a year or two, and the result will be astonishing. An agricultural race like the French, in a year, would raise ten times fifty millions' worth of produce from the ground which Turkish rule is only cumbering. Then is it not time this cumberer were cut down? It has been let alone for centuries, and we, as its special husbandman, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, have been digging about it and dunging it (to our cost), and all to no purpose, and yet we have statesmen who think this fruitless—Heaven's lightning-struck—old trunk must still be nourished as a shelter and protection to our interests in the East.

"These Turks, whom a few are so anxious to protect, have been a curse to Europe ever since they entered it. Their first generally known atrocities upon Christians were the massacres and outrages on the pilgrims who, in the Middle Ages, were visiting the Holy Sepulchre. Serve them right for their folly, say many. But call it our 'ancient muniments,' and how then? What would be said if a party from London, visiting Stonehenge, had to get their heads broken by the people of Salisbury for their folly? These atrocities roused the chivalry of the Christian nations of Europe, and gave rise to the Crusades. These eventually led to the Turks' entrance into Europe, which they were likely to overrun, when Sobieski, 'a man sent from God, whose name was John,' came to the front and drove them back again. Ever since their appearance, they have been a thorn in the side of Europe—a thorn which should long ere this have been extracted.

"Should Europe extract this thorn now, and send this man of the sword back to his native deserts, and place a guard of Christian knights in charge of Constantinople, to teach him, should he attempt to return, that 'all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,' then the nations of Europe, too long crushed under the weight of 'bloated armaments' and standing armies, might begin to study the art of peace.

"Then might we begin to regard ironclads and Woolwich infants as demons from the pit, which some of our bishops might venture to exorcise as monsters that were devouring widows' houses every day they floated, or every time they were discharged; and which had no right to exist in a Christian or sane community. Then, too, we might find that Russia was, after all, no more a bear than England was a lion; and that, though peopled with men with passions like our own, they had them not less bridled than we, and could prove themselves to be men of honour, men to be trusted, and men who desired to stand by the principles of right and justice, be the consequences what they might, even though the heavens should fall and earthly patronisers of the angels be dissatisfied.—I am, etc.,

COSMOPOLITAN."

20. (IV.) I am grieved to leave my Scottish correspondent's letter still without reply. But it is unconnected with the subjects on which I wish to lay stress in this letter; and I want to give its own most important subject a distinct place.[1]

[1] [See Letter 75, §§ 20, 21 (pp. 75–78).]

LETTER 75

STAR LAW[1]

VENICE, 1*st February*, 1877.

1. I AM told that some of my "most intelligent readers" can make nothing of what I related in last *Fors*, about St. Ursula's messages to me.[2] What is their difficulty? Is it (1), that they do not believe in guardian angels,—or (2), that they do not think me good enough to have so great an angel to guard me,—or (3), that knowing the beginning of her myth, they do not believe in St. Ursula's personality?

If the first, I have nothing more to say;—if the second, I can assure them, they are not more surprised than I was myself;—if the third, they are to remember that all great myths are conditions of slow manifestation to human imperfect intelligence;[3] and that whatever spiritual powers are in true personality appointed to go to and fro in the earth,[4] to trouble the waters of healing, or bear the salutations of peace, can only be revealed, in their reality, by the gradual confirmation in the matured soul of what at first were only its instinctive desires, and figurative perceptions.

2. Oh me! I had so much to tell you in this *Fors*, if I could but get a minute's peace;—my stories of the

[1] ["Squires' Stables" (see below, § 13) was a rejected title for this Letter. On the wrapper of his copy Ruskin also wrote "Astronomy and St. Theodore," as a summary of the contents of this Letter.]

[2] [See Letter 74, §§ 1, 2 (p. 30).]

[3] ["Cf. *Queen of the Air*, ch. i. § 2 (Vol. XIX. p. 296)."—*Author's MS. note.* Ruskin in making his Index notes, here wrote against this passage, "take out for book on mythology"—a project never carried out.]

[4] [Zechariah i. 10; and for the following Bible references, see John v. 4; and Luke ii. 13, 14.]

Venetian doggie,[1] and others of the greater dog and the lesser dog—in Heaven; and more stories of Little bear in Venice, and of the Greater bear and Lesser bear in Heaven; and more of the horses of St. Mark's, in Venice, and of Pegasus and the chivalry of Heaven;—ever so much more of the selling of melons in Venice,[2] and of the twelve manner of fruits in Heaven for the healing of the nations.[3] And here's an infernal paragraph about you, in your own Sheffield, sent me in a Lincoln paper by some people zealous for schools of art—poor fools!—which is like to put it all out of my head. Of that presently.[4] I *must* try to keep to my business.

3. Well, the beginning of all must be, as quickly as I can, to show you the full meaning of the nineteenth Psalm. "Cœli enarrant;" the heavens declare—or make clear—the honour of God; which I suppose, in many a windy oratorio, this spring, will be loudly declared by basses and tenors, to tickle the ears of the public, who don't believe one word of the song all the while![5]

But it is a true song, none the less; and you must try to understand it before we come to anything else; for these Heavens, so please you, are the real roof, as the earth is the real floor, of God's house for you here, rentless, by His Law. That word "cœli," in the first words of the Latin psalm, means the "hollow place."[6] It is the great space, or, as we conceive it, vault, of Heaven. It shows the glory of God in the existence of the light by which we live. All force is from the sun.

The firmament is the ordinance of the clouds and sky of the world.* It shows the handiwork of God. He daily

* See *Modern Painters,* in various places.[7]

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[1] [As promised above, p. 36. The stories are given below, pp. 67–69.]
[2] [As promised in the last Letter: see p. 43.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]
[4] [See below, § 17 (p. 73).]
[5] [With the reference here, compare Vol. XXII. p. 497; Vol. XXV. p. 167; and below, p. 269.]
[6] [On this subject, see Vol. VII. p. 195 *n.*]
[7] [For instance, in this edition, Vol. VI. pp. 106 *seq.*, and Vol. VII. pp. 195, 196.]

paints that for you; constructs, as He paints,—beautiful things, if you will look,—terrible things, if you will think. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind (cyclone and other), fulfilling His Word.[1] The Word of God, printed in very legible type of gold on lapis-lazuli, needing no translation of yours, no colporteurship. There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their word to the ends of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun, the Lord of Physical Life; in them also, a tabernacle for the Sun of Justice,[2] the Lord of Spiritual Life. And the light of this Sun of the Spirit is divided into this measured Iris of colours:—

I. THE LAW OF THE LORD. Which is perfect, converting the soul.

That is the constant law of creation, which breathes life into matter, soul into life.

II. THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LORD. Which are sure,—making wise the simple.

These are what He has told us of His law, by the lips of the prophets,—from Enoch, the seventh from Adam,[3] by Moses, by Hesiod, by David, by Elijah, by Isaiah, by the Delphic Sibyl, by Dante, by Chaucer, by Giotto. Sure testimonies all; their witness agreeing together, making wise the simple—that is to say, all holy and humble men of heart.[4]

III. THE STATUTES OF THE LORD. Which are right, and rejoice the heart.

These are the appointed conditions that govern human life;—that reward virtue, infallibly; punish vice, infallibly;

[1] [Psalms cxlviii. 8.]
[2] [Compare Vol. VI. p. 614, and Vol. XVII. p. 59.]
[3] [Jude 14, 15: see Letter 77, § 1 (below, p. 108).]
[4] [Verse 31 of the Canticle, "Benedicite, omnia opera," sung at Morning Prayer.]

—gladsome to see in operation. The righteous shall be glad when he seeth the vengeance—how much more in the mercy to thousands?[1]

IV. THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD. Which is pure, enlightening the eyes.

This is the written law—under (as we count) ten articles, but in many more, if you will read. Teaching us, in so many words, when we cannot discern it unless we are told, what the will of our Master is.

V. THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Which is clean, enduring for ever.

Fear, or faith,—in this sense one: the human faculty that purifies, and enables us to see this sunshine; and to be warmed by it, and made to live for ever in it.

VI. THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD. Which are true, and righteous altogether.

These are His searchings out and chastisements of our sins; His praise and reward of our battle; the fiery trial that tries us, but is "no strange thing";[2] the crown that is laid up for all that love His appearing.[3] "More to be desired are they than gold;"—(David thinks first of these special judgments)—"Sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb;—moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward." Then—pausing—"Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from the faults I know not, and keep me from those I know; and let the words of my lips, and the thoughts of my brain, be acceptable in Thy open sight—oh Lord my strength, who hast made me,—my Redeemer, who hast saved."

4. That is the natural and the spiritual astronomy of the nineteenth Psalm; and now you must turn back at

[1] [Psalms lviii. 10; Jeremiah xxxii. 18.]
[2] [See 1 Peter iv. 12.]
[3] [See 2 Timothy iv. 8.]

once to the analysis given you of the eighth, in *Fors*, May, 1875.[1]

For as, in the one, David looking at the sun in his light, passes on to the thought of the Light of God, which is His law, so in the eighth Psalm, looking at the sun on his throne, as the ruler and guide of the state of Heaven, he passes on to the thoughts of the throne and state of man, as the ruler and light of the World: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,—Thou hast put all things under his feet,"—beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl.

It is of this dominion in love over the lower creatures that I have to speak to-day: but I must pause a moment to point out to you the difference between David's astronomy with his eyes,[2] and modern astronomy with telescopes.*

David's astronomy with the eyes, first rightly humbles him,—then rightly exalts;—What is man that Thou so regardest him—yet, how Thou hast regarded! But modern astronomy with telescope first wrongly exalts us, then wrongly humbles.

First, it wrongly exalts. Lo and behold—we can see a dozen stars where David saw but one; we know how far they are from each other; nay, we know where they will all be, the day after to-morrow, and can make almanacks. What wise people are we! Solomon, and all the Seven Sages of Greece, where are they? Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas—what talk you to us of them![3] Did they know, poor wretches, what the Dog Star smelt of?

5. We are generally content to pause at this pleasant stage of self-congratulation; by no means to ask further

* Compare the whole of the lecture on Light, in *Eagle's Nest* [Vol. XXII. pp. 193–207].

[1] [Letter 53, §§ 9–11 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 325–328).]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says of the business of education being to "see the sky" in Letter 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 164).]

[3] [Ruskin here notes for Index: "Plato, Socrates, Epaminondas, Mr. John Bright's contempt of. Compare his speech in last number" (above, pp. 39–40 *n.*).]

what the general conclusions of the telescope may be, concerning ourselves. It might, to some people, perhaps seem a deficiency in the telescope that it could discern no Gods in heaven; that, for all we could make out, it saw through the Gods, and out at the other side of them. Mere transparent space, where we thought there were houses, and gardens, and rivers, and angels, and what not. The British public does not concern itself about losses of that nature: behold, there is the Universe: and here are we, the British public, in the exact middle of it, and scientific of it in the accuratest manner. What a fine state of things! Oh, proud British public, have you ever taken this telescopic information well into your minds; and considered what it verily comes to?

Go out on the seashore when the tide is down, on some flat sand; and take a little sand up into your palm, and separate one grain of it from the rest. Then try to fancy the relation between that single grain and the number in all the shining fields of the far distant shore, and onward shores immeasurable. Your astronomer tells you, your world is such a grain compared with the worlds that are, but that he can see no inhabitants on them, no sign of habitation, or of beneficence. Terror and chance, cold and fire, light struck forth by collision,[1] desolateness of exploding orb and flying meteor. Meantime—you, on your grain of sand—what are you? The little grain is itself mostly uninhabitable; has a damp green belt in the midst of it. In that,—poor small vermin,—you live your span, fighting with each other for food, most of the time; or building —if perchance you are at peace—filthy nests, in which you perish of starvation, phthisis, profligate diseases, or despair. There is a history of civilization for you! briefer than Mr. Buckle's[2] and more true—when you see the Heavens and Earth without their God.

6. It is a fearful sight, and a false one. In what manner

[1] [Compare Letter 6, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. p. 108).]
[2] [For other references to Buckle's book, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 157.]

or way I neither know nor ask; this I know, that if a prophet touched your eyes, you might in an instant see all those eternal spaces filled with the heavenly host;[1] and this also I know, that if you will begin to watch these stars with your human eyes, and learn what noble men have thought of them, and use their light to noble purposes, you will enter into a better joy and better science than ever eye hath seen.[2]

> "Take stars for money—stars, not to be told
> By any art,—yet to be purchased."[3]

I have nothing to do, nor have you, with what is happening in space (or possibly may happen in time), we have only to attend to what is happening here—and now. Yonder stars are rising. Have you ever noticed their order, heard their ancient names, thought of what they were, as teachers, "lecturers," in that large public hall of the night, to the wisest men of old? Have you ever thought of the direct promise to you yourselves, that you may be like them if you will? "They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever."[4]

7. They that be *wise*. Don't think that means knowing how big the moon is. It means knowing what you ought to do, as man or woman; what your duty to your father is, to your child, to your neighbour, to nations your neighbours. A wise head of the English Government, for instance (Oliver, had he been alive[5]), would have sent word, a year ago, to the Grand Signior, that if he heard a word more of "atrocities" in Bulgaria after next week, he would blow his best palace into the Bosphorus. Irrespective of all other considerations, that was the first thing to be wisely said,

[1] [Luke ii. 13.]
[2] [See 1 Corinthians ii. 9.]
[3] [George Herbert, *The Temple* ("Church Porch," stanza 29): compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 217, 419.]
[4] [Daniel xii. 3.]
[5] [For similar references to Cromwell, see Vol. XXVII. pp. 270, 272, 279.]

and done, if needful. What *has* been said and *not* done, since,—the quantities of print printed, and talk talked, by every conceivable manner of fool,—not an honest syllable in all the lot of it (for even Mr. Bright's true and rational statement—the only *quite* right word, as far as I can judge, I've seen written on the business,* that Russians had as much right to the sea, everywhere, as anybody else,[1] was tainted by his party spirit), I only wish I could show, in a heap of waste paper, to be made a bonfire of on Snowdon top.

That, I repeat, was the one simple, knightly, English-hearted thing to be done; and so far as the "Interests of England" are concerned, her first interest was in this, to *be* England; and not a filthy nest of tax-gatherers and horse-dealers. For the horse-dealer and the man-dealer are alike ignoble persons, and their interests are of little consequence. But the horse-rider and the man-ruler, which was England's ancient notion of a man, and Venice's also (of which, in abrupt haste, but true sequence, I must now speak), have interests of a higher kind. But, if you would well understand what I have next to tell you, you must first read the opening chapter of my little Venetian guide, *St. Mark's Rest*,[2] which will tell you something of the two

* I do not venture to speak of the general statements in my master Carlyle's letter;[3] but it seemed to me to dwell too much on the idea of total destruction to the Turk, and to involve considerations respecting the character of Turk and Russian not properly bearing on the business. It is not, surely, "the Eastern Question" whether Turkey shall exist, or Russia triumph, but whether we shall or shall not stop a man in a turban from murdering a Christian.

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[1] [This was a principal contention in Bright's speech to his constituents at Birmingham on December 4, 1876.]

[2] [See Vol. XXIV. pp. 207 *seq.*]

[3] [A letter to Mr. George Howard (afterwards Earl of Carlisle), dated November 24, and published in the *Times* of November 28, 1876. Carlyle, after praising the Russians as "a good and even noble element in Russia," went on to urge that "the unspeakable Turk" should "be peremptorily informed that we can stand no more of his attempts to govern in Europe, and that he must *quam primum* turn his face to the eastward." The letter was reprinted at vol. ii. pp. 307–311 of R. H. Shepherd's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle* (1881).]

piazzetta shafts, of which Mr. Swan has now photographs to show you at St. George's Museum;[1] and my Venetian readers, on the other hand, must have this *Fors*, to tell them the meaning of the statues on the top of said pillars.

8. These are, in a manner, her Jacob's pillars, set up for a sign that God was with her.[2] And she put on one of them, the symbol of her standard-bearer, St. Mark; and on the other, the statue of "St. Theodore," whose body, like St. Mark's, she had brought home as one of her articles of commercial wealth;[3] and whose legend—what was it, think you?—What Evangel or Gospel is this, to be put level with St. Mark's, as the banner on the other wing of the Venetian Host?

Well, briefly, St. Mark is their standard-bearer in the war of their spirit against all spiritual evil; St. Theodore their standard-bearer in the war of their body against material and fleshly evil:—not the evil of sin, but of *material malignant force.* St. Michael is the angel of war against the dragon of sin; but St. Theodore, who also is not merely a saint, but an angel, is the angel of noble fleshly life in man and animals, leading both against base and malignant life in men and animals. He is the Chevalier, or Cavalier, of Venice,—her first of loving knights, in war against all baseness, all malignity; in the deepest sense, St. Theodore, literally "God gift," is Divine life in nature; Divine Life in the flesh of the animal, and in the substance of the wood and of the stone, contending with poison and death in the animal,—with rottenness in the tree, and in the stone. He is first seen (I can find no account of his birth) in the form of a youth of extreme beauty; and his first contest is with a dragon very different from St. George's; and it is fought in another manner. So much of the legend I must give you in Venice's own words, from her Mother-Rule of St. Theodore,—the Rule,

[1] [See Vol. XXX.]
[2] [See Genesis xxviii. 18–20.]
[3] [Compare *St. Mark's Rest,* § 3 (Vol. XXIV. p. 210.]

from the thirteenth century down, of her chief Club, or School, of knights and gentlemen. But meditate a little while first on that Venetian word "Mother-Law."[1] You were told, some time since, in *Fors*, by an English lawyer, that it was not a lawyer's business to make laws.[2] He spoke truth—not knowing what he said. It is only God's business to make laws. None other's than His ever were made, or will be. And it is lawyer's business to read and enforce the same; however laughable such notion of this function may be to the persons bearing present name of lawyer.* I walked with one of these—the Recorder of London[3]—to and fro beside a sweet river bank in South England, a year ago; he discoursing of his work for public benefit. He was employed, at that time, in bringing before Parliament, in an acceptably moderate form, the demand of the Railroad Companies to tax the English people to the extent of six millions, as payment for work they had expected to have to do; and were *not* to do.

A motherly piece of law, truly! many such Mariegolas your blessed English liberties provide you with! All the while, more than mother, "for she *may* forget, yet will I not forget thee"[4]—your loving Lord in Heaven pleads with you in the everlasting law, of which all earthly law, that shall ever stand, is part; lovable, infinitely; binding, as the bracelet upon the arm—as the shield upon the neck; covering, as the hen gathereth her brood under her wings;[5] guiding, as the nurse's hand the tottering step; ever

* Compare *Unto this Last*, § 46, *note*,[6] significant of all my future work. (I am about to republish this book page for page in its first form.)

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[1] [See Letter 74, § 12 *n.* (p. 42).]

[2] [See the last paragraph but one of Mr. Frederic Harrison's letter to the author, printed in Letter 67, § 24 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 663).]

[3] [Russell Gurney. Ruskin refers in *Love's Meinie*, § 132, to the compensation awarded to the Railway Companies for the Government's taking over of the telegraphs (Vol. XXV. p. 126 *n.*).]

[4] [Isaiah xlix. 15.]

[5] [Proverbs iii. 3; Luke xiii. 34.]

[6] [Vol. XVII. p. 63. The book was republished in August 1877 : see *ibid.*, p. 5.]

watchful, merciful, life-giving; Mariegola to the souls,—and to the dust,—of all the world.

9. This of St. Theodore's was first written, in visible letters for men's reading, here at Venice, in the year 1258:[1]—

"At which time we all, whose names are written below, with a gracious courage, with a joyful mind, with a perfect will, and with a single spirit,* to the honour of the most holy saviour and lord sir Jesus christ, and of the glorious virgin madonna saint mary his mother, and of the happy and blessed sir saint theodore, martyr and cavalier of God,—('martir et cavalier de dio')—and of all the other saints and saintesses of God" (have set our names,—understood), "to the end that the above-said sir, sir saint theodore, who stands continually before the throne of God, with the other saints, may pray to our Lord Jesus christ that we all, brothers and sisters, whose names are underwritten, may have by his most sacred pity and mercy, remission of our minds, and pardon of our sins."

* "Cum gratiosa mente, cum alegro anemo, cum sincera voluntate, et cum uno spirito, ad honor de lo santissimo salvador et signor nostro, misier Jesu-cristo et de la gloriosa verghene madoña senta maria soa mare."

So much of the dialect of Venice, in mid-thirteenth century, the reader may bear with; the "mens" being kept in the Homeric sense still, of fixed purpose, as of Achilles.[2] It is pretty to see the word "Mother" passing upon the Venetian lips into "sea."

The precious mariegola from which these passages are taken was first, I believe, described by Mr. Edward Cheney, *Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Early Venetian Republic,* page 13.[3] Of the manuscript written in 1258 there remain, however, only two leaves, both illuminated (see notes on them in fifth chapter of *St. Mark's Rest*[4]), the text is a copy of the original one, written after 1400. Mr. Cheney's following account of the nature of the "Schools" of Venice, of which this was the earliest, sums all that the general reader need learn on this subject:—

"Though religious confraternities are supposed to have existed at a much earlier period, their first *historical* mention at Venice dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. They were of various sorts; some were

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[1] [This Mariegola illustrated with miniatures is in the Correr Museum. It contains besides the effigy of the patron saint surrounded by a crowd of devotees a large miniature on a gold ground, representing the Saviour seated between the Virgin and St. John the Baptist (Cheney, p. 13).]

[2] [See *Queen of the Air,* § 16 *n.* (Vol. XIX. p. 307).]

[3] [This monograph (pp. 95) is No. 1 in vol. xi. (1867–1868) of the "Miscellanies" of the Philobiblion Society. It was also separately bound for private circulation. Ruskin's quotation about the "Scuole" is from pp. 10–12. Another monograph by Cheney (pp. 112)—*Original Documents relating to Venetian Painters* (see Vol. XXIV. p. 187)—is No. 2 in vol. xiv. (1872–1876) of the "Miscellanies," and was also similarly circulated.]

[4] [The fifth chapter was published some months later than this Letter, and did not contain these intended notes.]

"Remission of mind" is what we now profess to ask for in our common prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right spirit within me."[1] Whereupon follow the stories of the contest and martyrdom of St. Theodore, and of the bringing his body to Venice. Of which tradition, this is the passage for the sake of which I have been thus tedious to you:—

"For in that place there was a most impious dragon, which, when it moved, the earth trembled; when it came forth of its cave, whatsoever it met, it devoured.

"Then St. Theodore said in his heart, 'I will go, and of my Father's substance[2] make sacrifice, against the most impious dragon.' So he came into the very place, and found there grass with flowers, and lighted down off his horse, and slept, not knowing that in that place was the cave of the dragon. And a kind woman, whose name was Eusebia, a Christian, and fearing God, while she passed, saw St. Theodore sleeping, and went with fear, and took him by the hand, and raised him up, saying, 'Rise, my brother, and leave this place, for, being a youth, you know not, as I see,

confined to particular guilds and callings, while others included persons of every rank and profession.

"The first object of all these societies was religious and charitable. Good works were to be performed, and the practices of piety cherished. In all, the members were entitled to receive assistance from the society in times of need, sickness, or any other adversity.

"The 'Confraternità Grandi' (though all had the same object) were distinguished by the quantity, as well as by the quality, of their members, by their superior wealth, and by the magnificence of the buildings in which they assembled; buildings which still exist, and still excite the admiration of posterity, though the societies to which they owed their existence have been dispossessed and suppressed.

"The 'Confraternità Piccole,' less wealthy, and less magnificently lodged, were not the less constituted societies, with their own rules and charters, and having their own chapel, or altar, in the church of their patron-saint, in the sacristy of which their 'mariegola' was usually preserved. Many of the confraternities had a temporal as well as a spiritual object, and those which were composed exclusively of members of the same trade regulated their worldly concerns, and established the rules by which the Brothers of the Guild should be bound. Their bye-laws were subject to the approval of the Government; they were stringent and exclusive, and were strictly enforced. No competition was permitted."

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[1] [Psalms li. 10.]

[2] [Here in ed. 1 was a footnote, "Litor paterne substantie mee," and the text continued: ". . . substance, will strive with the most impious dragon." This was one of "two delicious mistakes" mentioned in the following letter: see p. 93 *n.*]

the fear that is in this place. A great fear is here. But rise quickly, and go thy way.' Then the martyr of Christ rose and said, 'Tell me, woman, what fear is in this place.' The maid-servant of God answered, saying, 'Son, a most impious dragon inhabits this place, and no one can pass through it.' Then St. Theodore made for himself the sign of the cross, and smiting on his breast, and looking up to heaven, prayed, saying, 'Jesus, the Son of the living God, who of the substance of the Father didst shine forth for our salvation, do not slack my prayer which I pray of thee (because thou in battle hast always helped me and given me victory), that I may conquer this explorer of the Devil.' Thus saying, he turned to his horse, and speaking to him as to a man, said, 'I know that in all things I have sinned against thee, oh God, who, whether in man or beast, hast always fought with me. Oh thou horse of Christ, comfort thee, be strong like a man, and come, that we may conquer the contrary enemy.' And as the horse heard his master saying fiery (sacrificial) words,[1] he stood, looking forth as with human aspect, here and there; expecting the motion of the dragon. Then the blessed Theodore with a far-sent voice cried, and said, 'Dragon, I say to thee, and give precept to thee in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, who is crucified for the human race, that thou shouldest come out of thy place, and come to me.' Instantly as he heard the voice of St. Theodore, he prepared himself that he should go out to him. And he moving himself and raging, presently in that place the stones were moved, and the earth trembled. . . . Then the blessed Theodore, as he saw him moving himself in his fury, mounted his horse, and trampled him down, and the horse, giving a leap, rose over the most impious dragon, trampling it down with all its four feet. Then the most strong martyr of Christ, St. Theodore, extending his lance, struck it through the heart, and it lay stretched out dead."

VENICE, *Purification of the Virgin*, 1877.

10. Oh me, again, how am I ever to tell you the infinite of meaning in this all-but-forgotten story? It is eleven years to-day since the 2nd of February became a great festival to me:[2] now, like all the days of all the years, a shadow; deeper, this, in beautiful shade. The sun has risen cloudless, and I have been looking at the light of it on the edges of St. Ursula's flower, which is happy with me, and has four buds bursting, and one newly open flower, which the first sunbeams filled with crimson light down under every film of petal; whose jagged edges of paler rose broke over and over each other, tossed here and

[1] [In ed. 1, "saying prayerful words (rogalia verba), he stood." This is the second of the "delicious mistakes."]

[2] [1866. The day was one upon which Miss Rose La Touche came on a visit to Denmark Hill.]

here into crested flakes of petal foam, as if the Adriatic reakers had all been changed into crimson leaves at the feet f Venice-Aphrodite. And my dear old Chamouni guide, oseph Couttet, is dead; he who said of me "le pauvre nfant,—il ne sait pas vivre"[1] and (another time) he would ive me nine sous a day, to keep cows, as that was all was worth, for aught he could see. Captain of Mont Blanc, in his time,—eleven times up it, before Alpine clubs egan; like to have been left in a crevasse of the Grand Plateau, where three of his mates were left, indeed; he, ourth of the line, under Dr. Hamel, just brought out of he avalanche-snow breathing. Many a merry walk he took ne in his onward years—fifty-five or so, thirty years ago. Clear in heart and mind to the last, if you let him talk; vandering a little if you wanted him to listen;—I've known ounger people with somewhat of that weakness. And so, e took to his bed, and—ten days ago, as I hear, said, one vening, to his daughter Judith, "Bon soir, je pars pour autre monde," and so went. And thinking of him, and of thers now in that other world, this story of St. Theodore, which is only of the Life in this, seems partly comfortless. Life in nature." There's another dead friend, now, to hink of, who could have taught us much, James Hinton;[2] one, he also, and we are here with guides of the newest, nostly blind, and proud of finding their way always with a tick. If they trusted in their dogs, one would love them little for their dogs' sakes. But they only vivisect their ogs.[3]

11. If I don't tell you my tale of the Venetian doggie t once, it's all over with it. How so much love and life

[1] [For earlier references to Joseph Marie Couttet and this saying of his, see etters 4 and 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 61, 85). See also Vol. IV. p. xxv., and compare ol. XXVI. p. lv. Couttet was one of the twelve guides who accompanied Dr. Iamel on his fatal ascent in August 1820; he was dragged out senseless and nearly black from the weight of snow which had fallen upon him": see *The Annals f Mont Blanc*, by C. E. Mathews, p. 227. This accident is the subject of Ruskin's oem of 1835, entitled "The Avalanche": see Vol. II. p. 7.]

[2] [James Hinton (1822–1875), surgeon and philosophical writer; a fellow-member ith Ruskin of the Metaphysical Society; author of *The Mystery of Pain* (1866).]

[3] [For Ruskin's views on vivisection, see Vol. XXVI. p. 179.]

can be got into a little tangle of floss silk, St. Theodore knows; not I; and its master is one of the best servants in this world, to one of the best masters.[1] It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arm. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope; but did not think of taking the doggie with him (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat. No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows; but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the

[1] [Antonio, gondolier to Rawdon Brown. In his copy of *Fors Clavigera* bequeathed to the Library of St. Mark at Venice, Rawdon Brown here pasted in a photograph of Cici—the doggie of his gondolier "Toni"—writing beneath it the following extract from a letter of Ruskin's (dated January 25, 1877): "The photograph gives no idea of this little dog, which seemed to be an angel, entangled in a skin of silk, from which it was continually trying to escape." In the same volume is a MS. sheet in Ruskin's hand, containing a much-corrected Italian version of this passage, which he had sent to Toni. Ruskin corresponded with Toni after his master's death; and Toni's name is preserved in Browning's sonnet on Rawdon Brown (*Century Magazine,* February 1884). For an anecdote told by Ruskin "in memory of the relations existing between my dear friend Mr. Rawdon Brown of Venice, an Englishman of the old school, and his servant-friend Antonio," see the postscript to the "Ballad of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."[1]

Indistinguishable, doubtless, in its bones from a small wolf: according to Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins;[2] but much distinguishable, by St. Theodore's theology, telling of God, down, thus far at least, in nature. Emmanuel,—with us;[3] n Raphael, in Tobias, in all loving and lowly things; "the young man's dog went with them."[4]

12. And in those Adriatic breakers, anger-fringed, is He also?—Effice quæso, fretum, Raphael reverende, quietum.* And in the Dragons also, as in the deeps? Where is the battle to begin? How far down in the darkness lies this enemy, for whom Hell beneath is moved at the sound of his coming?[5]

I must not keep you longer with mythic teaching to-day; but may briefly tell you that this dragon is the "Rahab" which I mistook in the 87th Psalm;[6] the crocodile, spiritually named for the power of Egypt, with that of Babylon. Look in the indices of *Fors* for the word "Crocodile,"[7] and remember that the lifted cobra is the crest of the Egyptian Kings,[8] as the living crocodile their idol. Make what you can out of that, till I have more time to tell you of Egyptian animal and herb gods;[9] meantime, for the practical issue of all this.

13. I have told you the wealth of the world consists, for one great article, in its useful animals.[10]

* Engraved above the statue of Raphael on the Ducal Palace.[11]

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[1] [Ruth i. 17.]
[2] [See Letter 70, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 720 *n.*).]
[3] [Matthew i. 23.]
[4] [Tobit v. 16: see above, p. 35.]
[5] [See Psalms cxlviii. 7; Isaiah xiv. 9.]
[6] [Psalms lxxxvii. 4: see Letter 64, § 1 *n.* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 562).]
[7] [The references are to Letters 26, § 13, and 27, §§ 15, 16 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 484, 503–504).]
[8] [Compare Letter 26, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 484).]
[9] [Ruskin, however, did not find time to revert to this subject.]
[10] [See Letter 73, § 3 (above, p. 14).]
[11] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 364).]

How to get the most you can of those, and the most serviceable?

"Rob the squires' stables, to begin with?"

No, good friends,—no. Their stables have been to them as the first wards of Hell, locked on them in this life, for these three hundred years. But you must not open them that way, even for their own sakes.

"Poach the squires' game?"

No, good friends,—no. Down among the wild en'mies,[1] the dust of many a true English keeper forbids you that form of theft, for ever.

"Poison the squires' hounds, and keep a blood bull terrier?"

Worse and worse—merry men, all.

14. No—here's the beginning. Box your own lad's ears the first time you see him shy a stone at a sparrow;[2] and heartily, too; but put up, you and mother—(and thank God for the blessed persecution),—with every conceivable form of vermin the boy likes to bring into the house,*—and go hungry yourselves rather than not feed his rat or his rabbit.

Then, secondly,—you want to be a gentleman yourself, I suppose?

Well, you can't be, as I have told you before,[3] nor I neither; and there's an end, neither of us being born in the caste: but you may get some pieces of gentlemen's

* See the life of Thomas Edward (abstract given in *Times* of January 22nd of this year[4]).

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[1] [Tennyson, *The Northern Farmer: Old Style*, ix. :—

"Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun 'um theer a-laäid of 'is faäce
Down i' the woild enemies afoor I coom'd to the plaäce."]

[2] [Compare Letter 48, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 214).]

[3] [In places, that is, where he connects the word "gentleman" with birth and race: see Vol. VII. p. 343, and the other passages there noted, and compare Letter 25 (Vol. XXVII. p. 468). Yet, though a workman cannot be a gentleman in the full sense of the term, "it is quite possible for him to understand the feelings of a gentleman and to share them": see Letter 41 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 80). For Ruskin's own lack of ancestry, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 147–148.]

[4] [A review of Dr. Samuel Smiles's book, the *Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward*. For another reference to him, see Vol. XXII. p. 520 (where for "Edwards" read "Edward").]

education, which will lead the way to your son's being a better man than you.

15. And of all essential things in a gentleman's bodily and moral training, this is really the beginning—that he should have close companionship with the horse, the dog, and the eagle. Of all birthrights and bookrights—this is his first. He needn't be a Christian,—there have been millions of Pagan gentlemen; he needn't be kind—there have been millions of cruel gentlemen; he needn't be honest,—there have been millions of crafty gentlemen. He needn't know how to read, or to write his own name. But he *must* have horse, dog, and eagle for friends. If then he has also Man for his friend, he is a noble gentleman; and if God for his Friend, a king. And if, being honest, being kind, and having God and Man for his friends, he *then* gets these three brutal friends, besides his angelic ones, he is perfect in earth, as for heaven. For, to be his friends, these must be brought up with him, and he with them. Falcon on fist, hound at foot, and horse part of himself—Eques, Ritter, Cavalier, Chevalier.

Yes;—horse and dog you understand the good of; but what's the good of the falcon, think you?

To be friends with the falcon must mean that you love to see it soar; that is to say, you love fresh air and the fields. Farther, when the Law of God is understood, you will like better to see the eagle free than the jessed hawk. And to preserve your eagles' nests, is to be a great nation.[1] It means keeping everything that is noble; mountains and floods, and forests, and the glory and honour of them, and all the birds that haunt them. If the eagle takes more than his share, you may shoot him,—(but with the knight's arrow, not the blackguard's gun)—and not till then.

16. Meantime, for you are of course by no means on the direct way to the accomplishment of all this, your way to such wealth, so far as in your present power, is this:

[1] [On this passage, compare the Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest:* Vol. XXII. p. xxxv.]

first, acknowledgment of the mystery of divine life, kindly and dreadful, throughout creation;[1] then the taking up your own part as the Lord of this life; to protect, assist, or extinguish, as it is commanded you. Understand that a mad dog is to be slain; though with pity—infinitude of pity,—(and much more, a mad *man*, of an injurious kind; for a mad dog only bites flesh; but a mad man, spirit: get your rogue, the supremely maddest of men, with supreme pity always, but inexorably, hanged[2]). But to all good and sane men and beasts, be true brother; and as it is best, perhaps, to begin with all things in the lowest place, begin with true brotherhood to the beast: in pure simplicity of practical help, I should like a squad of you to stand always harnessed, at the bottom of any hills you know of in Sheffield,—where the horses strain;—ready there at given hours; carts ordered not to pass at any others: at the low level, hook yourselves on before the horses; pull them up too, if need be; and dismiss them at the top with a pat and a mouthful of hay. Here's a beginning of chivalry, and gentlemanly life for you, my masters.

17. Then next, take *canal* life as a form of "university" education.

Your present system of education is to get a rascal of an architect to order a rascal of a clerk-of-the-works to order a parcel of rascally bricklayers to build you a bestially stupid building in the middle of the town, poisoned with gas, and with an iron floor which will drop you all through it some frosty evening; wherein you will bring a puppet of a Cockney lecturer in a dress coat and a white tie, to tell you smugly there's no God, and how many messes he can make of a lump of sugar. Much the better you are for all that, when you get home again, aren't you?

I was going here to follow up what our Companion had told us (*Fors*, December, 1876, Art. v. of Corr.[3])

[1] [On this subject, compare Ruskin's interpretation of an inscription on the mosaics of St. Mark's (Vol. XXIV. pp. 302–303).]

[2] [For Ruskin's view of capital punishment, see Vol. XXVII. p. 667 *n.*]

[3] [Letter 72: Vol. XXVIII. p. 770.]

about the Hull "keels"; and to show you how an entirely refined life was conceivable in these water cottages, with gardens all along the shore of them, and every possible form of wholesome exercise and teaching for the children, in management of boat and horse,[1] and other helpfulness by land and water; but as I was beginning again to walk in happy thought beside the courses of quiet water that wind round the low hill-sides above our English fields,—behold, the *Lincoln Gazette*, triumphant in report of Art-exhibitions and competitions, is put into my hand,—with this notable paragraph in it, which Fors points me to, scornful of all else:—

> "A steam-engine was used for the first time on Wednesday" (January 24th), "in drawing tram-cars through the crowded streets of Sheffield. The tramways there are about to dispense with the whole of their horses, and to adopt steam as the motive power."

And doubtless the Queen will soon have a tramway to Parliament, and a kettle to carry her there, and steam-horse guards to escort her. Meantime, my pet cousin's three little children have just had a Christmas present made to them of a real live Donkey; and are happier, I fancy, than either the Queen or you. I must write to congratulate them; so good-bye for this time, and pleasant drives to you.

[1] [Compare Letter 9, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 154).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

18. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I hope the accounts last month, with their present supplement, will be satisfactory. The sense of steady gain, little by little indeed, but infallible, will become pleasant, and even triumphant, as time goes on.

The present accounts supply some omissions in the general ones, but henceforward I think we need not give Mr. Walker or Mr. Rydings the trouble of sending in other than half-yearly accounts.

The best news for this month is the accession of three nice Companions; one sending us two hundred pounds for a first tithe; and the others, earnest and experienced mistresses of schools, having long worked under St. George's orders in their hearts, are now happy in acknowledging him and being acknowledged. Many a young creature will have her life made happy and noble by their ministry.

The Union Bank of London (Chancery Lane Branch), in Account with St. George's Company.

						£	s.	d.
	Dr.							
1877.	*Jan.*	1.	To Balance			191	9	1
		23.	„ Per Mr. John Ruskin, cheque at Bridgwater (Talbot)	£50 0 0				
			Ditto ditto	26 11 3				
			Sheffield (Fowler)	20 0 0				
						96	11	3
		25.	„ Per ditto, draft at Brighton (Moss)			200	0	0
		26.	„ Per Mrs. Bradley			7	0	0
		29.	„ Per Mr. John Ruskin (Mr. Rydings' cheque)			33	13	4
	Feb.	15.	„ Per ditto, draft at Bridgwater (Browne)			100	0	0
						£628	13	8
	Cr.							
1877.	*Feb.*	15.	By Balance			£628	13	8

19. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I believe I have enough exhibited my simplicities to the public,—the more that, for my own part, I rather enjoy talking about myself, even in my follies. But my expenses here in Venice require more illustration than

I have time for, or think *Fors* should give space to; the Companions will be content in knowing that my banker's balance, February 5, was £1030, 14s. 7d.; but that includes £118, 10s., dividend on St. George's Consols, now paid by the trustees to my account for current expenses. The complete exposition of my present standing in the world I reserve for the Month of Opening.[1]

20. (III.)

"EDINBURGH, *November* 2, 1876.

"I have been for some time a pupil of yours, at first in art, where I am only a beginner, but later in those things which belong to my profession (of minister). Will you allow this to be my excuse for addressing you?—the subject of my letter will excuse the rest.

"I write to direct your attention to an evil which is as yet unattacked, in hopes that you may be moved to lift your hand against it; one that is gaining virulence among us in Scotland. I know no way so good by which its destruction may be compassed as to ask your help, and I know no other way.

"I shall state the mere facts as barely as I can, being sure that whatever my feelings about them may be, they will affect you more powerfully." [Alas, good friend—you have no notion yet what a stony heart I've got!][2] "I know you say that letters need not ask you to *do* anything; but that you should be asked for help in this case, and not give it, I believe to be impossible. Please read this letter, and see if that is not true; the next four pages may be missed, if the recent regulations made to carry out the Anti-Patronage Act have engaged your attention. The evil I speak of has to do with them.[3]

"This Act made the congregation the electors of their pastor, the Government leaving the General Assembly to regulate the process of election. It has enacted that the congregation meet and choose a committee to make inquiries, to select and submit to a second meeting of voters the names of one or more clergymen, whom they (the committee) are agreed to recommend. It is then in the power of the congregation to approve or disapprove the report; if the latter, a new committee is appointed; if the former, they proceed to elect; then if one name only is submitted, they accept it, and call the clergyman named to be their pastor; if more than one, to choose between them by voting.

"But the Assembly did not venture to take precautions against an abuse of which every one knew there was danger, or rather certainty. Every one knew that the congregations would not consent to choose without greater knowledge of the men to be chosen from, than could be obtained by means of the committee; and every one knew also of what sort was the morality popular on the subject. And what has happened is this: between the first meeting (to elect a committee), and the second meeting (to elect a minister), the church is turned into a theatre for the display and enjoyment of the powers—physical, mental, and devotional—of the several candidates.

"On a vacancy being declared, and the committee appointed, these latter *find*

[1] [See Letter 76, §§ 17 *seq.* (below, pp. 99 *seq.*); and for April as the month of opening, Letter 4, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 60).]

[2] [In this edition Ruskin's remarks are enclosed in square brackets, in order to distinguish them from his correspondent's bracketed words.]

[3] [The subject here discussed had been brought before the House of Lords on April 7, 1876, when a motion was carried ordering "Copy of Regulations framed and enacted by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to be observed in the election and appointment of Ministers under the powers conferred by the Patronage Abolition Act."]

that they do not need to exert themselves to seek fit men!" [Italics and note of admiration mine;—this appearing to me a most wonderful discovery on the part of the committee, and indeed the taproot of the mischief in the whole business.] "They are inundated with letters of application and testimonials from men who are seeking, not the appointment, but permission to preach before the congregation.

"The duties of the committee are practically confined to sifting" [with what aperture of sieve?] "these applications, and selecting a certain number, from twelve to three, who are on successive Sundays to conduct public worship before the electors, who may thus compare and choose.

"When all the 'leet' (as it is called) have exhibited themselves, a second meeting is called, and the committee recommend two or three of those who are understood to be most 'popular,' and the vote is duly taken. At first it was only unordained licentiates who were asked to 'preach on the leet' (as they call it), and they only for parishes; but nowadays—*i.e.*, this year—they ask and get men long ordained to do it; men long ordained lay themselves out for it; and for most assistantships (curacies) the same is required and given; that is to say, that before a man can obtain leave to work he must shame himself, and everything which it is to be the labour of his life to sanctify. He is to be the minister of Christ, and begin that by being the devil's. I suppose his desire is to win the world for Christ: as he takes his first step forward to do so, there meets him the old Satan with the old offer [there is small question here of whether he appears visible or not],[1] 'Some of this will I give thee, if thou wilt bow down and worship me.' You see how it is. He is to conduct a service which is a sham; he is to pray, but not to Him he addresses; to preach, but as a candidate, not as an ambassador for Christ. The prayer is a performance, his preaching a performance. It is just the devil laughing at Christ, and trying to make us join him in the mockery." [No, dear friend, not quite that. It is the Devil *acting* Christ; a very different matter. The religious state which the Devil must attack by pretending religious zeal, is a very different one from that which he can attack—as our modern political economists,—by open scorn of it.]

"They are not consistent. There should be a mock baptism, a mock communion, a mock sick woman, to allow of more mock prayer and more mock comfort. Then they would see what the man could do—for a pastor's work is not confined to the usual Sunday service,—and could mark all the gestures and voice-modulations, and movements of legs and arms properly. I once was present as elector at one of these election-services, and can give my judgment of this people's 'privilege.' It simply made me writhe to see the man trying his best with face, figure, and voice to make an impression; to listen to the competition sermon and the competition prayer; to look at him and think of George Eliot's 'Sold, but not paid for.' The poor *people*,—will twenty years of faithful ministry afterwards so much as undo the evil done them in the one day? They are forced to assemble in God's house for the purpose of making that house a theatre, and divine service a play, with themselves as actors. They are to listen to the sermon, but as critics: for them to join in the prayers they stand up or kneel to offer, would be unfaithfulness to the purpose of their gathering. They are then to listen and criticise—to enjoy, if they can. On future Sundays will not they find themselves doing the same?

"I have not spoken to many about it, but what they say is this: 1. How else can the people know whom to choose? [But that is not the question.] 2. The clergyman is doing so great a thing that he should forget himself in what he does —*id est*, he is to throw himself down (having gone to the temple to do it), and trust to the angels. Supposing that were right, it could make little difference: the actor may forget himself in *Macbeth*, but he is not the less an actor; and it is not a case of forgetting or remembering, but of doing. Yet this has been urged to me by a leading ecclesiastic and by other good men; who, besides, ignored the two

[1] [See Vol. XXVI. p. 345, and the references there given.]

facts, that all clergymen are not Christians" [is this an *acknowledged* fact, then, in our Reformed Churches, and is it wholly impossible to ascertain whether the candidates do, or do not, possess so desirable a qualification?], "far less exalted Christians, and that the Church has no right to lead its clergy into temptation. 3. The people ought to listen as sinners, and worship as believers, even at such exhibitions; judging of the minister's abilities from their own impression afterwards. [This is met by the two facts stated above as applied to the lay members of the Church and congregation; and by this, that they are unfaithful to the main purpose of their meeting, if they lose sight of that purpose to listen and pray.] 4. That certainly a poor assistantship is not worth preaching and praying for, but that a good one, or a parish, is. 5. That one must conform to the spirit of the age. [Spirit of God at a discount.]

"To this long letter I add one remark: that the reasons why the Church submits to this state of things seem to be the desire of the ecclesiastical party in power to do nothing which may hinder the influx of Dissenters (who in Scotland enjoy the same privileges); and the fact that our feelings on the subject, never fine, are already coarsened still more by custom.

"Dear sir (if you will allow me to call you so), I have expressed myself ill, and not so that you can, from what I have written, put yourself in our place. But if you were among us, and could see how this is hurting everybody and everything, and corrupting all our better and more heavenward feelings,—how it is taking the heart out of our higher life, and making even our best things a matter of self-seeking and 'supply and demand,'—then you could not help coming to our rescue. I know the great and good works you have planned and wish to finish; but still, do this before it is too late for us. I seem to ask you as Cornelius did Peter. All Scotland is the worse for it, and it will spread to England. And after all you are one of us, one of the great army of Christ—I think a commander; and I claim your help, and beseech it, believing no one else can give what I ask.

"Ever your faithful servant to command,

"A LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND."

21. I can only answer provisionally this able and earnest letter, for the evils which my correspondent so acutely feels, and so closely describes, are indeed merely a minor consequence of the corruption of the motives, no less than the modes, of ordination, through the entire body of the Christian Churches. No way will ever be discovered of rightly ordaining men who have taken up the trade of preaching as a means of livelihood,[1] and to whom it is matter of personal interest whether they preach in one place or another. Only those who have *left* their means of living, that they may preach, and whose peace follows them as they wander, and abides where they enter in,[2] are of God's ordaining: and, practically, until the Church insists that every one of her ministers shall either have an independent income, or support himself, for his ministry on Sunday, by true bodily toil during the week, no word of the living Gospel will ever be spoken from her pulpits. How many of those who now occupy them have verily been invited to such office by the Holy Ghost, may be easily judged by observing how many the Holy Ghost has similarly invited, of religious persons already in prosperous business, or desirable position.

But, in themselves, the practices which my correspondent thinks so fatal, do not seem to me much more than ludicrous and indecorous. If

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 580 *n.*]
[2] [See Matthew ix. 9; x. 13.]

a young clergyman's entire prospects in life depend, or seem to depend, on the issue of his candidature, he may be pardoned for endeavouring to satisfy his audience by elocution and gesture, without suspicion, because of such efforts, of less sincerity in his purpose to fulfil to the best of his power the real duties of a Christian pastor: nor can I understand my correspondent's meaning when he asks, "Can twenty years undo the mischief of a day?" I should have thought a quarter of an hour's honest preaching next Sunday quite enough to undo it.

And, as respects the direct sin in the anxious heart of the poor gesticulant orator, it seems to me that the wanderings of thought, or assumptions of fervour, in a discourse delivered at such a crisis, would be far more innocent in the eyes of the Judge of all, than the consistent deference to the opinions, or appeals to the taste, of his congregation, which may be daily observed, in any pulpit of Christendom, to warp the preacher's conscience, and indulge his pride.

And, although unacquainted with the existing organization of the Church of Scotland, I am so sure of the piety, fidelity, and good sense of many of her members, that I cannot conceive any serious difficulty in remedying whatever may be conspicuously indecorous in her present modes of Pastor-selection. Instead of choosing their clergymen by universal dispute, and victorious acclaim, might not the congregation appoint a certain number of—(may I venture to use the most significant word without offence?)—*cardinal*-elders, to such solemn office? Surely, a knot of sagacious old Scotchmen, accustomed to the temper, and agreeing in the theology, of their neighbours, might with satisfaction to the general flock adjudge the prize of Pastorship among the supplicant shepherds, without requiring the candidates to engage in competitive prayer, or exhibit from the pulpit prepared samples of polite exhortation, and agreeable reproof.

Perhaps, also, under such conditions, the former tenor of the young minister's life, and the judgment formed by his masters at school and college, of his character and capacity, might have more weight with the jury than the music of his voice or the majesty of his action; and, in a church entirely desirous to do what was right in so grave a matter, another Elector might reverently be asked for His casting vote; and the judgment of elders, no less than the wishes of youth, be subdued to the final and faithful petition,

"Show whether of these two, *Thou* hast chosen."[1]

22. (IV.) The following noble letter will not eventually be among the least important of the writings of my Master. Its occasion (I do not say its subject, for the real gist of it lies in that sentence concerning the Catechism) is closely connected with that of the preceding letter. My ecclesiastical correspondent should observe that the Apostles of the Gospel of Dirt have no need to submit themselves to the ordeal of congregational Election. They depend for their influence wholly on the sweetness of the living waters to which they lead their flocks.

[1] [Acts i. 24.]

The *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald* publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle:—

"A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad, a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what, in fact, they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is the chief end of man?—To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."[1]

23. (V.) The following admirable letter contains nearly all I have to affirm as to the taproot of economy, namely, house-building:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Spectator'*

"CARSHALTON, *Jan.* 27, 1877.

"SIR,—Some seven or eight years ago you permitted me to give you an account of a small house which I had recently built for my own occupation. After the ample experience which I have had, more particularly during the wet of this winter, you may like to know what my convictions now are about houses and house-building. You will remember that I was driven to house-building because of my sufferings in villas. I had wanted warmth and quiet, more particularly the latter, as I had a good deal of work to do which could not be done in a noise. I will not recount my miseries in my search after what to me were primal necessities of life. Suffice to say, at last I managed to buy a little piece of ground, and to put on it a detached cottage, one storey high, with four good bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a study. I got what I desired, and never once during these seven years have I regretted building. There are some things which I should like altered, and for the benefit of those who may be intending to follow my example, I will say what they are, and get rid of them. In the first place, the house ought to have one room in the roof, and that room should have been the study, away from all household hubbub, and with a good view of the stars I could easily have kept out both cold and heat. In the next place, what is called a kitchener is a miserable contrivance for wasting coals, and, what is worse, for poisoning the soft water and spoiling the flowers with the soot which the great draught blows out of the chimney. At the same time, I would earnestly advise an oven in which bread can be baked. No dyspeptic person can well overrate the blessing of bread made simply from flour, yeast, water, and salt; and it is absolutely impossible to procure such bread from ordinary bakers. Thirdly, as I have a garden, I would use earth-closets, and save the expense of manure, and the chance of bursting

[1] ["Letter (fictitious, it proved to be afterwards, but full of good sense), understood by the author to be from Mr. Carlyle, on the Gospel of Dirt."—*MS. note (for Index) by Ruskin in his copy.* The letter had been quoted in the *Times* of January 17, 1877, from the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald.* Two days later the *Times* published a note from "L." stating "on the best authority" that the letter was a hoax.]

pipes in frosty weather. Lastly, the cellar ought to have been treble the size it now is, and should have had a stove in it, for warming the house through gratings in the ceiling. I cannot recollect anything else I should like changed, except that I should like to have had a little more money to spend upon making the rooms loftier and larger.

"Now for what I have gained. We have been perfectly dry during all this winter, for the walls are solid, and impervious even to horizontal rain. They are jacketed from the top of the ground-floor upwards with red tiles, which are the best waterproof covering I know, infinitely preferable to the unhealthy-looking suburban stucco. Peace has been secured. Not altogether, because a man must have a very large domain if he is to protect himself utterly against neighbours who will keep peacocks, or yelping curs which are loose in the garden all night. But the anguish of the piano next door fitting into the recess next to my wall,—worse still, the anguish of expectation when the piano was not playing, are gone. I go to bed when I like, without having to wait till my neighbours go to bed also. All these, however, are obvious advantages. There is one, not quite so obvious, on which I wish particularly to insist. I have got a home. The people about me inhabit houses, but they have no homes, and I observe that they invite one another to their 'places.' Their houses are certain portions of infinite space, in which they are placed for the time being, and they feel it would be slightly absurd to call them 'homes.' I can hardly reckon up the advantages which arise from living in a home, rather than a villa, or a shed, or whatever you like to call it, on a three years' agreement, or as an annual tenant. The sacredness of the family bond is strengthened. The house becomes the outward and visible sign of it, the sacramental sign of it. All sorts of associations cluster round it, of birth, of death, of sorrow, and of joy. Furthermore, there seems to be an addition of permanence to existence. One reason why people generally like castles and cathedrals is because they abide, and contradict that sense of transitoriness which is so painful to us. The house teaches carefulness. A man loves his house, and does not brutally damage plaster or paint. He takes pains to decorate it as far as he can, and is not selfishly anxious to spend nothing on what he cannot take away when he moves. My counsel, therefore, to everybody who can scrape together enough money to make a beginning is to build. Those who are not particularly sensitive, will at least gain solid benefits, for which they will be thankful; and those with a little more soul in them will become aware of subtle pleasures and the growth of sweet and subtle virtues, which, to say the least, are not promoted by villas. Of course I know it will be urged that estimates will be exceeded, and that house-building leads to extravagance. People who are likely to be led into extravagance, and can never say 'No,' should not build. They may live anywhere, and I have nothing to say to them. But really the temptation to spend money foolishly in house-building is not greater than the temptation to walk past shop windows.

"I am, Sir, etc.

"W. HALE WHITE."[1]

24. (VI.)

"Pardon the correction, but I think you were not quite right in saying in a recent *Fors* that the spiral line could be drawn by the hand and eye only.[2] Mr. F. C. Penrose, whose work on the Parthenon you referred to in one of your earlier books,[3] showed me some time ago a double spiral he had drawn with a

[1] [Formerly a clerk in the Admiralty: see his letter in *Dilecta*, § 18. Author (under the pseudonym Mark Rutherford) of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, and other works.]

[2] [See Letter 62, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 525).]

[3] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. v. § 12 (Vol. X. p. 153 *n.*).]

achine of his own devising, and also a number of other curves (cycloidal, conhoidal, and cissoidal, I think) drawn in the same way, and which latter, he said e believed, had never been drawn with absolute accuracy before."

My correspondent has misunderstood me. I never said "the spiral" ut *this* spiral, under discussion.

I have no doubt the machines are very ingenious. But they will never raw a snail-shell, nor any other organic form. All beautiful lines are rawn under mathematical laws organically *transgressed*, and nothing can ver draw these but the human hand. If Mr. Penrose would make a few ots with his own hand on a potter's wheel, he would learn more of Greek rt than all his measurements of the Parthenon have taught him.

LETTER 76

OUR BATTLE IS IMMORTAL[1]

VENICE, *Sunday, 4th March*, 1877.

"Μάχη δή, φαμέν, ἀθάνατός ἐστιν ἡ τοιαύτη . . . ξύμμαχοι δὲ ἡμῖν θεοί τε ἅμα καὶ δαίμονες, ἡμεῖς δ'αὖ κτήματα θεῶν καὶ δαιμόνων, φθείρει δὲ ἡμᾶς ἀδικία καὶ ὕβρις μετὰ ἀφροσύνης, σώζει δὲ δικαιοσύνη καὶ σωφροσύνη μετὰ φρονήσεως, ἐν ταῖς τῶν θεῶν ἐμψύχοις οἰκοῦσαι δυνάμεσι."

1. "WHEREFORE, our battle is immortal; and the Gods and the Angels fight with us: and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of the Gods."[2]

This sentence is the sum of the statement made by Plato in the tenth book of the Laws respecting the relations of the will of man to the Divine creative power. Statement which is in all points, and for ever, true; and ascertainably so by every man who honestly endeavours to be just, temperate, and true.

I will translate and explain it throughout, in due time;*[3]

* For the present, commending only to those of my Oxford readers who may be entering on the apostleship of the Gospel of Dirt,[4] this following sentence, with as much of its context as they have time to read:—

"ὃ πρῶτον γενέσεως καὶ φθορᾶς αἴτιον ἁπάντων, τοῦτο οὐ πρῶτον ἀλλὰ ὕστερον ἀπεφήναντο εἶναι γεγονὸς οι τὴν τῶν ἀσεβῶν ψυχὴν ἀπεργασάμενοι λόγοι, ὃ δέ ὕστερον πρότερον, ὅθεν ἡμαρτήκασι περὶ θεῶν τῆς ὄντως οὐσίας."

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[1] ["Epistle of Jude" (see §§ 13 *seq.*) was a rejected title for this Letter.]

[2] [*Laws*, x. 906 A. The Greek passage in the note is from 891 E, thus translated by Jowett: "They affirm that which is the first cause of the generation and destruction of all things, to be not first but last, and that which was last to be first, and hence they have fallen into error about the true nature of the Gods." The further passage translated in the text is from 902.]

[3] [This, however, was not done.]

[4] [See Letter 75, § 22 (p. 79).]

but am obliged to refer to it here hastily, because its introduction contains the most beautiful and clear pre-Christian expression at present known to me, of the law of Divine life in the whole of organic nature, which the myth of St. Theodore[1] taught in Christian philosophy.

I give one passage of it as the best preface to the matters I have to lay before you in connection with our beginning of real labour on English land (announced, as you will see, in the statement of our affairs for this month[2]):—

"Not, therefore, Man only, but all creatures that live and die, are the possessions of the Gods, whose also is the whole Heaven.

"And which of us shall say that anything in the lives of these is great, or little, before the Gods? for it becomes not those to whom we belong, best and carefullest of possessors, to neglect either this or that.

"For neither in the hands of physician, pilot, general, nor householder, will great things prosper if he neglect the little; nay, the stonemason will tell you that the large stones lie not well without the small: shall we then think God a worse worker than men, who by how much they are themselves nobler, by so much the more care for the perfectness of all they do; and shall God, the wisest, because it is so easy to care for little things, therefore not care for them, as if He were indolent or weary?"

2. Such preface befits well the serious things I have to say to you, my Sheffield men, to-day. I had them well in my mind when I rose, but find great difficulty in holding them there because of the rattling of the steam-cranes of the huge steamer, *Pachino*.

Now, that's curious: I look up to read her name on her bow—glittering in the morning sun, within thirty paces of me; and, behold, it has St. George's shield and cross on it;* the first ship's bow I ever saw with a knight's shield for its bearing. I must bear with her cranes as best I may.

It is a right omen, for what I have to say in especial to the little company of you, who are minded, as I hear,

* At least, the sharp shield of crusading times, with the simple cross on it—St. George's in form, but this the Italian bearing reversed in tincture, gules, the cross argent.

[1] [See above, p. 65.]
[2] [See below, § 15.]

out of your steam-crane and all other such labour in Sheffield, pestilent to the enduring Sabbath of human peace on earth and goodwill towards men,[1] to take St. George's shield for your defence in Faith, and begin truly the quiet work and war—his, and all the saints—cleaving the wide "seas of Death, and sunless gulfs of Doubt."[2]

3. Remember, however, always that seas of Death must mean antecedent seas of Life; and that this voice, coming to you from the laureated singer of England, prophesying in the *Nineteenth Century*,* does truly tell you what state Britannia's ruled waves have at present got into under her supremely wise ordination.

I wonder if Mr. Tennyson, of late years, has read any poetry but his own; or if, in earlier years, he never read, with attention enough to remember, words which most other good English scholars will instantly compare with his somewhat forced—or even, one might say, steam-craned, rhyme, to "wills,"[3] "Roaring moon of—Daffodils." Truly, the nineteenth century altogether, and no less in Midsummer than March, may be most fitly and pertinently described as a "roaring moon": but what has it got to do with daffodils, which belong to lakes of Life, not Death? Did Mr. Tennyson really never read the description of that golden harbour in the little lake which my Companions and I have been striving to keep the nineteenth century from changing into a cesspool with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles?

> "The waves beside them danced; but they
> Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
> A poet could not but be gay
> In such a jocund company."[4]

* The sonnet referred to begins, I hear, the periodical so named.

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[1] [Luke ii. 14.]

[2] [From Tennyson's Prefatory Sonnet to the *Nineteenth Century* (March 1877).]

[3] [Ruskin, as appears from his note, had not yet seen the magazine; he quote from some newspaper. Tennyson wrote "will" and "daffodil."]

[4] [Wordsworth, *Poems of the Imagination*, "I wandered lonely as a cloud" (1804) The poet states in a prefatory note that "the daffodils grew and still grow on th margin of Ullswater, but that the poem was written at Grasmere; and Ruskin her

No steam-craned versification in that, you will observe, by the way; but simple singing for heart's delight, which you will find to be the vital form of real poetry;[1] disciplined singing, also, if it may be, but natural, all the while. So also architecture, sculpture, painting,—Sheffield ironwork. Natural to Sheffield,*—joyful to Sheffield, otherwise an entirely impossible form of poetry there. (Three enormous prolonged trumpetings, or indecent bellowings—audible, I should think, ten miles off—from another steamer entering the Giudecca, interrupt me again,—and you need not think that I am peculiar in sensitiveness: no decent family worship, no gentle singing, no connectedly thoughtful reading, would be possible to any human being under these conditions, wholly inevitable now by any person of moderate means in Venice. With considerable effort, and loss of nervous energy, I force myself back into course of thought.)

4. You don't, perhaps, feel distinctly how people can be joyful in ironwork, or why I call it "poetry"?

Yet the only piece of good part-singing I heard in Italy, for a whole summer, was over a blacksmith's forge (and there has been disciplined music, as you know, made of its sounds before now; and you may, perhaps, have seen and heard Mr. G. W. Moore as the Christy Blacksmith[2]). But I speak of better harmonies to be got out of your work than Handel's, when you come at it with a true heart, fervently,[3] as I hope this company of you

* All the fine work of man must be first instinctive, for he is bound to be a fine Animal—King of Animals; then, moral or disciplined, for he is bound to be a fine Spirit also, and King of Spirits. The Spirit power begins in directing the Animal power to other than egoistic ends. Read, in connection with last *Fors, The Animals of the Bible,* by John Worcester, Boston, Lockwood and Brooke, 1875.

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refers to his preface to the protest by Mr. R. Somervell (a Companion of St. George's Guild) against the extension of the railway to Grasmere, etc. He there uses the same phrase about converting the lake into "a pool of drainage, with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles."]

[1] [Compare *Lectures on Art,* § 67 (Vol. XX. pp. 73–74).]

[2] [For other references to the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 492; and the Introduction, above, p. xx.]

[3] [See 1 Peter i. 22.]

are like to do, to whom St. George has now given thirteen acres of English ground for their own;[1] so long as they observe his laws.

They shall not be held to them at first under any formal strictness—for this is mainly their own adventure; St. George merely securing coign of vantage for it, and requiring of them observance only of his bare first principles—good work, and no moving of machinery by fire. But I believe they will be glad, in many respects, to act by St. George's advice; and, as I hope, truly begin his active work; of which, therefore, it seems to me now necessary to state unambiguously the religious laws which underlie the Creed and vow of full Companionship, and of which his retainers will, I doubt not, soon recognize the outward observance to be practically useful.

5. You cannot but have noticed—any of you who read attentively,—that *Fors* has become much more distinctly Christian in its tone, during the last two years;[2] and those of you who know with any care my former works, must feel a yet more vivid contrast between the spirit in which the preface to the *Crown of Wild Olive* was written, and that in which I am now collating for you the Mother Laws of the Trades of Venice.

This is partly because I am every day compelled, with increasing amazement, and renewed energy, to contradict the idiotic teaching of Atheism which is multiplied in your ears; but it depends far more essentially on two vital causes: the first, that since *Fors* began, "such things have befallen me"* personally, which have taught me much, but of which I need not at present speak; the second, that in the work I did at Assisi in 1874, I discovered a fallacy which had underlain all my art teaching (and the teaching of Art, as I understand it, is the teaching of all things) since the year 1858. Of which I must be so far tedious

* Leviticus x. 19.

[1] [See below, § 15 (p. 98); and compare Letter 77, § 4 (p. 112).]
[2] [On this passage, see the Introduction to Vol. XXIII. p. xlvi.]

to you as to give some brief account. For it is continually said of me, and I observe has been publicly repeated lately by one of my very good friends, that I have "changed my opinions" about painting and architecture. And this, like all the worst of falsehoods, has one little kernel of distorted truth in the heart of it,[1] which it is practically necessary, now, that you, my Sheffield essayists of St. George's service, should clearly know.

6. All my first books, to the end of the *Stones of Venice*, were written in the simple belief I had been taught as a child; and especially the second volume of *Modern Painters* was an outcry of enthusiastic praise of religious painting, in which you will find me placing Fra Angelico (see the closing paragraph of the book) above all other painters.

But during my work at Venice, I discovered the gigantic power of Tintoret,[2] and found that there was a quite different spirit in that from the spirit of Angelico; and, analysing Venetian work carefully, I found,—and told fearlessly, in spite of my love for the masters,—that there was "no religion whatever in any work of Titian's; and that Tintoret only occasionally forgot himself into religion."[3]—I repeat now, and reaffirm, this statement; but must ask the reader to add to it, what I partly indeed said in other places at the time,[4] that only when Tintoret forgets himself, does he truly find himself.

Now you see that among the four pieces of art I have given you for standards to study,[5] only one is said to be "perfect,"—Titian's.[6] And ever since the *Stones of Venice*

[1] [Tennyson: *The Grandmother*, viii. ("A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies"); quoted also in Vol. VII. p. 352.]

[2] [See Ruskin's letters of 1845 to his father (Vol. IV. p. xxxvii.).]

[3] [See the *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. i. §§ 13–14 (Vol. IX. pp. 31–32): "There is no religion in any work of Titian's. . . . The mind of Tintoret . . . sometimes forgets itself into devotion;" and compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 182).]

[4] [Not expressly said; but implied in the descriptions of Tintoret's paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco: see Vol. IV. pp. 270 *seq.*, and Vol. XI. pp. 403 *seq.*; and compare Vol. VII. p. 295.]

[5] [See Letter 66, § 17 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 625).]

[6] [See Letter 69, § 15 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 700).]

was written, Titian was given in all my art teaching as a standard of perfection.[1] Conceive the weight of this problem, then, on my inner mind—how the most perfect work I knew, in my special business, could be done "wholly without religion"!

7. I set myself to work out that problem thoroughly in 1858, and arrived at the conclusion—which is an entirely sound one, and which did indeed alter, from that time forward, the tone and method of my teaching,—that human work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now Men;[2]—whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter. We *are* now Human creatures,[3] and must, at our peril, do Human—that is to say, affectionate, honest, and earnest work.*

Farther, I found, and have always since taught, and do teach, and shall teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well, is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever: and that by that resolution only, and what we have done, and not by our belief, Christ will judge us, as He has plainly told[4] us He will (though nobody believes Him) in the Resurrection.

But, beyond this, in the year 1858, I came to another conclusion, which was a false one.

My work on the Venetians in that year not only convinced me of their consummate power, but showed me that there was a great *worldly* harmony running through all they did—opposing itself to the fanaticism of the Papacy;

* This is essentially what my friend Mr. Harrison means (if he knew it) by his *Religion of Humanity*,—one which he will find, when he is slightly more advanced in the knowledge "of all life and thought,"[5] was known and acted on in epochs considerably antecedent to that of modern Evolution.

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[1] [As, for instance, in *Two Paths*, § 57 (Vol. XVI. p. 298).]

[2] [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 33 (Vol. XVII. p. 348).]

[3] [Ruskin's note for Index here is "Work, the resolution to do it well, the only true foundation of religion; compare end of *Bible of Amiens*, ch. iv. § 60."]

[4] [See, for instance, Matthew vii. 20 *seq.*]

[5] [See the passage in Mr. Harrison's letter in Vol. XXVIII. p. 663 ("Thought and life are very wide, and I will listen to the judgment only of those who have patiently weighed the *whole* of both"), and Ruskin's note upon it (*ibid.*, p. 664). See also, below, p. 568 *n.*]

nd in this worldly harmony of human and artistic power, ny own special idol, Turner, stood side by side with Tinoret; so also Velasquez, Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough, tood with Titian and Veronese; and those seven men—uite demonstrably and indisputably giants in the domain f Art, of whom in the words of Velasquez himself, "Tizian 'e quel che porta la Bandiera,"[1]—stood, as heads of a reat Worldly Army, worshippers of Worldly visible Truth, *gainst* (as it seemed then to me), and assuredly distinct rom, another sacred army, bearing the Rule of the Catholic Church in the strictest obedience, and headed by Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico; worshippers not of a worldly and isible Truth, but of a visionary one, which they asserted o be higher; yet under the (as they asserted—supernatural) eaching of the Spirit of this Truth, doing less perfect work han their unassisted opposites!

8. All this is entirely so; fact tremendous in its unity, nd difficult enough as it stands to me even now; but as t stood to me then, wholly insoluble, for I was still in the onds of my old Evangelical faith; and, in 1858, it was vith me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole urn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, vhen, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba,[2] and nder quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I vent away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old vomen and three louts,* that they were the only children f God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside he chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, n sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentleman, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside-out, as it

* Counted at the time;—I am not quite sure now if seventeen or ighteen.

[1] ["Titian it is who bears the banner." See *The Two Paths*, Lecture II., "The Unity of Art," § 69 (Vol. XVI. p. 313).]

[2] [For a photogravure from this picture, see Vol. XVI., Plate III.]

were. "Here is an end to my 'Mother-Law' of Protestantism anyhow!—and now—what is there left?"[1] You will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books, written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books.*[2]

9. Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with "the religion of Humanity," for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred colour and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin (*Fors*, Aug. 1875, § 2[3]), that I was "more a Turk than a Christian." The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis's cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed (and believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed) to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and therefore above the body of St. Francis which lies in the lower chapel beneath it; and thence to draw

* Not because I am ashamed of them, nor because their Art teaching is wrong (it is precisely the Art teaching which I am now gathering out of the *Stones of Venice*, and will gather, God willing, out of *Modern Painters*, and reprint and reaffirm every syllable of); but the Religious teaching of those books, and all the more for the sincerity of it, is misleading—sometimes even poisonous; always, in a manner, ridiculous; and shall not stand in any editions of them republished under my own supervision.

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[1] [Compare *Præterita*, vol. iii. ch. i. § 23, and the Introduction to Vol. VII. of this edition, pp. xl., xli.]

[2] [Thus *Modern Painters*, in its complete form, was not republished (after 1873) till 1888. For the plans, here referred to, see Vol. III. pp. xlvii., xlix. *Seven Lamps* was not republished between 1855 and 1880, and the edition of the latter year contained many deprecatory notes by the author. The *Stones of Venice* was republished in its first form in 1874; it is the rearranged "Travellers' Edition" of 1879–1881 which Ruskin here projects.]

[3] [Letter 56, Vol. XXVIII. p. 385.]

vhat I could of the great fresco of Giotto, "The marriage of Poverty and Francis."*

And while making this drawing, I discovered the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the allacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. found that all Giotto's "weaknesses" (so called) were nerely absences of material science. He did not know, and ould not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—o much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of echnical composition. But I found he was in the make of im, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man han Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his vork, because they were so unpretending and simple, were evertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, nstead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every aculty of his heart and hand; and finally that his work, in ll the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and ossession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!

"But what is all this about Titian and Angelico to ou," are you thinking? "We belong to cotton mills—on mills;—what is Titian to *us!*[1]—and to all men. Heirs nly of simial life, what Angelico?"

Patience—yet for a little while. They shall both be at east something to you before St. George's Museum is six nonths older.

* The drawing I made of the Bride is now in the Oxford schools, and ne property of those schools, and King Alfred.[2] But I will ask the rustees to lend it to the Sheffield Museum, till I can copy it for you, of hich you are to observe, please, that it had to be done in a dark place, om a fresco on a vaulted roof which could no more be literally put on a at surface than the figures on a Greek vase.

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[1] [See Letter 7, § 14 (Vol. XXVII. p. 128).]

[2] [The drawing, however, was not given to Oxford, nor was it sent to Sheffield. uskin seems to have sent it to America in 1879 (see, in a later volume, the letter Professor Norton of February 27), but it does not figure in the Catalogue of the merican Exhibition (Vol. XIII. pp. 582 *seq.*). Studies of the fresco were included the Bond Street Exhibition of 1878 (*ibid.*, p. 527). As Ruskin's copy is not availble, a photographic reproduction of the fresco has been given (Plate I., Vol. XXVIII. 164). "King Alfred" was associated in Ruskin's mind with his Oxford schools, ecause of Alfred's supposed foundation of the University. Thus, in the schools, ne Oxford fritillary was called "King Alfred's Dew-flower" (Vol. XXI. p. 76).]

10. Meantime, don't be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I can no more become a *Roman*-Catholic, than again an Evangelical-Protestant.[1] I am a "Catholic" of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed —"the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad"[2]—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth. The St. George's creed includes Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics; and I am myself much of a Turk, more of a Jew; alas, most of all,—an infidel; but not an atom of a heretic: Catholic, I, of the Catholics; holding only for sure God's order to His scattered Israel,—"He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"[3]

11. "Humbly."—Have you the least idea, do you think, my Sheffield friends, what humility means,—or have any of your dress-coated lecturers? Is not almost everything you are trying to do begun in pride, or in ambition? And for walking humbly with your God:—(*your's*, observe, and your Fathers', as revealed to you otherwise than a Greek's and *his* Fathers', or an Indian's and his Fathers'), have you ever taken the least pains to know what kind of Person the God of England once was? and yet, do you not think

[1] [Ten years later than this letter it was rumoured that Ruskin had joined the Church of Rome. He then wrote the following letter for publication:—

"BRANTWOOD, *April* 1, 1887.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall be entirely grateful to you if you will take the trouble to contradict any news gossip of this kind which may be disturbing the minds of any of my Scottish friends. I was, am, and can be, only a Christian Catholic in the wide and eternal sense. I have been that these five-and-twenty years at least. Heaven keep me from being less as I grow older! but I am no more likely to become a Roman Catholic than a Quaker, Evangelical, or Turk. "Ever faithfully yours,

"JOHN RUSKIN."

The letter was reprinted from the *Christian Leader* in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 6, 1887 (with the explanation that the rumour in question arose from Ruskin's "recent act of neighbourly charity in giving a stained glass window to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Coniston"). The letter was also reprinted in the *Morning Post* April 7, 1887; in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 104; and in the privately issued *Ruskiniana*, Part I., 1890, pp. 117–118.]

[2] [James i. 1.]

[3] [Micah vi. 8.]

yourselves the cleverest of human creatures, because you have thrown His yoke off, with scorn? You need not crow so loudly about your achievement. Any young gutter-bred blackguard your police pick up in the streets, can mock your Fathers' God, with the best of you.

"He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation, —my Father's God, and I will exalt Him."[1] You will find that to be an entirely salutary resolve of true humility; and I have no hope of any prosperity for you in this or any other undertaking, but as you set yourselves to recover, and reform, in truest sense, the Christian Faith you have been taught to spit on, and defile.

Which, that you may be able to do, you must learn it from the Catholic epistles; which are written to you Sheffielders as much as to any one else;—the Pauline epistles being only to special persons, and parts of them having no more help in them for *you*, than Jonah's message to Nineveh.[2] But the Catholic epistles are directly addressed to you—every word vital for you; and the most vital of these is the one that is given in nearly the same words by two of the Apostles, Peter and Judas (not Iscariot); namely, II. Peter i. 19, to end of epistle, and the epistle of Jude entire, comparing it with his question and its answer, John xiv. 22.[3]

12. For if you understand those two epistles,* and that

* I may as well notice, now I am on the epistles, one of the grotesque mistakes that continually slip into *Fors* through my crowding of work (I made two delicious ones in my Latin last month, and have had to cancel the leaf where I could:[4] what are left will be literary curiosities in time). I had written, in *Fors* of July, 1876, § 17 *n.*, "true fact stated by St. *James*," and gave the scrawled page to an assistant, to be copied; who, reading the fair text afterwards to me, it struck me the passage was in Timothy. I bade my assistant look, and finding it so, said rapidly, "Put Timothy instead, then." But the "Saint" was left, and only caught my eye as I corrected the press, and set me thinking "why Timothy was never called a saint like other people," and I let it go!

[1] [Exodus xv. 2.] [2] [Jonah iii. 4.]

[3] [The answer is in verses 23, 24: "If a man love me, he will keep my words. . . . He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings."]

[4] [See the notes on pp. 65, 66, above. For the error in "*Fors* of July," Letter 67, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 652 *n.*]

question and answer, you will understand the great scientific fact respecting, not the origin, but the existence, of species: that there is one species of Men on God's side—called to be Saints—elect—precious;[1] (but by no means limited to the horizon of Monte Viso[2]) who have everything in Christ; and another on the side of the Prince of this world,[3] whose spot is the spot of *His* Children[4]—who have nothing in Christ.

And that you must belong, whether knowingly or not, to one of these armies; and are called upon, by St. George, now to ascertain which:—the battle being henceforth like to be sore between them, and between their Captain Archangels, whose old quarrel over the body of Moses[5] is by no means yet decided.

And then you will also understand the definition of true Religious service (θρησκεία) by St. James the Bishop (which, if either Archdeacon Denison, or simpleton Tooth, or the stout British Protestant beadles of Hatcham,[6] ever come to understand—as in God's good time they may, in Heaven—they will be a greatly astonished group of the Blessed, for some while),—to wit, "Pure service, and undefiled (even by its tallow-candle-dropping, if the candles are lighted for help of widows' eyes—compare *Fors*, June, 1871, § 9[7])—before God, and the Father (God, of the Spirits of all Flesh[8]—and *our* Father, who know Him), is this, to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction,

[1] [Romans i. 7; 1 Peter ii. 6.]
[2] [See above, § 8.]
[3] [John xii. 31.]
[4] [See Deuteronomy xxxii. 5.]
[5] [See Jude 9.]
[6] [The Rev. Arthur Tooth, Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, who had been inhibited for ritualistic practices by the Court of Arches, defied the Court and continued to hold services. He was thereupon pronounced contumacious and in contempt, and a warrant for his arrest was issued. On January 22, 1877, he was arrested and lodged in Horsemonger Lane Gaol. On the previous day there had been a conflict for the possession of the church between the curate licensed by the bishop and the clergyman chosen by Mr. Tooth. On February 17 he was released. See the *Annual Register* for 1877, pp. 8, 9, etc. For Archdeacon Denison's ritualistic propaganda, see ch. x. in his *Notes of my Life, 1805–1878*.]
[7] [Vol. XXVII. p. 109.]
[8] [Numbers xvi. 22.]

and to *keep himself unspotted from the world*,"[1] of whose spots,—leopard's, snake's, Ethiopian's, and fine lady's patches, —your anatomical Students, though dispensing knowledge only skin-deep, are too slightly cognizant; and even your wise Christian scarcely can trace them from skin to clothes, so as to hate rightly "even the garment spotted by the Flesh."[2]

13. Well, I must draw to an end, for I have no more time this month. Read, before next *Fors* time, that epistle of Jude with intense care. It sums all the Epistles, coming, by the order of the Fors which grouped the Bible books, just before the Apocalypse; and it precisely describes your worst—in verity, your only,—Enemies of this day; the *twice* dead people,—plucked up by the *roots*,[3] having once been rooted in the Holy Faith of Christendom; but now, *filthy* dreamers (apostles of the Gospel of Dirt,[4] in perpetual foul dream of what man was, instead of reverence for what he is); carried about of winds of vanity (pitiful apothecaries' apprentices), speaking evil of things they know not; but in the things they know naturally as brute beasts, in these, corrupting themselves; going in the way of Cain—(brother kingdom at war with brother, France and Germany, Austria and Italy)—running after the error of Balaam for reward (the Bishop of Manchester—whom I finally challenged, personally and formally, through my Oxford Secretary, two months ago, not daring to answer me a word,[5]—knowing that the city he rules over is in every business act of it in mortal sin, and conniving,—to keep smooth with it—he! and the Bishop of Peterborough, "neutral,"[6] in sleek consent to the son of Zippor's prayer

[1] [James i. 27.]
[2] [Jude 23.]
[3] [Jude 12. For the other Bible references on this page, see Jude 8; Isaiah lvii. 13; Jude 10, 11; Numbers xxii.-xxiv.]
[4] [See Letter 75, § 22 (p. 78).]
[5] [For the earlier challenge, see Letter 49 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 243); for later references to it, Letters 78 and 82 (pp. 136, 244). For the Bishop's answer, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder.*]
[6] [See Letter 72, §§ 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 770).]

—"Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all"[1]), and perishing in the gainsaying of Kore, going down quick into volcanic petroleum pit, in the gathering themselves against Lawgiver and Priest, saying, "Wherefore lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? the days of Kinghood and Priesthood are ended!"

14. A notable piece of the Word of God to you, this, if ye will receive it: and in this last clause of it, for us of St. George's Company, precisely imperative. You see that whole mysterious passage about the contest for the body of Moses (first, I suppose, of our Christian worshipping of relics, though old Greek motive of sacredest battle), comes in to enforce the not speaking evil of Dignities.[2] And the most fearful practical lessons in modern history are that the entire teaching of Mazzini, a man wholly upright, pure, and noble, and of subtlest intellectual power[3]—Italian of the Italians, was rendered poisonous to Italy because he set himself against Kinghood; and the entire war of Garibaldi,[4] a soldier of ten thousand, innocent and gentle and true, and of old Roman valour, was rendered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood. For both King and Priest are for ever, after the Order of Melchizedek,[5] and none that rise against them shall prosper: and this, in your new plannings and fancyings, my good Sheffielders, you will please take to heart, that though to yourselves, in the first confusion of things, St. George leaves all liberty of conscience consistent with the perfect law of liberty[6] (which, however, you had better precisely understand from James the Bishop, who has quite other views concerning it than Mr. John Stuart Mill;—

[1] [Numbers xxiii. 25. For the other Biblical references in § 13, see Jude 11; Numbers xvi. 30 and 3.]

[2] [Jude 8, 9.]

[3] [For an earlier reference to Mazzini, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 350. He was a great friend of Mrs. Carlyle, at whose house Ruskin had doubtless met him.]

[4] [For other references to Garibaldi, see Letters 1, § 5; 3, § 7; 7, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 16, 51, 117).]

[5] [Psalms cx. 4; Hebrews v. 6. Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 256, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 598.]

[6] [James i. 25.]

James i. 25;[1] ii. 12, 13[2]), so soon as you have got yourselves settled, and feel the ground well under you, we must have a school built on it for your children, with enforced sending of them to be schooled; in earliest course of which schooling your old Parish-church golden legend will be written by every boy, and stitched by every girl, and engraven with diamond point into the hearts of both,—

"Fear God. Honour the King."[3]

[1] ["But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."]

[2] ["So speak ye, and so do, as they that shall be judged by the law of liberty. For he shall have judgment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy; and mercy rejoiceth against judgment."]

[3] [1 Peter ii. 17.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

15. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

A few of the Sheffield working-men who admit the possibility of St. George's notions being just, have asked me to let them rent some ground from the Company, whereupon to spend what spare hours they have, of morning or evening, in useful labour. I have accordingly authorized the sale of £2200 worth of our stock, to be re-invested on a little estate, near Sheffield, of thirteen acres, with good water supply.[1] The workmen undertake to St. George for his three per cent.; and if they get tired of the bargain, the land will be always worth our stock. I have no knowledge yet of the men's plans in detail; nor, as I have said in the text,[2] shall I much interfere with them, until I see how they develop themselves. But here is at last a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand, and heaven's.

16. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man. God knows at how little rate I value the little that is in me; but the maintaining myself now quietly against the contradiction of every one of my best friends, rising as it does into more harmonious murmur of opposition at every new act to which I find myself compelled by compassion and justice, requires more than ordinary firmness: and the absolute fact that, being entirely at one in my views of Nature and life with every great classic author, I am yet alone in the midst of a modern crowd which rejects them all, is something to plume myself upon,—sorrowfully enough: but haughtily also. And now here has Fors reserved a strange piece of—if one's vanity were to speak—good fortune for me; namely, that after being permitted, with my friend Mr. Sillar's guidance,[3] to declare again in its full breadth the great command against usury, and to explain the intent of Shakespeare throughout the *Merchant of Venice* (see *Munera Pulveris*[4]), it should also have been reserved for me to discover the first recorded words of Venice herself, on her Rialto!—words of the ninth century,* inscribed on her first church, St. James of the Rialto; and entirely unnoticed

* I have the best antiquarian in Venice as authority for this date—my own placing of them would have been in the eleventh.

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[1] [This is referred to below as the Abbeydale Estate (see pp. 112, 140, 207 273); elsewhere as the Mickley, or Totley, Estate (see Introduction to Vol. XXX.).

[2] [See above, § 4.]

[3] [See the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. p. xlvii.]

[4] [*Munera Pulveris*, § 100 (Vol. XVII. p. 223).]

y all historians, hitherto; yet in letters which he who ran might read[1]:—nly the historians never looked at the church, or at least, looked only at he front of it and never round the corners. When the church was restored ı the sixteenth century, the inscription, no more to be obeyed, was yet t seems) in reverence for the old writing, put on the gable at the back, here, an outhouse standing a little in the way, nobody noticed it any more ll I came on it, poking about in search of the picturesque.[2] I found it fterwards recorded in a manuscript catalogue of ancient inscriptions in enice, in St. Mark's library (and as I write this page, Sunday, March 11th, 877, the photograph I have had made of it is brought in to me—now in ıe Sheffield Museum). And this is the inscription on a St. George's Cross, ith a narrow band of marble beneath—marble so good that the fine edges f the letters might have been cut yesterday.

On the cross—

"Be thy Cross, oh Christ, the true safety of this place." (In case of mercantile ınics, you see.)

On the band beneath it—

"Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just—his weights true, and s agreements guileless."

Those, so please you, are the first words of Venice to the mercantile orld—nor words only, but coupled with such laws as I have set before ɔu—perfect laws of "liberty and fraternity," such as you know not, nor ɛt for many a day, can again learn.

It is something to be proud of to have deciphered this for you; and ıore to have shown you how you may attain to this honesty through rankness. For indeed the law of St. George, that our dealings and ɔrtunes are to be openly known, goes deeper even than this law of enice, for it cuts at the root, not only of dishonesty, but of avarice and ride. Nor am I sorry that in myself submitting to it, my pride must be ɔnsiderably mortified. If all my affairs had been conducted with pru-ence, or if my present position in the world were altogether stately, it ight have been pleasant to unveil the statue of one's economy for public ɔplause. But I scarcely think even those of my readers who least under-and me, will now accuse me of ostentation.

17. My father left all his fortune to my mother and me: to my ıother, thirty-seven thousand pounds* and the house at Denmark Hill ɔr life; to me a hundred and twenty thousand,† his leases at Herne and

* 15,000 Bank Stock.

† I count Consols as thousands, forty thousand of this were in stocks.

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[1] [Habakkuk ii. 2.]

[2] [The inscription is reproduced on Plate LXII. in Vol. XXI. (see pp. 268, 269). ɔr other references to it, see *Unto this Last*, note of 1877 in the Preface (Vol. XVII. 20); *St. Mark's Rest*, § 131 (Vol. XXIV. p. 308); *Memorial Studies of St Mark's*, 7 (*ibid.*, p. 417); the "Catalogue of the Ruskin Museum," Vol. XXX.; and Post-ript to the "Legend of Santa Zita" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

Denmark Hills, his freehold pottery at Greenwich, and his pictures, the estimated by him as worth ten thousand pounds, but now worth at leas three times that sum.

My mother made two wills; one immediately after my father's death the other—(in gentle forgetfulness of all worldly things past)—immediatel before her own. Both are in the same terms, "I leave all I have to m son." This sentence, expanded somewhat by legal artifice, remains ye pathetically clear, as the brief substance of both documents. I hav therefore to-day, in total account of my stewardship, to declare what have done with a hundred and fifty-seven thousand pounds; and certai houses and lands besides. In giving which account I shall say nothing the share that other people have had in counselling or mis-counsellin me; nor of my reasons for what I have done. St. George's bishops[1] d not ask people who advised them, or what they intended to do; but onl what they did.

18. My first performance was the investment of fifty thousand pounc in "entirely safe" mortgages, which gave me five per cent. instead three. I very soon, however, perceived it to be no less desirable, tha difficult, to get quit of these "entirely safe" mortgages. The last of the that was worth anything came conveniently in last year (see *Fors* accounts[2] I lost about twenty thousand pounds on them, altogether.

In the second place, I thought it rather hard on my father's relation that he should have left all his money to me only; and as I was ve fond of some of them, indulged myself, and relieved my conscience at tl same time, by giving seventeen thousand pounds to those I liked bes Money which has turned out to be quite rightly invested, and at a hig interest; and has been fruitful to me of many good things, and muc happiness.

Next I parted with some of my pictures,[3] too large for the house proposed to live in, and bought others at treble the price, the deale always assuring me that the public would not look at any picture which had seen reason to part with; and that I had only my own eloquence thank for the prices of those I wished to buy.*

I bought next a collection of minerals (the foundation now of wh are preparing for Sheffield and other schools) for a stipulated sum of thr thousand pounds, on the owner's statement of its value. It proved not

* Fortune also went always against me. I gave *carte-blanche* at Christie's f Turner's drawing of Terni (five inches by seven[4]), and it cost me five hundr pounds. I put a limit of two hundred on the Roman Forum,[5] and it was boug over me for a hundred and fifty, and I gnash my teeth whenever I think of because a commission had been given up to three hundred.

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[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 512–513.]

[2] [See Letter 64, § 23, "Cash (Portsdown Mortgage)," Vol. XXVIII. p. 583.

[3] [Chiefly Turner's "Grand Canal," sold by Ruskin in 1872, on leaving Denma Hill for Brantwood: see Vol. XIII. p. 606.]

[4] [No. 20 in the "Notes" on Ruskin's Collection: see Vol. XIII. p. 426 *n.*]

[5] [It does not appear to which of two drawings of this subject (both made Hakewill's *Tour*) Ruskin refers—the "Forum from the Capitol," or the "Fort looking towards the Capitol." The former was last sold at Christie's in 1899; t latter in 1889.]

be worth five hundred. I went to law about it. The lawyers charged me a thousand pounds for their own services; gave me a thousand pounds back, out of the three; and made the defendant give me another five hundred pounds' worth of minerals. On the whole, a satisfactory legal performance; but it took two years in the doing, and caused me much worry; the lawyers spending most of the time they charged me for, in cross-examining me, and other witnesses, as to whether the agreement was made in the front or the back shop; with other particulars, interesting in a picturesque point of view, but wholly irrelevant to the business.[1]

Then Brantwood was offered me, which I bought, without seeing it,[2] for fifteen hundred pounds (the fact being that I have no time to see things, and *must* decide at a guess; or not act at all).

Then the house at Brantwood, a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone, had to be furnished, and repaired. For old acquaintance' sake, I went to my father's upholsterer in London (instead of the country Coniston one, as I ought) and had five pounds charged me for a footstool;[3] the repairs also proving worse than complete rebuilding; and the moving one's chattels from London, no small matter. I got myself at last settled at my tea-table, one summer evening, with my view of the lake—for a net four thousand pounds all told. I afterwards built a lodge nearly as big as the house, for a married servant, and cut and terraced a kitchen garden out of the "steep wood" *—another two thousand transforming themselves thus into "utilities embodied in material objects";[4] but these latter operations, under my own immediate direction, turning out approvable by neighbours, and, I imagine, not unprofitable as investment.

All these various shiftings of harness, and getting into saddle—with the furnishing also of my rooms at Oxford, and the pictures and universal acquisitions aforesaid—may be very moderately put at fifteen thousand for total. I then proceeded to assist my young relation in business; with resultant loss, as before related, of fifteen thousand;[5] of which indeed he still holds himself responsible for ten, if ever able to pay it; but one of the pieces of the private message sent me, with St. Ursula's on Christmas Day,[6] was that I should forgive this debt altogether. Which hereby my cousin will please observe, is very heartily done; and he is to be my cousin as he used to be, without any more thought of it.

Then, for my St. George and Oxford gifts—there are good fourteen thousand gone—nearer fifteen—even after allowing for stock prices, but say fourteen.

* "Brant," Westmoreland for steep.

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[1] [In this case, which was put down for hearing in 1869, the actual value of the minerals and the sum which Ruskin had agreed to pay were in dispute. Ruskin drove down to Westminster on three successive days in order to give his evidence, but the case being blocked by a lengthy one before it, he characteristically declined to attend any more, and instructed his lawyers to make the best settlement they could out of court.]

[2] [See Vol. XXII. p. xxi.]

[3] [See Letter 44, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 135).]

[4] [See Letter 4, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 64).]

[5] [See Letter 62, § 20 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 530).]

[6] [See above, p. 30.]

And finally, you see what an average year of carefully restricted expense has been to me!—Say £5500 for thirteen years, or, roughly, seventy thousand; and we have this—I hope not beyond me—sum in addition:—

Loss on mortgages	£20,000
Gift to relations	17,000
Loss to relations	15,000
Harness and stable expenses	15,000
St. George and Oxford	14,000
And added yearly spending	70,000
	£151,000

19. Those are the clearly stateable and memorable heads of expen diture—more I could give, if it were needful; still, when one is living or one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects; and the final state of affairs is, that on this 1st of April, 1877, my goods and chattels are simply these following:—

In funded cash—six thousand Bank Stock, worth, at present prices something more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Brantwood—worth, certainly with its house, and furnitures, five thousand

Marylebone freehold and leaseholds—three thousand five hundred.

Greenwich freehold—twelve hundred.

Herne Hill leases and other little holdings—thirteen hundred.

And pictures and books, at present lowest auction prices, worth at leas double my Oxford insurance estimate of thirty thousand: but put them a no more, and you will find that, gathering the wrecks of me together, could still now retire to a mossy hermitage, on a little property of fifty-fou thousand odd pounds; more than enough to find me in meal and cresses. S that I have not at all yet reached my limit proposed in *Munera Pulveri* —of dying "as poor as possible,"[1] nor consider myself ready for th digging scenes in *Timon of Athens*.[2] Accordingly, I intend next year, whe St. George's work really begins, to redress my affairs in the followin manner:—

20. First. I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to th St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I hav already had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now t keep it any more.[3]

Secondly. The Greenwich property was my father's, and I am sure h would like me to keep it. I shall keep *it* therefore; and in some wa make it a Garden of Tuileries, honourable to my father, and to th London he lived in.[4]

Thirdly. Brantwood I shall keep, to live upon, with its preser servants—necessary, all, to keep it in good order; and to keep me con fortable, and fit for my work. I may not be able to keep quite so ope

[1] [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 153 (Vol. XVII. p. 276).]

[2] [Act iv. sc. 3.]

[3] [See, on this subject, Letter 86 (p. 360 *n.*).]

[4] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 69, 105. Ruskin retained the properties for son time, and ultimately sold them when opportunity offered of increasing the Bran wood estate.]

house there as I have been accustomed to do: that remains to be een.

Fourthly. My Herne Hill leases and little properties that bother me, shall make over to my pet cousin—whose children, and their donkey,[1] eed good supplies of bread and butter, and hay: she always promising to eep my old nursery for a lodging to me, when I come to town.[2]

Fifthly. Of my ready cash, I mean to spend to the close of this year, nother three thousand pounds, in amusing myself—with such amusement s is yet possible to me—at Venice, and on the Alps, or elsewhere;[3] and s, at the true beginning of St. George's work, I must quit myself of sury and the Bank of England, I shall (at some loss you will find, on stimate) then buy for myself twelve thousand of Consols stock, which, if he nation hold its word, will provide me with three hundred and sixty ounds a year—the proper degrees of the annual circle, according to my stimate, of a bachelor gentleman's proper income, on which, if he cannot ve, he deserves speedily to die. And this, with Brantwood strawberries nd cream, I will for my own poor part, undertake to live upon, uncomlainingly, as Master of St. George's Company,—*or* die. But, for my ependants, and customary charities, further provision must be made; or uch dependencies and charities must end. Virtually, I should then be iving away the lives of these people to St. George, and not my own.

Wherefore,

Sixthly. Though I have not made a single farthing by my literary ork last year,* I have paid Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney an aproximate sum of £800 for printing my new books, which sum has been rovided by the sale of the already printed ones. I have only therefore ow to *stop* working; and I shall receive regular pay for my past work—gradually increasing, and—I have confidence enough in St. George and yself to say—an assuredly still increasing, income,[4] on which I have no oubt I can sufficiently maintain all my present servants and pensioners; nd perhaps even also sometimes indulge myself with a new missal. New urner drawings are indeed out of the question; but as I have already irty large and fifty or more small ones, and some score of illuminated SS., I may get through the declining years of my æsthetic life, it seems o me, on those terms, resignedly, and even spare a book or two—or even Turner or two, if needed—to my St. George's schools.

Now, to stop working *for the press,* will be very pleasant to me[5]—not o say medicinal, or even necessary—very soon. But that does not mean topping work. *Deucalion* and *Proserpina* can go on far better without rinting; and if the public wish for them, they can subscribe for them.

* Counting from last April Fool's day to this.

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[1] [See above, p. 73.]

[2] [This was always done. The Preface of *Præterita* was written at Herne Hill "in what was once my nursery," Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn having renewed the ease until 1907.]

[3] [For his movements, see Vol. XXIV. pp. xxxiv. *n.*, xliv.]

[4] [This calculation was amply verified: see the account of Ruskin's publishing experiment in Vol. XXX., and compare the Introduction to Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxii.–lxxxvi.).]

[5] [A self-denying ordinance which, however, was by no means to be carried out.]

In any case, I shall go on at leisure, God willing, with the works I have undertaken.

Lastly. My Oxford professorship will provide for my expenses at Oxford as long as I am needed there.

21. Such, Companions mine, is your Master's position in life;—and such his plan for the few years of it which may yet remain to him. You will not, I believe, be disposed wholly to deride either what I have done, or mean to do; but of this you may be assured, that my spending, whether foolish or wise, has not been the wanton lavishness of a man who could not restrain his desires; but the deliberate distribution, as I thought best of the wealth I had received as a trust, while I yet lived, and had power over it. For what has been consumed by swindlers, your modern principles of trade are answerable; for the rest, none even of that confessed to have been given in the partiality of affection, has been bestowed but in real self-denial. My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing quiet days at Brantwood between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world, for doing good to myself.

I do not doubt, had God condemned me to that selfishness, He would also have inflicted on me the curse of happiness in it. But He has led me by other ways, of which my friends who are wise and kind, neither as yet praising me, nor condemning, may one day be gladdened in witness of a nobler issue.

22. (III.) The following letter, with the extracts appended to it, will be of interest, in connection with our present initiation of closer Bible study for rule of conduct.

I should also be glad if Major Hartley could furnish me with any satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have induced my correspondent's appeal.

"My dear Sir,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last week you expressed some interest in the house in Gloucestershire where for a time resided the great translator of the English Scriptures, William Tyndale, and which is now in a sadly neglected condition. It is charmingly set on the south-western slope of the Cotswolds, commanding a fine prospect over the richly wooded vale of the Severn, to the distant hills of Wales. After leaving Oxford, Tyndale came to reside in this manor-house of Little Sodbury, as tutor in the family of the proprietor, Sir John Walsh, and was there probably from 1521 to 1523. It was in the old dining-hall that, discussing with a neighbouring priest, Tyndale uttered his memorable words 'If God spare my life, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.' This prediction he fulfilled, for he was the first man to translate from the original, and print in a foreign land, the English Scriptures and was rewarded for his toil by being strangled and burnt. However England may have misused and abused the book, there can be no doubt that the introduction of Tyndale's Testaments marked a new and remarkable era in the history of our country; and whatever opinion may be formed of the contents of the volume, the fine masculine English and nervous simplicity of Tyndale's translation have commanded the admiration alike of friends and foes. Though they are probably familiar to you, I enclose an extract from the late Dr. Faber, a Roman Catholic, and another from Mr. Froude, the historian, as to the beauty of Tyndale's style." (I wish Mr. Froude, the historian, cared a little less about style; and had rather told us what he thought about the Bible's matter. I bought the *Rinnovamento* of Venice

yesterday, with a review in it of a new Italian poem in praise of the Devil, of which the reviewer says the style is excellent.[1]) "You may also be interested in perusing a translation from the Latin of the only letter of the translator that has ever been discovered, and which touchingly reveals his sufferings in the castle of Vilvorde, in Flanders, shortly before he was put to death. Now I hope you will agree with me that the only house in the kingdom where so great a man resided ought not to be allowed to fall into decay and neglect as it is now doing. Part of the house is unroofed, the fine old dining-hall with its beautiful roof has been turned into a carpenter's shop, the chimney-piece and other portions of the fittings of the manor-house having been carried off by the owner, Major Hartley, to his own residence, two or three miles off. I have appealed to the proprietor in behalf of the old house, but in vain, for he does not even condescend to reply. I should be glad if your powerful pen could draw attention to this as well as other similar cases of neglect. The interesting old church of St. Adeline, immediately behind the manor-house of Little Sodbury, and where Tyndale frequently preached, was pulled down in 1858, and the stones carried off for a new one in another part of the parish. Many would have gladly contributed towards a new church, and to save the old one, but they were never asked, or had any opportunity. I fear I have wearied you with these particulars, but I am sure you will not approve the doings I have recounted. With pleasant recollections of your kind hospitality,

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your faithful and obliged."

"The late Dr. Faber wrote of the English Bible, of which Tyndale's translation is the basis, as follows." (I don't understand much of this sweet writing of Dr. Faber's myself; but I beg leave to state generally that the stronghold of Protestant heresy is pure pig-headedness, and not at all a taste for pure English.)

"'Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten—like the sound of a church bell which a convert hardly knows he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The dower of all the gifts and trials of man's life is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of the best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled.' (Doctor!) 'In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his English Bible.'

"Mr. Froude says of Tyndale's version:—

"'Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted'—(better *un*permitted)—'which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural' (Do you really mean that, Mr. Froude?) grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale.'—*Froude's History of England.*[2]

"The only letter of William Tyndale which has been discovered was found in the archives of the Council of Brabant, and is as follows; it is addressed to the Marquis of Berg-op-Zoom, the Governor of Vilvorde Castle, in the Low Countries; the date is 1535:—

"'I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me (by the Council of Brabant), therefore I entreat your

[1] [For another reference to this work, see Letter 83, § 8 *n.* (p. 266).]
[2] [Ch. xii. vol. iii. p. 84 (1873 edition).]

lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he has also warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter,[1] I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit I pray may ever direct your heart. Amen. W. Tyndale.'"

[1] [This letter is quoted from *William Tyndale: a Biography*, by the Rev. R. Demaus, who gives *hiemem perficiendum omnem*, and translates (p. 477) as in the text above, but the true words are *ante hiemem perficiendum*. A facsimile of the letter was published in 1872 by Mr. Francis Fry of Bristol, with a correct translation: "if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, before the conclusion of the winter, I shall be patient," etc.]

LETTER 77

THE LORD THAT BOUGHT US[1]

VENICE, *Easter Sunday,* 1877.

. I HAVE yet a word or two to say, my Sheffield friends, especting your religious services, before going on to prac-ical matters. The difficulties which you may have observed he School Board getting into on this subject, have, in sum, risen from their approaching the discussion of it always n the hypothesis that there is no God: the ecclesiastical nembers of the board wishing to regulate education so as o prevent their pupils from painfully feeling the want of ne; and the profane members of it, so as to make sure hat their pupils may never be able to imagine one. Objects vhich are of course irreconcilable; nor will any national ystem of education be able to establish itself in balance of hem.

But if, instead, we approach the question of school dis-ipline on the hypothesis that there is a God, and one hat cares for mankind, it will follow that if we begin by eaching the observance of His Laws, He will gradually ake upon Himself the regulation of all minor matters, and nake us feel and understand, without any possibility of oubt, how He would have us conduct ourselves in outward bservance.* And the real difficulty of our Ecclesiastical

* The news from Liverpool in the third article of Correspondence). 119], is the most cheering I ever read in public papers.

[1] [2 Peter ii. 1 ("But there were false prophets also among the people, even s there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable eresies, even denying the Lord that bought them"). Ruskin also wrote on the rapper of his copy "Epistle of Jude," as a summary of the contents of this etter.]

party has of late been that they could not venture for their lives to explain the Decalogue, feeling that Modernism and all the practices of it must instantly be turned inside-out, and upside-down, if they did; but if, without explaining it, they could manage to get it *said* every Sunday, and a little agreeable tune on the organ played after every clause of it, that perchance would do (on the assumption, rendered so highly probable by Mr. Darwin's discoveries respecting the modes of generation in the Orchideæ,[1] that there *was* no God, except the original Baalzebub of Ekron, Lord of Blue-bottles and fly-blowing in general;[2] and that this Decalogue was only ten crotchets of Moses's, and not God's at all), —on such assumption, I say, they thought matters might still be kept quiet a few years longer in the Cathedral Close, especially as Mr. Bishop was always so agreeably and inoffensively pungent an element of London society; and Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bishop so extremely proper and pleasant to behold, and the grass of the lawn so smooth shaven. But all that is drawing very fast to its end. Poor dumb dogs that they are, and blind mouths, the grim wolf with privy paw daily devouring apace,[3] and nothing said, and their people loving to have it so, I know not what they will do in the end thereof;[4] but it is near. Disestablishment? Yes, and of more powers than theirs; that prophecy of the Seventh from Adam is of judgment to be executed upon all, and conviction of their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed.[5]

2. I told you to read that epistle of Jude carefully,[6] though to some of you, doubtless, merely vain words; but

[1] [See Letter 46, § 15 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 183).]

[2] [Compare *Val d'Arno,* § 226 (Vol. XXIII. p. 132 *n.*).]

[3] [Milton, *Lycidas;* compare *Sesame and Lilies,* §§ 20 *seq.* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 69 *seq.*).]

[4] [Compare Jeremiah v. 31.]

[5] ["And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, To execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed" (Jude 14, 15). Compare Letter 75, § 3 (above, p. 56).]

[6] [Letter 76, § 13 (p. 95).]

to any who are earnestly thoughtful, at least the evidence of a state of the Christian Church in which many things were known, and preserved (that prophecy of Enoch, for instance), lost to us now; and of beliefs which, whether well or ill founded, have been at the foundation of all the good work that has been done, yet, in this Europe of ours. Well founded or not, at least let us understand, as far as we may, what they were.

With all honour to Tyndale (I hope you were somewhat impressed by the reward he had from the world of his day, as related in that final letter of his[1]), there are some points in the translation that might be more definite: here is the opening of it, in simpler, and in some words certainly more accurate, terms:—

"Judas, the servant of Jesus Christ, and the brother of James, to all who are sanctified in God, and called and guarded in Christ.

"Pity, and Peace, and Love, be fulfilled in you.

"Beloved, when I was making all the haste I could to write to you of the common salvation, I was suddenly forced to write to you, exhorting you to fight for the faith, once for all delivered to the Saints.

"For there are slunk in among you certain men, written down before to this condemnation, insolent, changing the grace of God into fury, and denying the only Despot, God; and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

"And I want to put you in mind, you who know this,—once for all, —that the Lord, having delivered His people out of the land of Egypt, in the second place destroyed those who believed not.

"And the Angels which guarded not their beginning, but left their own habitation, He hath guarded in eternal chains, under darkness, to the judgment of the great day."[2]

3. Now this translation is certainly more accurate, in observing the first principle of all honest translation, that the same word shall be used in English, where it is the same in the original.[3] You see I have three times used the word "guarded." So does St. Judas. But our translation varies its phrase every time; first it says "preserved,"

[1] [See Letter 76, § 22 (p. 105).]
[2] [Jude 1-6.]
[For other passages in which Ruskin insists on this point, see Vol. XXVII. p. 202.]

then "kept," and then "reserved,"—every one of these words being weaker than the real one,[1] which means guarded as a watch-dog guards. To "reserve" the Devil, is quite a different thing from "watching" him. Again, you see that, for "lasciviousness," I have written "fury." The word[2] is indeed the same always translated lasciviousness, in the New Testament, and not wrongly, if you know Latin; but wherever it occurs (Mark vii. 22; Ephesians iv. 19, etc.), it has a deeper under-meaning than the lust of pleasure. It means essentially the character which "refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,"[3] which cannot be soothed, or restrained, but will take its own way, and rage its own rage,*—alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them,—who, being *past feeling*, have given themselves over to fury[4] (*animal* rage, carnivorousness in political economy,[5]—competition, as of horses with swinging spurs at their sides in the Roman corso, in science, literature, and all the race of life), to work *all* uncleanness,—(not mere sensual vices, but all the things that defile, comp. Mark vii. 22, just quoted), with greediness;—then, precisely in the same furrow of thought St. Jude goes on,—"denying the only Despot, God;" and St. Paul, "but ye have not so learned Christ—*if so be* that ye *have* heard Him, and been taught by Him"—(which is indeed precisely the point dubitable)—"that ye put off the old man," etc.,[6]—where you will find, following, St. Paul's explanation of the Decalogue, to end of chapter (Eph. iv.) which if you will please learn by heart with the ten commandments, and, instead of merely praying, when you hear that disagreeable crotchet of Moses's announced, "Thou

* See fourth article in Correspondence [p. 120.]

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[1] [τετηρημένοις, τηρήσαντας, τετήρηκεν.]
[2] [ἀσέλγεια.]
[3] [Psalms lviii. 5.]
[4] [Ephesians iv. 18, 19.]
[5] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 103, 159; and below, p. 199.]
[6] [Ephesians iv. 20–22.]

shalt not steal,"[1] "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this—crotchet," which is all you can now do,—resolve solemnly that you will yourselves literally obey (and enforce with all your power such obedience in others) the Christian answering article of Decalogue, "Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth,"[2] you will, in that single piece of duty to God, overthrow, as I have said, the entire system of modern society, and form another in righteousness and true holiness, by no rage refusing, and in no cowardice denying, but wholly submitting to, the Lord who bought them with a price, the only Despot, God.

4. For our present translation of the passage is finally better in retaining the Greek word "Despot" here rather than "Lord," in order to break down the vulgar English use of the word for all that is evil. But it is necessary for you in this to know the proper use of the words Despot and Tyrant. A despot is a master to whom servants belong, as his property, and who belongs to his servants as their property. My *own* master, my *own* servant. It expresses the most beautiful relation, next to that of husband and wife, in which human souls can stand to each other; but is only perfected in the right relation between a soul and its God. "Of those whom thou gavest me—mine—I have lost none,—but the son of perdition."[3] Therefore St. Jude calls God the *only* Despot. On the other hand, a Tyrant, Tyrannus, Doric for Cyrannus, a person with the essential power of a Cyrus,[4] or imperial commander from whose decision there is no appeal, is a king exercising state authority over persons who do not in any sense belong to him as his property, but whom he has been appointed,

[1] [Exodus xx. 15.]
[2] [Ephesians iv. 28.]
[3] [John xvii. 12: compare Letter 28, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 508).]
[4] [On this subject, compare Letter 71, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 738).]

or has appointed himself, to govern for general purpose of state-benefit. If the tyranny glow and soften into despotism, as Suwarrow's[1] soldiers (or any good commanding officer's) gradually become his "children," all the better—but you must get your simple and orderly tyrant, or Cyrus to begin with. Cyrus, first suppose, only over greengrocerie—as above recommended,[2] in these gardens of yours, for which yesterday, 11th April, I sent our Trustees word that they must provide purchase-money.[3] In which territory you will observe the Master of St. George's Company is at present a Tyrant only; not a Despot, since he does not consider you as St. George's servants at all; but only requires compliance with certain of his laws while you cultivate his ground. Of which, the fixing of standard quality for your shoe-leather, since I hear you are many of you shoemakers, will be essential: and on this and other matters of your business, you will look to our St. George's Companion, Mr. Somervell,[4] for instruction; with this much of general order, that you are to make shoes with extremest care to please your customers in all matters which they ought to ask; by fineness of fit, excellence of work, and exactitude of compliance with special orders: but you are not to please them in things which they ought not to ask. It is *your* business to know how to protect, and adorn, the human foot. When a customer wishes you really to protect and adorn his or her foot, you are to do it with finest care: but if a customer wishes you to injure their foot or disfigure it, you are to refuse their pleasure in those particulars, and bid them—if they insist on such *dis*-service—to go elsewhere. You are not, the smiths of you, to put horseshoes hot on hoofs; and you are not, the shoemakers of you, to make any shoes with high heels, or with vulgar and useless decorations, or—if made to measure—that will

[1] [For another reference to Suwarrow, the Russian field-marshal (1730–1800), see Vol. XIII. p. 512.]
[2] [See Letter 73, § 11 (p. 21).]
[3] [See above, p. 98.]
[4] [For whom, see above, p. 47.]

inch the wearer. People who wish to be pinched must ind torturers off St. George's ground.

5. I expected, before now, to have had more definite tatements as to the number of families who are associated n this effort. I hope that more are united in it than I hall have room for, but probably the number asking to ease St. George's ground will be greatly limited, both by he interferences with the modes of business just described, nd by the law of openness in accounts. Every tradesman's ooks on St. George's ground must always be open on the Iaster's order, and not only his business position entirely nown, but his *profits* known to the public: the prices of ll articles of general manufacture being printed with the ercentages to every person employed in their production r sale.

I have already received a letter from a sensible person nterested in the success of our schemes, "fearing that eople will not submit to such inquisition." Of course they ill not; if they would, St. George's work would be soon one. If he can end it any day these hundred years, he ill have fought a good fight.

6. But touching this matter of episcopal inquiry, here Venice, who was brought up in her youth under the rictest watch of the Primates of Aquileia[1]—eagle-eyed,— may as well say what is to be in *Fors* finally said.

The British soul, I observe, is of late years peculiarly nflamed with rage at the sound of the words "confession" nd "inquisition."*

The reason of which sentiment is essentially that the ritish soul has been lately living the life of a Guy Fawkes; nd is in perpetual conspiracy against God and man,—everore devising how it may wheedle the one, and rob the

* The French soul concurring, with less pride, but more petulance, in ese sentiments. (See *Fors*, August, 1871, and observe my decision of atement. "The Inquisition *must* come."[2])

[1] [See the Appendix to *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV. p. 428).]
[2] [Letter 8, § 7 (Vol. XXVII. p. 139).]

other.* If your conscience is a dark lantern,—then, of course, you will shut it up when you see a policeman coming; but if it is the candle of the Lord, no man when he hath lighted a candle puts it under a bushel.[1] And thus the false religions of all nations and times are broadly definable as attempts to cozen God out of His salvation at the lowest price; while His inquisition of the accounts, it is supposed, may by proper tact be diverted.

On the contrary, all the true religions of the world are forms of the prayer, "Search me, and know my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."[2]

7. And there are, broadly speaking, two ways in which the Father of men does this: the first, by making them eager to tell their faults to Him themselves ("Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee"[3]); the second by making them sure they cannot be hidden, if they would "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there."[4] In neither case, do the men who love their Father fear that others should hear their confession, or witness His inquisition. But those who hate Him, and perceive that He is minded to make inquisition for blood,[5] cry, even in this world, for the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to

* "It was only a week or two ago that I went into one of the best ironmongers in London for some nails, and I assure you that 25 per cent of the nails I can't drive; they, the bad ones, are simply the waste edges of the sheets that the nails are cut from: one time they used to be thrown aside; now they are all mixed with the good ones, and palmed on to the public. I say it without hesitation, and have proved it, that one cannot buy a thing which is well or honestly made, excepting perhaps a railway engine, or, by-the-bye, a Chubb's safe to keep out thieves. I looked in their window yesterday and saw a small one, not three feet high, marked £83, 10s. Like ships versus guns,—more thieves, and more strength to keep them out. Verily, a reckoning day is near at hand." (Part of letter from my publisher, Mr. Allen.)

[1] [Matthew v. 15.]
[2] [Psalms cxxxix. 23, 24.]
[3] [Luke xv. 18.]
[4] [Psalms cxxxix. 8.]
[5] [Psalms ix. 12.]

cover them.[1] And in the actual practice of daily life you will find that wherever there is secrecy, there is either guilt or danger. It is not possible but that there should be things needing to be kept secret; but the dignity and safety of human life are in the precise measure of its frankness. Note the lovely description of St. Ursula,—*Fors*, November, 1876,—learned, and *frank*, and fair.[2] There is no fear for any child who is frank with its father and mother; none for men or women, who are frank with God.

I have told you that you can do nothing in policy without prayer. The day will be ill-spent, in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding: and if after it you accustom yourself to say, with the same intentness, that familiar one in your church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc.,[3] you will not fear, during the rest of the day, to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbour's good should be put to you.

8. Finally. You profess to be proud that you allow no violation of the sacredness of the domestic hearth. Let its love be perfect, in its seclusion, and you will not be ashamed to show the house accounts. I know—no man better—that an Englishman's house should be his castle; and an English city, his camp; and I have as little respect for the salesmen of the "ramparts of Berwick"* as for the levellers of the walls of Florence.[4] But you were better and merrier Englishmen, when your camps were banked with grass, and roofed with sky, than now, when they are "ventilated

* See fifth article of Correspondence [p. 122].

[1] [Hosea x. 8; Luke xxiii. 30.]
[2] [Letter 71, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 742).]
[3] [The first Collect of the Communion Service.]
[4] ["The walls, which mark this last enlargement of the city (1388) and the length of whose circuit is very nearly six English miles, continue entire and unbroken throughout their whole extent, excepting where the more modern citadels of the Belvedere and the Fortezza da Basso have been inserted; but the towers which rose upon it have generally been demolished, or lowered to the level of the curtain." So Murray's *Handbook* in 1864 (p. 95). At the time when Ruskin wrote, most of the old walls had been, or were being, demolished, and broad new boulevards now occupy their site.]

only by the chimney";[1] and, trust me, you had better consent to so much violation of the secrecy of the domestic hearth, as may prevent you being found one day dead, with your head in the fireplace.[2]

9. Enough of immediate business, for to-day: I must tell you, in closing, a little more of what is being sent to your museum.

By this day's post I send you photographs of two fourteenth-century capitals of the Ducal Palace here.[3] The first is that representing the Virtues; the second, that representing the Sages whose power has been greatest over men. Largitas[4] (Generosity) leads the Virtues; Solomon, the Sages; but Solomon's head has been broken off by recent republican movements in Venice; and his teaching superseded by that of the public press—as "Indi-catore generale"—you see the inscription in beautiful modern bill type, pasted on the pillar.

Above, sits Priscian the Grammarian; and next to him, Aristotle the Logician: whom that in contemplating you may learn the right and calm use of reason, I have to-day given orders to pack, with extreme care, a cast of him,[5] which has been the best ornament of my room here for some weeks; and when you have examined him well, you shall have other casts of other sages. But respecting what I now send,* observe, first,—

10. These capitals being octagonal, are composed each

* Mr. Ward will always be able to provide my readers with copies of the photographs referred to in *Fors;* and will never send bad impressions but I can only myself examine and sign the first four.[6]

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[1] [See Letter 40, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 74).]

[2] [See Letter 61, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 504).]

[3] [The photographs are here reproduced: Plate II. The capitals are the seventh and the seventeenth: see the descriptions of them in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii (Vol. X. pp. 389, 411). A drawing by Ruskin of the latter capital was No. 83 in the exhibition at the Fine Art Society in 1907.]

[4] [Ruskin, in the note on this for his proposed Index, says "*Largitas,* liberality in gift (carelessly translated 'Generosity' in this page)."]

[5] [For the casts of Largitas and Aristotle, see the Catalogue of the Ruskin Museum, Vol. XXX. "Casts of other sages" were not sent; they are represented in the Museum by photographs only.]

[6] [That is, the Four Lesson Photographs: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 625.]

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The Seventh and Seventeenth Capitals of the Ducal Palace.

(The Virtues — The Sages)

of sixteen clusters of leaves, opening to receive eight figure subjects in their intervals; the leaf clusters either bending down at the angles and springing up to sustain the figures (capital No. 1), or bending down under the figures and springing up to the angles (No. 2); and each group of leaves being composed of a series of leaflets divided by the simplest possible undulation of their surface into radiating lobes, connected by central ribs.

Now this system of leaf-division remains in Venice from the foliage of her Greek masters; and the beauty of its consecutive flow is gained by the observance of laws descending from sculptor to sculptor for two thousand years. And the hair which flows down the shoulders of Aristotle, and the divisions of the drapery of his shoulders and of the leaves of his book, are merely fourteenth-century forms of the same art which divided the flowing hair of your Leucothea[1] by those harmonious furrows. Of which you must now learn the structure with closer observance, to which end, in next *Fors*, we will begin our writing and carving lessons again.[2]

[1] [In the second Lesson Photograph: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 574.]
[2] [See Letter 78, §§ 6, 7 (p. 129).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

11. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

The Union Bank of London (Chancery Lane Branch) in Account with St. George's Fund

1877.		*Dr.*	£	s.	d.
Feb.	15.	To Balance	628	13	8
	19.	„ Draft at Douglas (per Mr. E. Rydings), less 1s. 6d., charges	28	18	6
April	3.	„ Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by a "Sheffield Working Man"	0	2	0
	9.	„ Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder"	0	2	6
			£657	16	8

		Cr.	£	s.	d.
April	16.	By Balance	657	16	8

No details have yet reached me of the men's plan at Sheffield;[1] but the purchase of their land may be considered as effected "if the titles are good." No doubt is intimated on this matter; and I think I have already expressed my opinion of the wisdom of requiring a fresh investigation of title on every occasion of the sale of property;[2] so that, as my days here in Venice are surcharged with every kind of anger and indignation already, I will not farther speak at present of the state of British Law.

I receive many letters now from amiable and worthy women, who would be glad to help us, but whose circumstances prevent them from actually joining the society.

If they will compare notes with each other, first of all, on the means to be adopted in order to secure the delivery on demand, for due price, over at least some one counter in the nearest county town, of entirely good fabric of linen, woollen, and silk; and consider *that* task, for the present, their first duty to Heaven and Earth; and speak of it to their friends when they walk by the way, and when they sit down, and when they

[1] [See Letter 76, § 15 (p. 98).]
[2] [See Letter 64, § 22 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 579).]

rise up,[1]—not troubling *me* about it, but determining among themselves that it shall be done,—that is the first help they can give me, and a very great one it will be. I believe myself that they will find the only way is the slow, but simple and sure one, of teaching any girls they have influence or authority over, to spin and weave; and appointing an honest and religious woman for their merchant. If they find any quicker or better way, they are at liberty to adopt it, so long as any machinery employed in their service is moved by water only. And let them re-read, in connection with the gifts and loans reported in this number of *Fors* as made to the Sheffield Museum, the end of *Fors* of September 1874.[2]

12. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I have been pleased, and not a little surprised, by the generally indulgent view expressed by the public, as vocal through its daily press, of the way I have broadcast my fortune.[3] But I wish it always to be remembered that even in what I believe to have been rightly distributed, this manner of lavish distribution is not in the least proposed by me as generally exemplary. It has been compelled in my own case, by claims which were accidental and extraordinary; by the fact that all my father's and mother's relations were comparatively poor,—and the still happier fact that they were all deserving; by my being without family of my own; by my possession of knowledge with respect to the arts which rendered it my duty to teach more than to enjoy, and to bestow at least a tithe of what I collected; and finally by what I conceive to be the unhappy conditions of social disorder temporarily existing around me, involving call no less imperative than that of plague or famine for individual exertion quite distinct from the proper course of the ordinary duty of private persons. My readers and Companions must not therefore be surprised, nor accuse me of inconsistency, when they find me as earnestly enforcing the propriety on their part, in most cases, of living much within their incomes, as contentedly exposing the (hitherto) excess of my expenditure above my own.

13. (III.) A paragraph from *Galignani*, sent me by Fors for her part of cheering comment on the Catholic Epistles:—

"A WESLEYAN MAYOR AND A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool laid on Monday the foundation-stone of a new church at Greenbank, St. Helens. The new building is to accommodate 850 worshippers, and will cost about £10,000. In the evening a banquet was given, and the Mayor of St. Helens, who (the *Liverpool Post* says) is a member of the Wesleyan community, was present. The Bishop proposed the Mayor's health; and the Mayor, in acknowledging the compliment, said that it gave him great pleasure to be present, and he rejoiced with them in the success which had attended their efforts that day—a success which had enabled them to lay the foundation-stone of

[1] [Deuteronomy vi. 7.]
[2] [Letter 45, § 19 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 165–166).]
[3] [See Letter 76, §§ 17–21 (pp. 99–104).]

another church in the town. He rejoiced because he looked upon the various churches of the town as centres of instruction and centres of influence, which tended to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. He was not a Roman Catholic, but he rejoiced in every centre of influence for good, whatever might be the tenets of the Church to which those centres belonged. For the welfare of the town which he had the honour of representing, he felt pleasure in being there that evening; and it would be ungrateful of him, with the feelings which he had for every branch of the Church, if he did not wish his Catholic townsmen God-speed. There was still a vast amount of ignorance to be removed, and the churches were the centres around which the moral influence was to be thrown, and which should gather in the outcasts who had hitherto been left to themselves. He hoped that the church, the foundation-stone of which they had just laid, would be raised with all possible speed, and he wished it God's blessing."

14. St. George and St. John Wesley charge me very earnestly to send their united compliments both to the Bishop, and to the Mayor of Liverpool;[1] but they both beg to observe that a place may be got to hold 850 people comfortably, for less than ten thousand pounds; and recommend the Mayor and Bishop to build the very plainest shelter for the congregation possible. St. George wishes the Bishop to say mass at an altar consisting of one block of Lancashire mountain limestone, on which no tool has been lifted up;[2] and St. John Wesley requests the Mayor to issue orders to the good people of Liverpool to build the walls—since walls are wanted—in pure charity, and with no commission whatever to the architect.[3] No design is needed either for churches or sheepfolds—until the wolf is kept well out. But see next article.

15. (IV.) The most perfect illustration of what is meant by "turning the grace of God into fury"[4] was given me here in Venice during the last Carnival. This grace, St. Paul writes to Titus, "hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God."[5] Now the institution of Lent, before Easter, has the special function of reminding us of such grace; and the institution of Carnival before Lent, as to be pardoned by it, is the turning of such grace into fury. I print on the opposite page, as nearly as I can in facsimile, the bill of Venetian entertainments in St. Mark's Place, in front of St. Mark's Church (certainly, next to the square round the Baptistery of Florence, the most sacred earth in Italy), on the 9th February of this year.[6] And I append translation, accurate I think in all particulars —commending, however, by St. Mark's order, and with his salutation, the careful study of the original to his good servant the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, to the end that the said prelate may not attach

[1] [This is an error; Ruskin means the Mayor of St. Helens.]
[2] [See Deuteronomy xxvii. 5.]
[3] [Compare Letter 21, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 359).]
[4] [Jude 4. See above, § 3.]
[5] [Titus ii. 11–13.]
[6] [For another reference to this bill, see *Memorial Studies of St. Mark's*, § 13 (Vol. XXIV. p. 422).]

GIORNATA V.—*Venerdì* 9 *Febbraio.*

GRAN SABBA

Delle Streghe

Spettacolo portentoso e che farà venir l'aqua alta dal giubilo del Mare—Duecento discendenti legittime delle Maghe di Macbet, si scaraventeranno dalla loro foresta di Birmingan, e con un salto satanico precipiteranno sulla Piazza San Marco prendendola d'assalto da vari punti.—Stridendo, urlando, suonando, cantando, e agitando fuochi che illumineranno tutti i vasti dominii di S.M. Allegra prenderanno d'assalto la Sala del Trono, dove daran principio alle lora danze infernali; quindi vi saranno canti e suoni diabolici e la

GRANDE LOTTA

e combattimento di demonj

finchè il fischio di Satana ordinerà la pace intimando

Un Canto

ED UNA RIDDA INFERNALE

al chiarore di luci fantastiche, fosforiche, da far restar ciechi tutti coloro che sono orbi.

Finalmente la Piazza di S. Marco sarà invasa e completamente illuminata dalle

FIAMME DI BELZEBÙ

Perchè il *Sabba* possa riuscire più completo, si raccomanda a tutti gli spettatori di fischiare durante le *fiamme* come anime dannate.

Su questa serata che farà stupire e fremere gli elementi, non aggiungiamo dettagli, per lasciar ai felici regnicolo di S. M. Pantalone, gustar vergini gli effetti delle più prodigiose sorprese.

too much importance to church-building, while these things are done in front of St. Mark's.

"Day 5th.—*Friday, 9th February.*

"GREAT SABBATH OF THE WITCHES.

"Portentous spectacle, and which will make the water high with rejoicing o the Sea.* Two hundred legitimate descendants of the Witches of Macbeth, wil hurl themselves out of their forest of Birmingan" (Birnam?), "and with a Satani leap will precipitate themselves upon the piazza of St. Mark, taking it by assaul on various points, shrieking, howling, piping, singing, and shaking fires which wil illuminate all the vast dominions of his Joyful Majesty" (the leader of Carnival) "they will carry by assault the saloon of the Throne, where they will begin thei infernal dances. Then there will be diabolic songs and music, and the Grea Wrestling and Combat of Demons, until the whistle of Satan shall order peace intimating a song and infernal 'ridda' (?) by the glare of fantastic phosphori lights, enough to make all remain blind who cannot see. Finally, the piazza o St. Mark will be invaded and completely illuminated by the flames of Beelzebub.

"That the Sabbath may succeed more completely, it is recommended to al the spectators to whistle, during the flames, like damned souls.

"But of this evening, which will astonish the elements, we will add no details in order to leave the happy subjects of his Majesty Pantaloon to taste the virgi impressions of the most prodigious surprises."

16. (V.) I reserve comment on the following announcement[1] (in whic the italics are mine) until I learn what use the Berwick Urban Sanitar Authority mean to put the walls to, after purchasing them:—

"THE WALLS OF BERWICK.—The Berwick 'ramparts' are for sale. The Govern ment has offered to sell a considerable part of them to the Berwick Urban Sanitar Authority; and at a special meeting of that body on Wednesday it was decided t negotiate for the purchase. From an account given of these ramparts by th *Scotsman* it seems that when the town was taken in 1296 by Edward I., the consisted only of wooden palisades, erected on the ridge of a narrow and shallo

* "Let the floods clap their hands," etc.[2]

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[1] [The subject, however, was not resumed. The subsequent history of the wal is given in the following newspaper paragraph:—

"The Board of Works recently leased from Berwick Corporation a section of th old fortifications, including the Bell Tower, the large stone fort fronting the sea and two surviving fragments of the crumbling Edwardian walls. The ground ha been fenced in with metal rails, and for another century the venerable relics of stirring era in our national history will be preserved to posterity and saved fro the ravages of further vandalism.

"The Berwick Historic Monuments Association, with Sir Edward Grey as pres dent, has also been formed for the preservation of the Elizabethan ramparts, an is now engaged in opening out the flankers of the bastions, and clearing away th accumulated rubbish that has marred and obscured them for a long period. The flankers are eight in number, and may be described as open quadrangular cour of masonry measuring about 30 ft. by 90 ft., extending between the curtains an the wings of the bastions, while the fourth side is open towards the main ditch (*Daily Chronicle*, August 24, 1906).]

[2] [Psalms xcviii. 8.]

tch,—so narrow, in fact, that his Majesty cleared both ditch and palisades at a ap, and was the first thus gaily to enter the town. He afterwards caused a deep tch to be dug round the town, and this ditch, when built, was encircled by a one wall. *Robert Bruce, on obtaining possession of Berwick, raised the wall ten feet und,* and this wall was again strengthened by Edward III., after the battle of alidon Hill. *Parts of this wall still exist,* as well as of the castle, which was a rmidable structure founded at a remote date. It is stated to have been rebuilt Henry II., and to have passed out of royal hands in 1303, being subsequently ld by the second Earl of Dunbar to the corporation of Berwick for £320. The rporation dismantled it, and used the stones for building the parish church, lling what they did not require for £109 to an alderman of Berwick, who afterards sold it to the ancestor of Mr. Askew, of Pallinsburn. It was retained that family until the construction of the North British Railway. *A considerle portion of the keep which was then standing, was levelled to the ground, and railway station built upon the site of the main building.* The old fortifications ich joined the castle measured in length 2 miles 282 yards, but in length the esent walls only measure 1¼ mile 272 yards, and are constituted of a rampart earth levelled and faced with stones. There are five bastions, which, with the nparts, were kept garrisoned until 1819, when the guns were removed to Edinburgh stle, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the Radical rioters."

LETTER 78

THE SWORD OF MICHAEL[1]

VENICE, *9th May*, 1877.

1. I SEND to-day, to our Museum, a photograph of anothe capital of the Ducal palace—the chief of all its capitals: the corner-stone of it, on which rests the great angle see in your photograph No. 3:[3] looking carefully, you wil easily trace some of the details of this sculpture, even i that larger general view; for this new photograph, No. 7 shows the same side of the capital.

Representing (this white figure nearest us) LUNA, th Moon, or more properly the Angel of the Moon, holdin her symbol, the crescent, in one hand, and the zodiac sign Cancer in the other,—she herself in her crescent boa floating on the tides,—that being her chief influence o Venice. And note here the difference between heraldi and pictorial symbolism: she holds her small crescent f heraldic bearing, to show you who she is; once that unde stood, her crescent boat is a *picturesque* symbol of the wa her reflected light glides, and traverses, and trembles o

[1] [See below, § 3. "The Ten Modern (or Houndsditch) Commands of Mose and "Houndsditch Moses" (see § 10) were rejected titles for this Letter. Rusk also wrote "Ducal Palace—Leucothea,—and my books in general" on the wrapp of his copy of the Letter as a summary of its contents.]

[2] [Plate III.; the eighteenth capital. For Ruskin's earlier and fuller descripti of it, see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. §§ 106–115 (Vol. X. pp. 412–416). S also No. 131 in the Reference Series at Oxford: Vol. XXI. p. 39 *n.*]

[3] [Not to be confused with the "Lesson Photographs," which were separate numbered 1-4. The series 1-12 here referred to consisted of photographs sent the Museum from Venice. Nos. 8–12 are described below, pp. 130–131. No. 3 h not been mentioned before, nor are Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 identified in *Fors*. The i scription of the church of St. James (see above, p. 99) was perhaps No. 1. Nos. 3, and 4 were probably general views of the Ducal Palace and the Pillars of t Piazzetta (described above, pp. 61–62). Nos. 5 and 6 must have been the phot graphs of the two capitals described in the last Letter (p. 117). This corner of t Palace—the "Fig-tree Angle"—is shown in Ruskin's drawing of 1869; Plate H Vol. X. (p. 358).]

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The Eighteenth Capital of the Ducal Palace.

(The Moon and God Creating Man)

he waves. You see also how her thin dress is all in aves; and the water ripples under her boat so gaily, that sets all the leaf below rippling too. The *next* leaf, you bserve, does not ripple.

2. Next to the Angel of the Moon, is the Angel of e planet Jupiter,—the symbol of the power of the Father Zeus, Pater) in creation. He lays his hand on the image f Man; and on the ledge of stone, under the iron bar bove his head, you may decipher, beginning at the whitest ot on the exactly nearest angle,—these letters:

D (written like a Q upside down) E L I; then a crack reaks off the first of the three legs of M; then comes O, nd another crack; then D S A D A (the A is seen in e light, a dancing or pirouetting A on one leg); then) E C O, up to the edge of Jupiter's nimbus; passing ver his head, you come on the other side to S T A F O, nd a ruinous crack, carrying away two letters, only re-laceable by conjecture; the inscription then closing with V I T 7 E V A. The figure like a numeral 7 is, in l the Ducal Palace writing, short for E T, so that now utting the whole in order, and adding the signs of con-action hidden by the iron bar, we have this legend:

"DE LIMO DS ADĀ DE COSTA FO**AVIT ET EVĀ;"

r, in full,

"De limo Dominus Adam, de costa formavit et Evam."
"From the clay the Lord made Adam, and from the rib, Eve."

Both of whom you see imaged as standing above the apital, in photograph No. 3.

3. And above these, the Archangel Michael, with his ame written on the cornice above him—ĀCANGEL . IICHAEL; the Archangel being written towards the iazzetta, and Michael, larger, towards the sea; his robe is asped by a brooch in the form of a rose, with a small ross in its centre; he holds a straight sword, of real

bronze, in his right hand, and on the scroll in his le is written:

"ENSE
BONOS
TEGO
MALORV̄
CRIMINA
PURGO."

"WITH MY SWORD, I GUARD THE GOOD, AND PURG THE CRIMES OF THE EVIL."

Purge—not punish; so much of purgatorial doctrir being engraved on this chief angle of the greater counc chamber of the Senate.[1]

Of all such inscription, modern Venice reads no mor and of such knowledge, asks no more. To guard the goc is no business of hers now: "is not one man as good another?" and as to angelic interference, "must not eve one take care of himself?" To purify the evil;—"b what!—are the days of religious persecution returned, ther And for the old story of Adam and Eve,[2]—don't we kno better than that!" No deciphering of the old letters, ther fore, any more; but if you observe, here are new ones the capital, more to the purpose. Your Modern Archang Uriel[3]—standing in the Sun—provides you with the adve tisement of a Photographic establishment, FOTOGRAFI *this* decoration, alone being in letters as large, you see, the wreath of leafage round the neck of the pillar. Anoth bill—farther round the shaft—completes the effect; and your leisure you can compare the beautiful functions ar forms of the great modern art of Printing, with the ancie rude ones of engraving.

4. Truly, it is by this modern Archangel Uriel's hel that I can show you pictures of all these pretty things,

[1] [Compare *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. pp. 359–363).]
[2] [Compare *Mornings in Florence,* § 124 (Vol. XXIII. p. 416 *n.*).]
[3] [Uriel (the fourth Archangel: 2 Esdras iv. 36), "the Light of God," rege of the sun.]

heffield;—but by whose help do you think it is that you ave no real ones at Sheffield, to see instead? Why haven't ou a Ducal Palace of your own, without need to have the eauties of one far away explained to you? Bills enough ou have,—stuck in variously decorative situations; public uildings also—but do you take any pleasure in them? and e you never the least ashamed that what little good there ay be in them, every poor flourish of their cast iron, every ead moulding on a shop front, is borrowed from Greece Venice: and that if you got all your best brains in Shefeld, and best hands, to work, with that sole object, you uldn't carve such another capital as this which the photoapher has stuck his bill upon?

You don't believe that, I suppose. Well,—you will lieve, and know, a great deal more, of supreme serviceleness to you, if ever you come to believe and know that. ut you can only come to it slowly, and after your "charter" has been much "improved,"—as you see Mr. Goldwin nith desires it to be (see the third article of Correondence). To-day you shall take, if you will, a step or two wards such improvement, with Leucothea's help—white ddess of sea foam,[1] and the Sun-Angel's help—in our sson-Photograph No. 1.[2] With your patience, we will w try if anything "is to be seen in it."[3]

5. You see at all events that the hair in every figure is rminated by severely simple lines externally, so as to make proximately round balls, or bosses, of the heads; also at it is divided into minute tresses from the crown of the ad downwards; bound round the forehead by a double let, and then, in the head-dress of the greater Goddess, capes into longer rippling tresses, whose lines are continued the rippling folds of the linen sleeve below.

[1] [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 76 (Vol. XXIV. p. 267).]

[2] [See Plate V. in Vol. XXVIII. (p. 574). The "Leucothea" had, however, n numbered as the Second Lesson Photograph, because it was the second selected Ruskin (*ibid.*, pp. 574, 625). Yet on p. 626 he calls it, as here, "the first"—t is, in historical order.]

[3] [See Letter 69, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 698).]

Farther, one of these longer tresses, close behind the ea parts from the others, and falls forward, in front of tl right shoulder.

Now take your museum copy of my *Aratra Pentelic* and, opposite § 67,[1] you will find a woodcut,* giving yo the typical conception of the Athena of Athens at the tim of the battle of Marathon. You see precisely the sam disposition of the hair; but she has many tresses instead one, falling in front of her shoulders; and the minute cur above her brow are confined by a close cap, that her helm may not fret them. Now, I have often told you th everything in Greek myths is primarily a physical,—second and chiefly a moral—type.[2] This is first, the Goddess the air, secondly and chiefly, celestial inspiration, guidin *deed;* specially those two deeds of weaving, and righteo war, which you practise at present, both so beautifully, " the interests of England."[3]

Those dark tresses of hair, then, physically, are the da tresses of the clouds;—the spots and serpents of her æg hail and fire;—the soft folds of her robe, descending rai In her spiritual power, all these are the Word of Go spoken either by the thunder of His Power,[4] or as the sc rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon t grass.[5] Her spear is the strength of sacred deed, and h helmet, the hope of salvation.[6]

You begin now to take some little interest in the ripplings of the leaves under the Venetian Lady of Moo light, do not you? and in that strangely alike Leucoth sedent there two thousand years before that peaceful mo

* I place copies of this cut in Mr. Ward's hands, for purchase by read who have not access to *Aratra.*

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[1] [See Vol. XX. p. 242 (Plate IV.).]
[2] [See the *Queen of the Air,* § 2 (Vol. XIX. p. 296).]
[3] [See Letter 74, § 16 (above, p. 46).]
[4] [Job xxvi. 14.]
[5] [See Deuteronomy xxxii. 2.]
[6] [1 Thessalonians v. 8.]

rose on Venice; and that, four hundred years before our "Roaring moon"[1] rose on *us*.

6. But farther. Take a very soft pencil, and touching very lightly, draw lines on the photograph between the ripples of the hair, thus: and you will find that the distances 1–2, 2–3, 3–4, etc., first diminish gradually, and then increase;—that the lines 1, 2, 3, etc., radiate from the slope of the fillet, gradually, till they become horizontal at the shoulder; and lastly, that the whole group first widens and then diminishes, till the tress farthest back losing itself altogether, and the four nearest us hiding behind the shoulder, the fullest one, set for contrast beside the feeblest, dies away in delicate rippling over the shoulder line.

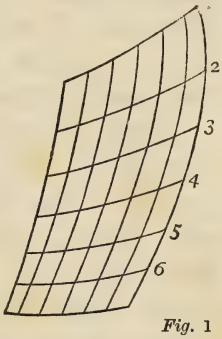


Fig. 1

Now, sketch with a soft pencil such a little diagram of all this, as the figure above; and then, take your pen, and try to draw the lines of the curved tresses within their rectangular limits. And if you don't "see a little more in" Leucothea's hair before you have done,—you shall tell me, and we'll talk more about it.

Supposing, however, that you do begin to see more in it, when you have finished your drawing, look at the plate opposite § 119 in *Aratra*,[2] and read with care the six paragraphs 115–120. Which having read, note this farther,—the disorder of the composition of the later art in Greece is the sign of the coming moral and physical ruin of Greece; but through and under all her ruin, the art which submitted itself to religious law survived as a remnant; unthought of, but immortal, and nourished its little flock, day by day, till Byzantium rose out of it, and then Venice. And that flowing hair of the Luna was in truth sculptured

[1] [Tennyson, "Prefatory Sonnet" to the *Nineteenth Century:* see Letter 76, § 3 (84).]
[2] [See Vol. XX., Plate VIII., and pp. 277–281.]

by the sacred power of the ghosts of the men who carved the Leucothea.

You must be patient enough to receive some further witness of this, before our drawing lesson ends for to-day.

7. You see that drapery at Leucothea's knee. Take a sheet of thin note-paper: fold it (as a fan is folded) into sharp ridges; but straight down the sheet, from end to end. Then cut it across, from corner to corner, fold either half of it up again, and you have the root of all Greek, Byzantine, and Etruscan pendent drapery.

Try, having the root thus given you, first to imitate that simple bit of Leucothea's, and then the complex ones, ending in the tasselled points, of Athena's robe in the woodcut. Then, take a steel pen, and just be good enough to draw the edges of those folds;—every one, you see, taken up in order duly, and carried through the long sweeping curves up to the edge of the ægis at her breast. Try to do that yourself, with your pen-point, and then, remember that the Greek workman did it with his brush-point, designing as he drew, and that on the convex surface of a vase,—and you will begin to see what Greek vases are worth, and why they are so.

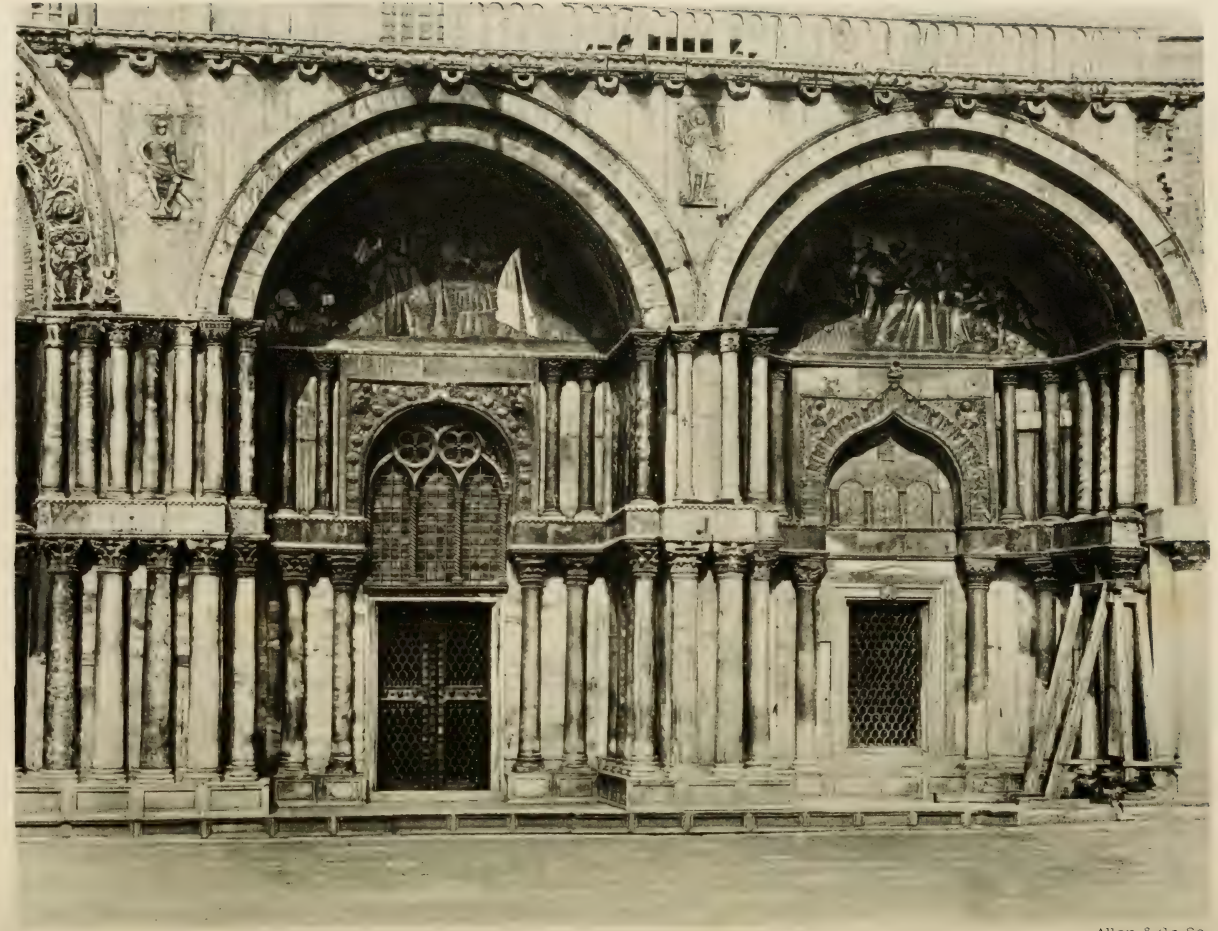
Then lastly, take your photograph No. 10 *b*,[1] which is the flank of a door of St. Mark's, with a prophet bearing a scroll, in the midst of vineleaf ornament:—and look at the drapery of the one on the left where it falls in the last folds behind his foot.

Athena's sacred robe, you see, still!—and here no vague reminiscence, as in the Luna, but absolutely pure Greek tradition, kept for two thousand years,—for this decoration is thirteenth-century work, by Greek, not Venetian, artists.

8. Also I send other photographs, now completing your series to the twelfth, namely—

No. 8. Entire west front of St. Mark's, as it stood

[1] [This was a photograph showing part of the door on the left of the central one, as the spectator faces the front. The detail here described is well shown in the engraving on Plate VI. in *Stones of Venice,* vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 115).]



Allen & Co. Sc.

The Southern Porches of the West Front of St. Mark's

(1877)

in the fifteenth century; from Gentile Bellini's picture of it.

No. 9. Entire west front, as it stands now.

No. 10. The two northern of the five porches of the west front, as it is.

No. 11. The two southern porches of the west front, as it is now.[1]

No. 12. Central porch of the west front, as it is now. The greater part of this west front is yet uninjured, except by time, since its mosaics were altered in the sixteenth century. But you see in No. 11 that some pillars of the southern porch are in an apparently falling condition; propped by timbers. They were all quite safe ten years ago; they have been brought into this condition by the restorations on the south side, and so left: the whole porch was therefore boarded across the front of it during the whole of this last winter; and the boards used for bill-sticking, like the pillars of the Ducal Palace. I thought it worth while to take note of the actual advertisements which were pasted on the palings over the porch, on Sunday, the 4th of March of this year (see next page): two sentences were written in English instead of Italian by the friend who copied them for me.

Such are the modern sacred inscriptions and divine instructions presented to the Venetian people by their church of St. Mark.[2] What its ancient inscriptions and perennial advertisements were, you shall read in *St. Mark's Rest*,[3] if you will, with other matters appertaining to ancient times.

9. With none others do I ask you to concern yourselves; nor can I enough wonder at the intense stupidity and obstinacy with which the public journals speak of all

[1] [Plate IV., reproduced from the photograph in question. For Gentile Bellini's picture of the West Front (No. 8), see Plate XLVI. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 164); for Bunney's picture of the West Front (corresponding to No. 9), see Plate C in Vol. X. (p. 82); for Ruskin's drawing of the North-West Portico (partly corresponding to No. 10), Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

[2] [Compare Appendix 25 ("Romanist Decoration of Bases") in vol. i. of *Stones of Venice* (Vol. IX. p. 472).]

[3] [See chs. viii., ix. (Vol. XXIV. pp. 282–334).]

CASA OMNIA

ED AGENZIE REUNITE.

For Information on all matters of Commercial Enterprise, Speculation, &c., &c.

SALA DI EVANGELIZZAZIONE,

CHIESA EVANGELICA,

Avra luogo una Pubblico Conferenza sul sequente soggetto.

LA VERA CHIESA.

VILLE DE NICE.

SOCIÉTÉ DE BEAUX ARTS.

EXPOSITION DE PEINTURE ET SCULPTURE.

SOCIETÀ NAZIONALE ITALIANA,

EMISSIONE 1866.

PRESTITO E PREMI.

Tickets 1 lire.

THOSE WHO BUY 10 WILL RECEIVE 11.

DENTI.

NON PIÙ ESTRAZIONE, SICURA GUARIGIONE.

CALLE DEI SPECCHIERIE.

---

10 *LIRE DI MANCIA.*

PERDUTÁ UNA

CAGNOLINA,

COLORE CANNELLA COLLE ORECCHIE PIUTOSTO LUNGE.

I am trying to teach and to do, as if I were making a *new* experiment in St. George's Company; while the very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an "experiment";* but the re-declaration and re-doing of things known and practised successfully since Adam's time.

Nothing new, I tell you,—how often am I to thrust this in your ears? Is the earth new, and its bread? Are the plough and sickle new in men's hands? Are Faith and Godliness new in their hearts? Are common human charity and courage new? By God's grace, lasting yet, one sees, in miners' hearts, and sailors'. Your political cowardice is new, and your public rascality, and your blasphemy, and your equality, and your science of Dirt.[1] New in their insolence and rampant infinitude of egotism—not new in one idea, or in one possibility of good.

10. Modern usury is new, and the abolition of usury laws; but the law of Fors as old as Sinai. Modern divinity with—not so much as a lump of gold—but a clot of mud, for its god, is new; but the theology of Fors as old as Abraham. And generally the modern Ten Commandments are new:[2]—"Thou shalt have any other god but me. Thou shalt worship every beastly imagination on earth and under

* The absurd endeavours of modern rhymesters and republicans with which St. George's work is so often confounded, came to water, because they *were* new, and because the rhyming gentlemen thought themselves wiser than their fathers.[3]

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[1] [Compare Letter 75, § 22 (Gospel of Dirt): above, p. 78.]

[2] [Here in his notes for Index Ruskin writes, "Decalogue, Modern, complete form of (compare the first sketch of it by Arthur Clough)," the reference being to "The Latest Decalogue" in Clough's *Poems* (1869, p. 186). Clough does not reverse the commandments (as is here done in the text), but his points appealed strongly to Ruskin; as, for instance—

> "Thou shalt not steal; an empty feat,
> When it's so lucrative to cheat . . .
> Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
> Approves all forms of competition."

The last two lines are quoted in *A Joy for Ever*, § 185 *n.* (Vol. XVI. p. 169).]

[3] [Ruskin seems to refer to the anti-monarchical Corn Law rhymes of Ebenezer Elliott (see above, p. 39), and perhaps to the abortive communistic schemes of Robert Owen, socialist and philanthropist (1771–1858).]

it. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain to mock the poor, for the Lord will hold him guiltless who rebukes and gives not; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it profane; thou shalt dishonour thy father and thy mother; thou shalt kill, and kill by the million, with all thy might and mind and wealth spent in machinery for multifold killing; thou shalt look on every woman to lust after her; thou shalt steal, and steal from morning till evening,—the evil from the good, and the rich from the poor;* thou shalt live by continual lying in million-fold sheets of lies; and covet thy neighbour's house, and country, and wealth, and fame, and everything that is his." And finally, by word of the Devil, in short summary, through Adam Smith, "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye hate one another."[1]

11. Such, my Sheffield, and elsewhere remaining friends, are the developed laws of your modern civilization; not, you will find, whatever their present freshness, like to last in the wear. But the old laws (which alone *Fors* teaches you) are not only as old as Sinai, but much more stable. Heaven and its clouds, earth and its rocks, shall pass; but these shall not pass away.[2] Only in *their* development, and full assertion of themselves, they will assuredly appear active in new directions, and commandant of new duties or abstinences; of which that simple one which we stopped

* Stealing by the poor from the rich is of course still forbidden, and even in a languid way by the poor from the poor; but every form of theft, forbidden and approved, is practically on the increase.

Just as I had finished writing this modern Decalogue, my gondolier, Piero Mazzini, came in for his orders. His daughter is, I believe, dying of a brain disease, which was first brought on by fright, when his house was broken into last year, and all he had in it carried off. I asked him what the new doctor said, knowing one had been sent for. The new doctor said "he had been called too late; but the girl must have a new medicine, which would cost a franc the dose."

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[1] [Compare Letter 79, § 1 (p. 146), for what Ruskin (in his note for Index) calls a "more complete form" of the new Commandment; and for Adam Smith, see Letter 62, § 6 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 516).]

[2] [Compare Matthew xxiv. 35.]

at in last *Fors*,[1]—"Let him that stole steal no more"[2]—will be indeed a somewhat astonishing abstinence to a great many people, when they see it persisted in by others, and therefore find themselves compelled to think of it, however unwillingly, as perhaps actually some day imperative also on themselves.

When I gave you in *Fors*, April, 1871,[3] the little sketch of the pillaging of France by Edward III. before the battle of Crécy, a great many of my well-to-do friends said, "Why does he print such things? they will only do mischief!"—meaning, they would open the eyes of the poor a little to some of the mistaken functions of kings. I had previously given (early enough at my point, you see), that sketch of the death of Richard I., *Fors*, March, 1871,[4] differing somewhat from the merely picturesque accounts of it, and Academy pictures, in that it made you clearly observe that Richard got his death from Providence, not as a king, but as a burglar. Which is a point to be kept in mind when you happen any day to be talking about Providence.

12. Again. When Mr. Greg so pleasantly showed in the *Contemporary Review* how benevolent the rich were in drinking champagne, and how wicked the poor were in drinking beer, you will find that in *Fors* of Dec., 1875,[5] I requested him to supply the point of economical information which he had inadvertently overlooked,—how the champagne drinker had *got* his champagne. The poor man, drunk in an ungraceful manner though he be, has yet worked for his beer—and does but drink his wages. I asked, of course, for complete parallel of the two cases,—what work the rich man had done for *his* sparkling beer; and how it came to pass that *he* had got so much higher

[1] [Letter 77, § 3 (p. 111).]
[2] [Ephesians iv. 28.]
[3] [Letter 4, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 72).]
[4] [Letter 3, § 14 (*ibid.*, pp. 58–59).]
[5] [Letter 60, but in this edition the passage (reprinted in *Fors* from an earlier paper) is not there repeated: see for it Vol. XVII. p. 561.]

wages, that he could put them, unblamed, to that benevolent use. To which question, you observe, Mr. Greg has never ventured the slightest answer.

13. Nor has Mr. Fawcett, you will also note, ventured one word of answer to the questions put to him in *Fors*, October, 1872; June, 1872; November, 1871;[1] and to make sure he dared not, I challenged him privately, as I did the Bishop of Manchester,[2] through my Oxford Secretary. Not a word can either of them reply. For, indeed, you will find the questions are wholly unanswerable, except by blank confessions of having, through their whole public lives, the one definitely taught, and the other, in cowardice, permitted the acceptance of, the great Devil's law of Theft by the Rich from the Poor, in the two terrific forms either of buying men's tools, and making them pay for the loan of them—(Interest)—or buying men's lands, and making them pay for the produce of them—(Rent). And it is the abstinence from these two forms of theft, which St. Paul first requires of every Christian, in saying, "Let him that stole, steal no more."[3]

14. And in this point, your experiment at Sheffield *is* a new one. It will be the first time, I believe, in which the landlord (St. George's Company, acting through its Master) takes upon himself the Ruler's unstained authority, —the literal function of the Shepherd who is *no* Hireling, and who *does* care for the sheep,[4] and not count them only for their flesh and fleece.[5] And if you will look back to the last chapter of *Munera Pulveris*, and especially to its definition of Royal Mastership,—or the King's, as separated

[1] [Letters 22, §§ 8, 14; 18, §§ 15-19; and 11, §§ 8-10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 378, 381, 316-318, 187-189. For Fawcett's refusal of the challenge, see *ibid.*, p. 378 *n.*]

[2] [See above, p. 95.]

[3] [Ephesians iv. 28.]

[4] [John x. 11, 12.]

[5] [A passage in Ruskin's diary shows the inspiration under which he wrote:—

> "*May* 21.—Yesterday found in St. Mark's the Duke and his People, and had a glorious hour, in the quiet gallery, with the service going on —I alone up there, and the message by the words of the old mosaicist given me; and found, returning home, that the Sheffield men had accepted my laws, and wrote to them in return that they should stand rentless."

For the mosaic referred to, see *St. Mark's Rest*, § 113 (Vol. XXIV. p. 296).]

rom the Hireling's, or Usurer's, § 147; and read what ollows, of Mastership expectant of Death, § 152,[1]—you will ee both what kind of laws you will live under; and also ow long these had been determined in my mind, before I ad the least thought of being forced myself to take any ction in their fulfilment. For indeed I knew not, till this ery last year in Venice, whether some noble of England ight not hear and understand in time, and take upon imself Mastership and Captaincy in this sacred war: but nal sign has just been given me that this hope is vain;[2] nd on looking back over the preparations made for all ese things in former years—I see it must be my own sk, with such strength as may be granted me, to the nd. For in rough approximation of date nearest to the ompletion of the several pieces of my past work, as they e built one on the other,—at twenty, I wrote *Modern ainters;* at thirty, the *Stones of Venice;* at forty, *Unto is Last;* at fifty, the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and—if *ors Clavigera* is ever finished as I mean—it will mark e mind I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh y of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in bstance, completed.

Modern Painters taught the claim of all lower nature on e hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a rt of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid u to do, to dress the earth and keep it,[3] I am fulfilling hat I then began. The *Stones of Venice* taught the laws constructive Art, and the dependence of all human work edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the work-an. *Unto this Last* taught the laws of that life itself, d its dependence on the Sun of Justice: the Inaugural xford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and e gracious laws of beauty and labour recognized, by the

[1] [Vol. XVII. pp. 269, 275.]
[2] [The reference is, no doubt, to the resignation of the first Trustees of George's Guild (Mr. Cowper-Temple and Sir Thomas Acland): see § 17.]
[3] [Genesis ii. 15. See *Modern Painters,* vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 13).]

upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; an lastly *Fors Clavigera* has declared the relation of these t each other, and the only possible conditions of peace an honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in th holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythi cally nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chain under darkness to the judgment of the great day:[2] and i keeping which service is perfect freedom,[3] and inheritanc of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, an an immortal Father to His children.

15. This, then, is the message, which, knowing no mor as I unfolded the scroll of it, what next would be writte there, than a blade of grass knows what the form of it fruit shall be, I have been led on year by year to speak even to this its end.

And now it seems to me, looking back over the variou fragments of it written since the year 1860, *Unto th Last*, *Time and Tide*, *Munera Pulveris*, and *Eagle's Nes* together with the seven years' volumes[4] of *Fors Clavigere* that it has been clearly* enough and repeatedly enoug spoken for those who will hear: and that, after suc indexed summary of it as I may be able to give in th remaining numbers of this seventh volume,[5] I should se aside this political work as sufficiently done; and enter int my own rest, and your next needed service, by completin the bye-law books of Botany and Geology[6] for St. George

* The complaints of several of my friends that they cannot understan me lead me the more to think that I am multiplying words in vain. I a perfectly certain that if they once made the resolution that nothing shoul stay them from doing right when they once knew what the right wa they would understand me fast enough.[7]

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[1] [See above, p. 111.]
[2] [Jude 6.]
[3] [Prayer-book; the Second Collect, for Peace. See *Seven Lamps*, ch. vii. § (Vol. VIII. p. 249).]
[4] [Of the original edition.]
[5] [Compare above, p. 13.]
[6] [*Proserpina* and *Deucalion*.]
[7] [Ruskin in his copy marks this as "the most solemn note."]

hools, together with so much law of art as it may be ›ssible to explain or exhibit, under the foul conditions of e age.

16. Respecting all these purposes, here are some words Plato's,[1] which reverently and thankfully adopting also r my own, I pray you to read thoughtfully, and abide y:—

"Since, then, we are going to establish laws; and there have been osen by us guardians of these laws, and we ourselves are in the sunset life, and these guardians are young in comparison of us, we must at the ne time write the laws themselves; and, so far as possible, make these osen keepers of them able to write laws also, when there shall be need. d therefore we will say to them, 'Oh our friends, saviours of law, we leed, in all matters concerning which we make law, shall leave many ngs aside unnoticed: how can it be otherwise? Nevertheless, in the al system, and in what is chief of its parts, we will not leave, to the st of our power, anything that shall not be encompassed by strict out-e, as with a painter's first determination of his subject within some exact iit. This line, then, that we have drawn round, it will be for you after-rds to fill. And to what you must look, and keep for ever in your w as you complete the body of law, it behoves you to hear. For, indeed, e Spartan Megillus, and the Cretan Clinias, and I, Athenian, have many time agreed on this great purpose among ourselves; but now we would e you our disciples to feel with us also, looking to the same things to ich we have consented with each other that the lawgiver and law-ardian should look. And this consent of ours was in one great sum and d of all purposes: namely, that a man should be made good, having e virtues of soul which belong to a man; and that whatever occupations, atever disciplines, whatever possessions, desires, opinions, and instruc-ns, contribute to this end, whether in male or female, young or old, all that dwell together in our state, those, with all zeal, are to be ointed and pursued through the whole of life: and as for things other n such, which are impediments to virtue, that no soul in the state shall w itself as prizing or desiring them. And this shall be so finally and rnly established, that if it became impossible to maintain the city, so ered, in the presence of its enemies, then its inhabitants should rather ose to leave their city for ever, and bear any hardship in exile, than mit to any yoke put on them by baser men, or change their legislation any other which would make them baser themselves. This was the y head and front of all that we consented in, to which we would, now, t you our disciples looking also, should praise or blame the laws we e made; such of them as have no real power to this noble end, reject; such as contribute to it, salute; and affectionately receiving them, e in them; but to all other way of life leading to anything else than h good, you must bid farewell.'"

[1] [*Laws*, vi. 770.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

17. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

The quite justifiable, but—in my absence from England—very inco venient, hesitation of our trustees to re-invest any part of our capital witho ascertaining for themselves the safety of the investment, has retarded t completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale: and the explanations which, n that the Company is actually beginning its work, I felt it due to our truste to give, more clearly than heretofore, of its necessary methods of acti respecting land, have issued in the resignation of our present trustees, wi the immediately resulting necessity that the estate of Abbey-dale should vested in me only until I can find new trustees. I have written at on to the kind donor of our land in Worcestershire,[1] and to other frien requesting them to undertake the office. But this important and diffic business, coming upon me just as I was in the midst of the twelfth-centu divinity of the mosaics of St. Mark's, will, I hope, be sufficient apology to r readers for the delay in the publication of the present number of *Fors.* have, however, myself guaranteed the completion of the purchase of Abbe dale to the owner: and as, God willing, I shall be at home now in a fortnigh will get the estate vested under new trustees with utmost speed. I specting the future tenants of it, I have pleasant intelligence, but do r care to be hasty in statement of so important matters.[3]

18. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I do not suppose that any of my readers—but there is chance that so who hear and talk of me *without* reading me—will fancy that I have beg to be tired of my candour in exposition of personal expenses. Nothing wo amuse me more, on the contrary, than a complete history of what the l six months have cost me; but it would take me as long to write that, an account of the theology of St. Mark's,[4] which I am minded to give t time to instead, as a more important matter; and, for the present, to ce talk of myself. The following statement, by Miss Hill, of the nature a value of the property which I intend to make over next year to the

[1] [Mr. George Baker, who accepted the office of trustee; the other new trus was Mr. Q. Talbot: see Letter 79, § 14 (p. 164).]

[2] [Ruskin reached home, after a winter and spring spent in Venice, on June 1877. A month later he went to see Mr. Baker at Birmingham.]

[3] [For later references, see pp. 207, 273, and Vol. XXX.]

[4] [In ch. viii. of the Third Part of *St. Mark's Rest,* which was issued in J 1879.]

orge's Company[1] is more clear than I could before give; and I am sure at at least *this* portion of the Society's property will be rightly managed them.

"The houses owned by Mr. Ruskin in Paradise Place are three in number. They held of the Duke of Portland, under a lease of which forty-one years are unpired. The houses are subject to a ground-rent of £4 each. Mr. Ruskin invested 00 at first in these houses. About £160 of this sum has been repaid out of the plus rents, and has been by his desire reinvested in the Temperance Building ciety, 4, Ludgate Hill. It stands for convenience of management in his name and own, but is of course all his. He has more than once expressed his wish that should some day be employed again for a similar purpose as at first; but that is him to determine. The remainder of the capital, £640, bears interest at five cent. Every year the capital in the houses, of course, decreases; that in the mperance Building Society increases. The latter bears a varying rate of interest; has not amounted to five per cent. for some years. The investment can be altered a month's notice is at any time given.

"Mr. Ruskin's other property in Marylebone is freehold. It consists of one use in the Marylebone Road, and five in Freshwater Place, besides a small open ce used as a play-ground. The capital invested was £2880, and bears interest five per cent. Mr. Ruskin has directed me to expend £84 of this money yearly any good object I have in hand for the benefit of the poor; and the first ment in accordance with this desire of his has just been made. During the rs he has owned the property previously, the entire five per cent. has always n paid direct to him.

"Mr. Ruskin last year asked me to take charge of a house of which he holds lease in Paddington Street.[2] I have not had the care of it long enough to be e how it will answer; but as no capital was, as far as I know, expended, and rent to the ground landlord is considerable, I shall be well satisfied if it is irely self-supporting, which I quite hope it may be.

"OCTAVIA HILL.

"*6th April*, 1877."

19. (III.) "PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AT READING.—There was a large and hionable gathering on Wednesday afternoon at the opening of the Victoria Hall, ding, a new public building, with club rooms *en suite*, erected at the east end the town, for the purpose of affording means of recreation to this rapidly-inasing neighbourhood. The inaugural address was delivered by Professor Goldwin ith, who is a native and was a former resident in the town:—

"'The learned gentleman commented upon the marvellous changes that had en place in Reading since he was a boy. A crisis had arrived in the history the British Empire, and whether England would successfully surmount it not would *depend mainly upon the character of the working men.* The growth of alth during the twenty years preceding 1872 had been something marvellous l beyond all previous experience. There had been nothing in the commercial tory of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare h the mass of opulence of England of the present day,'—(*e.g.*, nobody can have tter for their children's bread: see next article[3]). 'The speaker then proceeded review the causes of this vast prosperity, to see if they were such as could nly be relied upon, or whether it was merely a transitory flow of wealth. In

[1] [See above, p. 102; and below, pp. 354–360.]
[2] [The house that had been used as a tea-shop: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 204.]
[3] [See also, for other references to this passage, Letters 79, 80, 81 (pp. 152, 2, 204).]

part, the sources of wealth were due to the fortunate position of England, tl great variety of its mineral and other resources, and, above all, *the steady, energet and industrious character of her working men'* (not in the least, you observe, that of their masters; who have nevertheless got the wealth, have not they, M Smith?). 'In part, the sources of wealth were accidental and transitory. Tl close of the great wars of Napoleon left England the only manufacturing a almost the only maritime power in the world. The manufactures of other countri were destroyed by the desolating inroads of war, and their mercantile marine w almost swept from the seas. Add to these facts that England was the banker the world, and they would understand the great source of England's wealth. Tl wars were, however, now over, and other nations were entering into competitio and now this country had formidable rivals in Germany and Belgium and on tl other side of the Atlantic, and they must expect them to take their own part having manufactories, though it would be possible for England to open up ne countries for produce. England must expect competitors, too, in her carrying trad and they all knew that the bank of the world went where the principal trac was done. In the middle of the last century the bank of the world was Amsterdam. They must expect, therefore; that some of the accidental and tra sitory sources of superiority would pass away. All the more necessary was it ther fore that *the main source of prosperity, the character of the workmen,* should rema unimpaired. It was impossible to say that there were not dangers threatening tl character of the working men, for the rapid increase of ('their masters') wealt with the sudden rise of wages, had exposed them to many temptations. It was no use being censorious. The upper classes of the land had, for the most par spent their large wealth in enjoyments suited to their tastes' (as for instance,- Mr. Smith?), 'and they must not be surprised that working men should act lik wise, though their taste might not be so refined. It was appalling to see ho large an amount of wages was spent in drink. *The decay of the industrial classes England would be disastrous to her in proportion to her previous prosperity,* becau the past had of course increased the population of England to an enormous exten and should the wealth and industry of the land pass away, this vast mass woul become a population of penury and suffering. Mr. Goldwin Smith went on to sa that he understood that the present institution had this object in view: to dra away the artisan from places where he was tempted to indulgences, to places more rational entertainment, and where the same temptations would not sprea their snares before him. He expressed his sympathy with the moral crusade mov ment instituted by the teetotalers, but he doubted the efficacy of restrictive legi lation on this subject. The Anglo-American race was an exceedingly tempera people, and the restrictive measures adopted in some parts of the country we rather the expression than the cause of temperance, but their effect in restrainin the habits of the intemperate was not very great. In proof of this he quoted tl effect of the Drunken Act of Canada, a permissive measure which had been adopte in Prince Edward's County. He was ready enough, he had told his friends i Canada, to co-operate in favour of strong measures if they could show him the was a desperate emergency, and in his judgment the only one way to preve liquor being drunk was to prevent it being made; but if they simply wished t harass the retail trade, they would have a constant amount of contrabandism an habitual violation of the law. Therefore he had not that confidence that man good and wise men had in restrictive legislation, though he could sympathise wit their aim. They could all concur, however, in removing temptation out of th way of the working men and providing counter attractions, and that he understoo was their object in erecting the present building. A man who had been workin all day must have some enjoyment, and they should provide it as best suited t the taste' (in the next article the public are required to accommodate their tast to the nutriment); 'and, therefore, as these were the objects of the present estal lishment, they deserved hearty sympathy and support.'

"A fancy fair was then opened, which will extend over three days, in aid the objects of the institution."

20. (IV.) "ADULTERATED BUTTER.—The manufacture of those unpleasant com-ounds, 'butterine,' 'margarine,' and their congeners, is, we hear, making rapid pro-ress. Indeed, there seems a dismal probability that these objectionable compounds ill soon almost entirely supersede the genuine article in the market. To a large xtent, the public will be absolutely compelled by circumstances *to accommodate heir tastes to this new form of nutriment.* They may be quite ready to pay, as at resent, 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb. for the best Devonshire or Aylesbury, but the option ill no longer remain in their hands. Here is the *modus operandi* by which a alevolent fate is compassing the perpetual nausea of butter *gourmets.* To manu-acture butterine and margarine, the first step is to obtain a supply of real butter. his must be of the finest quality. Inferior descriptions do not sufficiently disguise e rank flavour of the fat which forms about nine-tenths of the manufactured rticle. Having procured a sufficient quantity of prime Devonshire, the manufac-irer next proceeds to amalgamate it with beef-fat, until he has obtained a product arvellously resembling pure butter. This nasty stuff costs about 6d. per lb., and e manufacturer, therefore, makes a handsome profit by retailing it at from 10d. 1s. per lb. to that large class of the community which believes in the saving fficacy of small economies. The quantity of first-class butter in the market is rictly limited, and is incapable of being increased. Already the demand almost atruns the supply, as is proved by the high price commanded by such descriptions the market. What, then, will be the result when the manufacturers of shoddy atter come to bid for the article? Some experts go so far as to predict that evonshire butter will fetch 3s. per lb. before another twelve months, through e operation of this competition. On the other hand, inferior sorts will be alto-ether driven out of the market by the new compound, which is, we believe, more alatable, and 50 per cent. cheaper. Under these depressing circumstances, we can at trust some other means may be found for disguising the rancid taste of beef t. It would be hard, indeed, if butter connoisseurs in moderate circumstances ere condemned to the Hobson's choice of margarine or nothing."—*Land and Water.*[1]

21. Very hard indeed; but inevitable, with much other hardness, under odern conditions of prosperity.

I must briefly explain to you the error under which our press-writers nd the Chancellor of the Exchequer[2] and Mr. Goldwin Smith are all bouring.

They have got into the quite infinitely and diabolically stupid habit of inking that the increase of *money* is the increase of prosperity.

Suppose at this moment every man in Sheffield had a thousand pounds, gold, put into his coat pockets. What would be the consequence? You would all buy all you wanted"?

But do you think all you want is in Sheffield, then? You would obble up all the turtle—first come first served—drink all the beer, dress our wives in all the silks, and then in a little while——Stand staring at ach other, with nothing to eat, drink, or put on, shaking your gold in our pockets. "You would send somewhere else"? Yes, I dare say; but hen, mind you, the prosperity is to be universal. Everybody in Bradford nd Halifax has a thousand pounds in *his* pocket, and all the turtle and eer are gone, long ago, there, too.

"Oh—but you would send abroad"? Yes, I dare say. But the pros-erity is to be world-wide: everybody in France has a thousand pounds in *is* pockets, and all the turtle and champagne are gone there, too, since esterday at five o'clock—and everything is at famine prices everywhere,

[1] [January 13, 1877. For another reference to the article, see Letter 79 (p. 152).]
[2] [At this time Sir Stafford Northcote held the office.]

and will soon be—for no price to be had anywhere. *That* is your "universal prosperity," according to the word of the devil. But the word of God is that the increase of prosperity is increase, not of money, but money's worth.

22. (V.) Several of my readers have asked me to write a letter to boys as well as to girls. Here is some advice respecting them, which I cannot better:—

"A PLEA FOR BOYS.—The Rev. Thomas Street sends to the *New York Christian Union* 'A Plea for Boys,' in the course of which he says:—'Every boy, if he is in sound health, has an excess of energy which must find an outlet. The mother is alarmed and worried at what she calls his mischievous proclivities. He is always breaking things, is never still, is always in the way, wanting to act outside of household law. He keeps the good mother and sister in a constant fever. Their *bête noire* is a rainy day, when Charley can't go outdoors to play; a school vacation is a burden hard to be borne, and the result is, Charley must be packed off to a distant boarding-school, not so much for his education, but to get rid of him. If as we hold, the interests of husband and wife are one, and it is essential to train the girl for wifehood in all household duties, it is equally so to train the boy for his part in the same direction. He should be under the law of home order, taught to be as neat and tidy as a girl; to arrange his bed-clothing and furniture, instead of leaving it to his sister to do. He should have provided him needles, thread, and buttons, and be taught their use, that he may not be subjected in manhood to that terror of nervous men, a buttonless shirt. He should take lessons from the cook and be capable of preparing a wholesome dinner. He should learn how to do the multitude of little things that are constantly demanding attention in the house. There is no knowledge, however trivial, that will not at some time come into service. It is said that a "Jack of all trades is master of none," but he need not make himself master. He may know enough of the general principles of mechanics to be able to repair wastes, and keep things in order. If a swollen door sticks, he should know how to ease it. If a hinge creaks, how to get at it and stop its music. If a lock or a clock is out of repair, how to take it to pieces and arrange it properly. If a pipe or a pan leaks, how to use iron and solder for its benefit. If the seams of a tub are open, how to cooper it. If a glass is broken in a sash, how to set another. How to hang paper on walls, and use brush and paint and putty. How to make a fire, and lay a carpet, and hang a curtain. Every boy may learn enough of these things to do away with the necessity of calling a cobbling mechanic to his house when he is a man. And he will delight to learn them. He will take infinite pleasure in the employment. Nothing makes a boy feel so proud as to be able to do things. His workshop will be his paradise. He will have his mind occupied and amused with utilities. He will be led to think, to reflect, and invent. Neither need this interfere with his studies or his plays; he will pursue and enjoy them with more zest. It is idleness, aimlessness, that is ruining our boys. With nothing attractive to do at home, they are in the streets or in worse places, expending their energies and feeding their desires for entertainment upon follies.'"

23. (VI.) The following letter, from one of our brave and gentle companions, has encouraged me in my own duties, and will, I trust, guide no less than encourage others in theirs:—

"SCARBOROUGH, *Whit Sunday*, 1877.

"DEAR MASTER,—I write to acquaint you with our removal from Skelton to Scarborough, and how it happened. At Newby Hall Farm (where I was employed as carpenter) is a steam-engine which they use for thrashing, chopping, pumping

and sawing purposes; the blacksmith acts as engineer. It got out somehow that I understood engines and machinery; and the blacksmith at times was busy shoeing horses when he was wanted at the engine, so I was asked to attend to it for an hour or so, which I did at frequent intervals. In April, 1876, we got a change in farm manager—a regular steam-go-ahead sort of a man, with great ideas of 'modern improvements,' and with him more work to be done through the engine, which used to work two or three days a month, but now three or four days a week, and I came to be looked upon by him as engineer. I remonstrated with him two or three times, telling him that it was quite contrary to my views and wishes, and that I hoped he would free me from it. Well, winter comes, with its wet weather, and the labourers, numbering about thirty, had to work out in all the bad weather, or else go home and lose their pay of course, the engine all the time hard at work doing that which they very comfortably might be doing under cover, and so saving them from hunger or rheumatism. Well, this sort of thing put me up very much, and my wife and I talked the matter over several times, and we were determined that I should do it no longer, let the consequence be what it may; so at Christmas I told him that with the closing year I should finish with the engine. He said he was very sorry, etc., but if I did I should have to leave altogether. On New Year's morning he asked me if I was determined on what I said, and I answered yes; so he told me to pack my tools and go, and so ended my work at Newby Hall Farm. The parson and one or two kindly wishing ladies wished to intercede for me, but I told them that I did not desire it, for I meant what I said, and he understood me. Well, I sought about for other employment, and eventually started work here at Scarborough with Mr. Bland, joined and builder, and we have got nicely settled down again, with a full determination to steer clear of steam.

"Remaining yours humbly,
"JOHN GUY.[1]

"J. RUSKIN, ESQ."

[1] [For another letter from John Guy, see Letter 85, § 9 (p. 326).]

LETTER 79

LIFE GUARDS OF NEW LIFE[1]

HERNE HILL, 18*th June*, 1877.

1. SOME time since, at Venice, a pamphlet on social subjects was sent me by its author—expecting my sympathy, or by way of bestowing on me his own. I cut the following sentence out of it, which, falling now out of my pocket-book, I find presented to me by Fors as a proper introduction to things needing further declaration this month:—

> "It is indeed a most blessed provision that men will not work without wages; if they did, society would be overthrown from its roots. A man who would give his labour for nothing would be a social monster."

This sentence, although written by an extremely foolish and altogether insignificant, person, is yet, it seems to me worth preserving, as one of the myriad voices, more and more unanimous daily, of a society which is itself a monster founding itself on the New Commandment, Let him that hateth God, hate his brother also.[2]

A society to be indeed overthrown from its roots; and out of which, my Sheffield workmen, you are now called into this very "monstrosity" of labour, not for wages, but for the love of God and man; and on this piece of British ground, freely yielded to you, to free-heartedness of unselfish toil.

[1] [See below, § 4. "The Social Monster" (see § 1) was a rejected title for the Letter. Ruskin also wrote on the wrapper of his copy "Art—Manchester Letter—and Grosvenor Gallery," as a summary of its contents.]

[2] ["And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God love his brother also" (1 John iv. 21).]

2. Looking back to the history of guilds of trade in England, and of Europe generally, together with that of the great schools of Venice, I perceive the real ground of their decay to have lain chiefly in the conditions of selfishness and isolation which were more or less involved in their vow of fraternity, and their laws of apprenticeship. And in the outset of your labour here on St. George's ground, I must warn you very earnestly against the notion of "co-operation" as the policy of a privileged number of persons for their own advantage. You have this land given you for your work, that you may do the best you can for *all* men; you are bound by certain laws of work, that the "best you can" may indeed be good and exemplary; and although I shall endeavour to persuade you to accept nearly every law of the old guilds, that acceptance, I trust, will be with deeper understanding of the wide purposes of so narrow fellowship, and (if the thought is not too foreign to your present temper) more in the spirit of a body of monks gathered for missionary service, than of a body of tradesmen gathered for the promotion even of the honestest and usefullest trade.

3. It is indeed because I have seen you to be capable of co-operation, and to have conceived among yourselves the necessity of severe laws for its better enforcement, that I have determined to make the first essay of St. George's work at Sheffield. But I do not think you have yet learned that such unity of effort can only be vital or successful when organized verily for the "interests of England"[1]—not for your own; and that the mutiny against co-operative law which you have hitherto selfishly, and therefore guiltily, sought to punish, is indeed to be punished for precisely the same reasons as mutiny in the Channel Fleet.

I noticed that there was some report of such a thing the other day,—but discredited by the journals in which it

[1] [See above, p. 128.]

appeared, on the ground of the impossibility that men trained as our British sailors are, should disobey their officers, unless under provocation which no modern conditions of the service could involve. How long is it to be before these virtues of loyalty and obedience shall be conceived as capable of development, no less in employments which have some useful end, and fruitful power, than in those which are simply the moral organization of massacre, and the mechanical reduplication of ruin!

4. When I wrote privately to one of your representatives the other day, that Abbeydale was to be yielded to your occupation rent-free,* you received the announcement with natural, but, I must now tell you, with thoughtless, gratitude. I ask you no rent for this land, precisely as a captain of a ship of the line asks no rent for her deck, cleared for action. You are called into a Christian ship of war —not hiring a corsair's hull, to go forth and rob on the high seas. And you will find the engagements you have made only tenable by a continual reference to the cause for which you are contending,—not to the advantage you hope to reap.

But observe also, that while you suffer as St. George's soldiers, he answers for your lives, as every captain must answer for the lives of his soldiers. Your ranks shall not be thinned by disease or famine, uncared for,—any more than those of the Life Guards; and the simple question for each one of you, every day, will be, not how he and his family are to live, for your bread and water will be sure; but how much good service you can do to your country. You will have only to consider, each day, how much, with an earnest day's labour, you can produce, of any useful things you are able to manufacture. These you are to sell at absolutely fixed prices, for ready money only

* Practically so. The tenants must legally be bound to pay the same rent as on the other estates of St. George; but in this case, the rent will be entirely returned to the estate, for its own advantage; not diverted into any other channels of operation.

and whatever stock remains unsold at the end of the year, over and above the due store for the next, you are to give away, through such officers of distribution as the society shall appoint.

5. You can scarcely, at present, having been all your lives, hitherto, struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action; but it is peace, observe, only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*. You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the yoke of Christ;[1] but joy only when you have borne it as long as He wills, and are called to enter into the joy of your Lord.[2]

That such promises should have become all but incredible to most of you, is the necessary punishment of the disobedience to the plainest orders of God, in which you have been taught by your prophets, and permitted by your priests, to live for the last quarter of a century. But that this incredibility should be felt as no calamity,—but rather benefit and emancipation; and that the voluble announcement of vile birth and eternal death as the origin and inheritance of man, should be exulted over as a new light of the eyes and strength of the limbs; *this* sometimes, after all that I have resolved, is like to paralyse me into silence—mere horror and inert winter of life.

6. I am going presently to quote to you, with reference to the accounts of what I have been last doing for your Museum (Article I. of Correspondence), some sentences of an admirable letter which has been just put into my hands, though it appeared on the 27th of February last, in the *Manchester Guardian*.[3] An admirable letter, I repeat, in its general aim; and in much of its text;—closing, nevertheless, with the sorrowful admission in the sentence italicized

[1] [Matthew xi. 29.]
[2] [Matthew xxv. 21.]
[3] [The paper was by Mr. T. C. Horsfall: see Appendix 22 (below, pp. 589–593).]

in following extract,—its writer appearing wholly unconscious of the sorrowfulness of it:—

"That art had, as we believe, great popularity in Greece—that it had, as we know, such popularity in Italy—was in great measure owing to its representing personages and events known to all classes. Statue and picture were the illustration of tales, the text of which was in every memory. *For our working men no such tales exist,* though it may be hoped that to the children now in our schools a few heroic actions of great Englishmen will be as well known, when, a few years hence, the children are men and women, as the lives of the saints were to Italian workmen of the fifteenth century, or the hunting in Calydon and the labours of Hercules to Athenians, twenty-three hundred years ago."

7. "For our working men, no such tales exist." Is that, then, admittedly and conclusively true? Are Englishmen, by order of our school-board, never more to hear of Hercules,—of Theseus,—of Atrides—or the tale of Troy? Nor of the lives of the saints neither? They are to pass their years now as a tale that is *not* told[1]—are they? The tale of St. Mary and St. Magdalen—the tale of St. John and his first and last mother*—the tale of St. John's Master, on whose breast he leant?[2] Are all forgotten then? *and* for the English workman, is it to be assumed in the outset of benevolent designs for "improving his character" that "no such tales exist"?

And those other tales, which *do* exist—good Manchester friend,—tales *not* of the saints? Of the Magdalens who love—*not* much; and the Marys, who never waste anything; and the "heroic Englishmen" who feel the "interests of England" to be—their own?—You will have pictures of these, you think, for improvement of our working mind. Alas, good friend, but where is your painter to come from? You have forgotten, in the quaintest way, to ask *that*. When you recognize as our inevitable fate that we shall no more "learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at

* "Then came unto him the mother of the two sons of Zebedee, beseeching him" [Matthew xx. 20].

"Then saith he to that disciple, Behold thy mother" [John xix. 27].

[1] [See Psalms xc. 9.]

[2] [John xiii. 25.]

once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, or the patient courage of the saints," and yet would endeavour to comfort us in the loss of these learnings by surrounding us with "beautiful things"—you have not told us who shall make them! You tell us that the Greeks were surrounded with beautiful objects. True; but the Greeks must have *made* them before they could be surrounded by them. How did they so? The Romans stole them, in the spirit of conquest; and we buy them—in the spirit of trade. But the Greek and the Italian *created* them. By what spirit?—they?

8. Although attempting no answer to this ultimate question, the immediate propositions in the paper are, as I have said, admirable; and in the comments with which I must accompany what I now quote of it, please understand that I am not opposing the writer, but endeavouring to lead him on the traces of his hitherto right thoughts, into their true consequences.

The sentences quoted above are part of a description of England, in which I leave them now to take their proper place:—

"What are the conditions under which art is now studied? We meet in no temples adorned with statues of gods, whose forms are at the same time symbols of divine power and types of earthly beauty. (*a*) Our eyes are not trained to judge sculpture by watching the lithe strong limbs of

(*a*) In his presently following proposals for "a better system," the writer leaves many of these calamitous conditions unspoken of, assuming them, presumably, to be irretrievable. And this first one, that we do not meet in temples, etc., he passes in such silence.

May I at least suggest that if we cannot have any graven images of gods, at least, since the first of the Latter-day pamphlets, we might have demolished those of our various Hudsons.[1]

[1] [*Latter-Day Pamphlets*, by Thomas Carlyle. No. I. entitled "The Present Time"; and No. VII. "Hudson's Statue" (Hudson, the Railway King). Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 120.]

athletes. (*b*) We do not learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, the patient courage of the saints, and admiration of the art that shadowed them forth. But we have the Royal Institution in Mosley Street, and its annual exhibition of pictures and sculpture. We have far less leisure than the contemporaries of Raphael or of Praxiteles. (*c*) Our eyes rest patiently on the unmeaning and ugly forms of modern furniture, on soot-begrimed and hideous houses, on a stratum of smoke-laden air that usurps the name

(*b*) The writer feels instinctively, but his readers might not gather the implied inference, that locomotives, however swift, as substitutes for legs, and rifles or torpedoes, however effective and far-reaching as substitutes for arms, cannot, —by some extraordinary appointments of Providence in the matter of taste,—be made subjects of heroic sculpture.

(*c*) Why, my friend? Does not Mr. Goldwin Smith declare (see last *Fors*, § 19[1]) that "there has been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day"?—and cannot opulence purchase leisure? It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith is a goose; and his inquiries into the commercial history of ancient and modern times have never reached so far as the origin even of adulteration of butter;[2] (Look back, by the way, to my former notes on Isaiah vii. 15;[3] and just take these farther little contributions on the subject. The other day, in the Hôtel de la Poste at Brieg, I had a nice girl-waitress from the upper Valais; to whom, having uttered complaint of the breakfast honey being watery and brown, instead of sugary and white, "What!" she said, in self-reproachful tone, "have I brought you 'du clair'?" and running briskly away, returned presently with a clod of splendid saccharine snow. "Well, but tell me then, good Louise, what do they put in their honey to make this mess of it, that they gave you first for me?" "Carrots,

[1] [See above, p. 141. For an earlier and more tolerant reference to Mr. Goldwin Smith, see Vol. XVII. p. 479.]

[2] [Compare Letter 78, § 20 (pp. 142–143).]

[3] ["Butter and honey shall he eat, that he may know to refuse the evil, and choose the good." The "former notes" are not in *Fors*, but in *Time and Tide*, § 168 (Vol. XVII. pp. 453–454).]

of sky. (*d*) The modern system of landscape painting, the modern use of water-colour, alone suffice to make an intelligent knowledge of art far more difficult than it was two hundred years ago. (*e*) Yet we act as if we believed that by strolling for a few hours a day, on a few days in the year, through a collection of pictures most of which are bad, and by carelessly looking at a few pictures of our own, we can learn to understand and be interested in more forms of art than Da Vinci or Michael Angelo would have tried to master, at a time when art still confined itself to familiar and noble subjects, and had not yet taken the whole universe for its province. (*f*)

"Is no better system possible? It is, I believe, as certain that in the last twenty years we have learnt to better understand good music, and to love it more, as that in the same time our knowledge and love of pictures

I believe, sir," she answered, bravely; and I was glad to hear it was no worse;) but, though Mr. Goldwin Smith *be* a goose, and though, instead of an opulent nation, we are indeed too poor to buy fresh butter,[1] or eat fresh meat,—is even that any reason why we should have no leisure? What are all our machines for, then? Can we do in ten minutes, without man or horse, what a Greek could not have done in a year, with all the king's horses and all the king's men?[2]—and is the result of all this magnificent mechanism, only that we have "far less leisure"?[3]

(*d*) One of the most grotesque consequences of this total concealment of the sky, with respect to art, is the hatred of the modern landscape painter for blue colour! I walked through the Royal Academy yesterday; and found that, in all the landscapes, the sky was painted like a piece of white wall plaster.

(*e*) Probably the modern use of landscape painting, and the modern use of water-colour, are wrong, then. The use of good landscape painting is to make the knowledge of nature easier,—not the knowledge of art more difficult,—than it was in earlier days.

(*f*) I do not myself observe any petulant claims on the part of modern art to take the universe for its province. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be principally occupied in its own dining-room, dressing-room, and drawing-room.

[1] [See above, p. 143.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 310 *n*.]
[3] [The question is asked again below, p. 215; and see the private letter to Mr. Horsfall in Appendix 22 (p. 590).]

have not increased. *The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters, and our pictures have been chosen by ourselves.* (*g*) If we can imagine exhibitions where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard, not more imperfectly than pictures good, bad, and indifferent are seen at the Academy, and works to which

(*g*) I have italicized this sentence, a wonderful admission from an Englishman: and indeed the gist of the whole matter. But the statement that our pictures have been chosen by ourselves is not wholly true. It was so in the days when English amateurs filled their houses with Teniers, Rubens, and Guido, and might more cheaply have bought Angelico and Titian. But we have not been masterless of late years; far from it. The suddenly luminous idea that Art might possibly be a lucrative occupation, secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure: and the Professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood from which it will take twenty years to recover.[1] The Professorships also of Messrs. Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with "exchangeable property" on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions, for this object, is that the Manchester men *should*, for a little while, "choose for themselves"! That they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him; or from the exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him.*

* The existence of the modern picture dealer is impossible in any city or country where art is to prosper; but some day I hope to arrange a "bottega" for the St. George's Company, in which water-colour drawings shall be sold, none being received at higher price than fifty guineas, nor at less than six,—(Prout's old fixed standard for country dealers[2]),—and at the commission of one guinea to the shopkeeper, paid by the buyer; on the understanding that the work is, by said shopkeeper, known to be

[1] [Compare Vol. XVI. pp. xxvi.–xxxi., and Vol. XXVII. p. 605.]
[2] [See Vol. XIV. p. 403.]

at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds, or indeed by an ear glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?

"It is surely possible (*h*) to find a man or men who will guide us in

(*h*) Perfectly possible; if first you will take the pains to ascertain that the person who is to guide you in painting, can paint, as you ascertained of Mr. Hallé[1] that he could play. You did not go to the man at the music shop, and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending you a new tune, did you? But what else than that have you ever done, with respect to painting? I once, for instance, myself, took the trouble to recommend the burghers of Liverpool to buy a Raphael. As nobody had paid, or was to pay me, any commission for my recommendation, they looked on it as an impertinence; printed it—though written as a private letter to a personal friend,—made what jest they could out of it, declared the picture was cracked, left it to crack farther, bought more David Coxes, and got an amateur lecturer next year to lecture to them on the beauties of Raphael.[2]

But if you will get once quit of your precious British idea that your security is in the dealer's commission on the cost, you may get help and authority easily enough.[3]

good, and warranted as such; just as simply as a dealer in cheese or meat answers for the quality of those articles.

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[1] [For another reference to Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Hallé (1819–1895), see *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 27 (Vol. XIX. p. 78). On coming to England in 1848 Hallé settled at Manchester, where his orchestra was first instituted.]

[2] [Ruskin must be under some confusion here. Nothing is known at the Liverpool Art Gallery of any recommendation from Ruskin to buy a Raphael, and the Gallery does not, and never did, possess a single David Cox. The only printed letter, with regard to pictures at Liverpool, with which the editors are acquainted, is one written in 1858 (see Vol. XIV. p. 327), but the picture then recommended was not a Raphael, but a modern Pre-Raphaelite work.]

[3] [Ruskin in his copy here struck out the following passage, which has appeared in all previous editions:—

> "If you look at Number VI. of my *Mornings in Florence*, you will see that I speak with somewhat mortified respect of my friend Mr. Charles F. Murray, as knowing more in many ways of Italian pictures than I do myself. You may give *him* any sum you like to spend in Italian pictures,—you will find that none of it sticks to his fingers: that every picture he buys for you is a good one; and that he will charge you simply for his time."

For the reference to Mr. Murray, see Vol. XXIII. p. 409.]

our study of pictures as Mr. Hallé has guided us in our study of music,—who will place before us good pictures, and carefully guard us from seeing bad. A collection of a dozen pictures in oil and water colour, each excellent of its kind, each with an explanation of what its painter most wished to show, of his method of work, of his reasons for choosing his point of view, and for each departure from the strictest possible accuracy in imitation, written by men of fit nature and training—such a collection would be of far greater help to those people who desire to study art than any number of ordinary exhibitions of pictures. Men who by often looking at these few works, knew them well, would have learnt more of painting, and would have a safer standard by which to judge other pictures, than is often learnt and gained by those who are not painters. Such a collection would not need a costly building for its reception, so that in each of our parks a small gallery of the kind might be formed, which might, of course, also contain a few good engravings, good vases, and good casts, each with a carefully written explanation of our reasons for thinking it good. Then, perhaps, in a few years, authority would do for these forms of art what it has done for music. But many other lessons could at the same time be taught. None is of greater importance than that beautiful form in the things that surround us can give us as much, if not as high, pleasure, as that in pictures and statues;—that our sensibility for higher forms of beauty is fostered by everything beautiful that gives us pleasure;—and that the cultivation of a sense of beauty is not necessarily costly, but is as possible for people of moderate incomes as for the rich. Why should not the rooms in which pictures are shown be furnished as the rooms are furnished in which the few English people of cultivated love of art live, so that we may learn from them that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall-papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures? In hundreds of people there is dormant a sensibility to beauty that this would be enough to awaken.

"Of our working classes, comparatively few ever enter a gallery of pictures, and unless a sense of beauty can be awakened by other means, the teaching of the School of Art is not likely to be sought by many people of that class. In our climate, home, and not gallery or piazza, is the place where the influence of art must be felt. To carry any forms of art into the homes of working people would a few years ago have been impossible. Happily we have seen lately the creation of schools and workmen's clubs, destined, we may hope, to be as truly parts of their homes as public-houses have been, and as their cramped houses are. Our schools are already so well managed that probably many children pass in them the happiest hours they know. In those large, airy rooms let us place a few beautiful casts, a few drawings of subjects, if possible, that the elder children read of in their lessons, a few vases or pretty screens. By gifts of a few simple things of this kind, of a few beautiful flowers beautifully arranged, the love and the study of art will be more helped than by the gift of twenty times their cost to the building fund of an art gallery."[1]

[1] [For a letter to Ruskin on the same subject, from the writer of the above, see Letter 81, §§ 17–20 (pp. 213–217).]

9. From the point where my last note interrupted it, the preceding letter is all admirable; and the passage respecting choice and explanation of pictures, the most valuable I have ever seen printed in a public journal on the subject of the Arts. But let me strongly recommend the writer to put out of his thoughts, for the time, all questions of beautiful furniture and surroundings. Perfectly simple shelter, under the roughest stones and timber that will keep out the weather, is at present the only wholesome condition of private life. Let there be no assumptions of anything, or attempts at anything, but cleanliness, health, and honesty, both in person and possession. Then, whatever you can afford to spend for education in art, give to good masters, and leave them to do the best they can for you: and what you can afford to spend for the splendour of your city, buy grass, flowers, sea, and sky with. No art of man is possible without those primal Treasures of the art of God.

10. I must not close this letter without noting some of the deeper causes which may influence the success of an effort made this year in London, and in many respects on sound principles, for the promulgation of Art-knowledge; the opening, namely, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

In the first place, it has been planned and is directed by a gentleman * in the true desire to help the artists and better the art of his country:—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on different footing before its success can be sure.

Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends

* As also, by the way, the Fine-Art Gallery by my friend Mr. Huish,[1] who means no less well.

[1] [For whom, see Vol. XIII. p. liv.]

to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it until he can answer for their quality:[1] if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst.[2]

In the second place, it is unadvisable to group the works of each artist together.[3] The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors: and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of intended series illustrate and enhance each other's beauty,—as notably the Gainsborough Royal Portraits last year;[4] and the really beautiful ones of the three sisters, by Millais, in this gallery.[5] But in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces, and retire.

In the third place, the pictures of scholars ought not

[1] [The exhibition contained five pictures by Sir Coutts Lindsay, the founder and original proprietor of the Grosvenor Gallery. His idea was "that of building an entirely independent picture-gallery, where distrust of originality and imagination would not be shown, delicate workmanship would not be extinguished, and the number of pictures exhibited would not be too large for the wall-space. . . . Admission was not to be by competition or prescriptive right, but by invitation" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 69).]

[2] ["The costly crimson Italian silk hangings of the big room might have fairly resented the epithet 'poor,' but that they were 'grievously injurious' to some of the pictures there we knew too well, and our friend Mr. Hallé, the Secretary, was told so in a dismayed note from Edward: 'To say the truth, I had the greatest fear of the red when I saw it before it was put up—it seemed far too glaring to be tolerable near any delicately coloured picture. It sucks all the colour out of pictures, and only those painted in grey will stand it" (*ibid.*, p. 77).]

[3] [But see *Notes on the Turner Gallery*, Vol. XIII. p. 177.]

[4] [In the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy in 1876, where a few of the Gainsborough portraits were lent from Windsor Castle.]

[5] [Two sisters and their sister-in-law. No. 24, "The Marchioness of Ormonde"; No. 25, "Countess Grosvenor"; and No. 26, "Lady Beatrice Grosvenor" (afterwards Lady Chesham).]

to be exhibited together with those of their masters; more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne-Jones,[1] and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendencies of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind, becomes contemptible as the badge of a party; and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection and submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo.

11. Of the estimate which should be formed of Mr. Jones's own work, I have never, until now, felt it my duty to speak; partly because I knew that the persons who disliked it were incapable of being taught better; and partly because I could not myself wholly determine how far the qualities which are to many persons so repulsive, were indeed reprehensible.

His work, first, is simply the only art-work at present produced in England which will be received by the future as "classic" in its kind,—the best that has been, or could be. I think those portraits by Millais may be immortal (if the colour is firm), but only in such subordinate relation to Gainsborough and Velasquez, as Bonifazio, for instance, to Titian. But the action of imagination of the highest power in Burne-Jones, under the conditions of scholarship, of social beauty, and of social distress, which necessarily aid, thwart, and colour it, in the nineteenth century, are alone in art,—unrivalled in their kind; and I *know* that these will be immortal,[2] as the best things the mid-nineteenth century in England could do, in such true relations

[1] [At the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877 there were pictures by Mr. R. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. J. M. Strudwick.]

[2] [The pictures by Burne-Jones exhibited in 1877 were "The Beguiling of Merlin," "The Days of Creation," "Venus' Mirror," "Temperantia," "Fides," "St. George," "Spes," and "A Sibyl." For other references to "The Days of Creation," see the general notice of Burne-Jones in *The Art of England*, §§ 39, 48.]

as it had, through all confusion, retained with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world.

Secondly. Their faults are, so far as I can see, inherent in them as the shadow of their virtues;—not consequent on any error which we should be wise in regretting, or just in reproving. With men of consummately powerful imagination, the question is always, between finishing one conception, or partly seizing and suggesting three or four: and among all the great inventors, Botticelli is the only one who never allowed conception to interfere with completion. All the others,—Giotto, Masaccio, Luini, Tintoret, and Turner, permit themselves continually in slightness: and the resulting conditions of execution ought, I think, in every case to be received as the best possible, under the given conditions of imaginative force. To require that any one of these Days of Creation should have been finished as Bellini or Carpaccio would have finished it, is simply to require that the other Days should not have been begun.

Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures, whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us: and it is wrought with utmost conscience of care, however far, to his own or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely so much can be said for any other pictures of the modern schools: their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced; and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.[1]

[1] [This was the passage on which Whistler founded an action for libel against Ruskin. For Whistler's pictures in the Gallery, and particulars of the trial, see the Introduction, above, pp. xxii.–xxiv.]

12. Among the minor works carefully and honourably finished in this gallery, M. Heilbuth's[1] are far the best, but I think M. Tissot's[2] require especial notice, because their dexterity and brilliancy are apt to make the spectator forget their conscientiousness. Most of them are, unhappily, mere coloured photographs of vulgar society; but the "Strength of Will," though sorely injured by the two subordinate figures, makes me think the painter capable, if he would obey his graver thoughts, of doing much that would, with real benefit, occupy the attention of that part of the French and English public whose fancy is at present caught only by Gustave Doré. The rock landscape by Millais[3] has also been carefully wrought, but with exaggeration of the ligneous look of the rocks. Its colour as a picture, and the sense it conveys of the real beauty of the scene, are both grievously weakened by the white sky; already noticed as one of the characteristic errors of recent landscape.[4] But the spectator may still gather from them some conception of what this great painter might have done, had he remained faithful to the principles of his school when he first led its onset. Time was, he could have painted every herb of the rock, and every wave of the stream, with the precision of Van-Eyck, and the lustre of Titian.

And such animals as he drew,—for perfectness and ease of action, and expression of whatever in them had part in the power or the peace of humanity![5] He could have painted the red deer of the moor, and the lamb of the fold, as never man did yet in this world. You will never know what you have lost in him.

[1] [Eleven pictures by Ferdinand Heilbuth (born in Hamburg, 1829; died in Paris, 1889) were exhibited (Nos. 7, 7A, 8–16), various landscapes and portraits.]

[2] [Ten pictures by James Tissot were exhibited (Nos. 17–26), including "The Triumph of Will" (No. 22).]

[3] ["The Sound of Many Waters;" exhibited, however, not at the Grosvenor Gallery, but at the Royal Academy, 1877.]

[4] [See above, § 8, *note* (*d*).]

[5] [Compare the final note in "Notes on the Millais Exhibition, 1886" (Vol. XIV. p. 496).]

13. But landscape, and living creature, and the soul of man,—you are like to lose them all, soon. I had many things to say to you in this *Fors*;—of the little lake of Thirlmere, and stream of St. John's Vale, which Manchester, in its zeal for art, is about to drain from their mountain-fields into its water-closets[1] (make pictures of those, will you then, my Manchester friends?); so also for educational purposes, here in the fine West of London, the decent burghers place their middle-class girls' school at the end of Old Burlington Street, and put a brutal head, to make mouths at them, over its door.[2] *There*, if you will think of it, you may see the complete issue of Sir Henry Cole's professorship at Kensington. This is the best your Modern Art can write—of divine inscription over the strait gate[3]—for its girl-youth! But I have no more time, nor any words bitter enough, to speak rightly of the evil of these things; and here have Fors and St. Theodore been finding, for me, a little happy picture of sacred animal life, to end with for this time. It is from a lovely story of a country village and its good squire and gentle priest—told by one of my dear friends,[4]—and every word of it true,—in *Baily's Magazine* for this month.* It is mostly concerning a Derby Favourite, and is a strait lesson in chivalry throughout;—but this is St. Theodore's bit of it. The horse had been sent down to Doncaster to run for the St. Leger, and there went off his feed, and became restless and cheerless,—so that every one thought he had been "got at." One of the stable-boys, watching him, at

* Magazine—or Miscellany. I forget which.[5]

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[1] [See Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n*. For other references to the Manchester Corporation's waterworks at Thirlmere, see below, pp. 224, 290, 346, 374.]

[2] [Where the head may still be seen.]

[3] [The title of ch. v. in *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII. p. 382).]

[4] [Mr. Frederick Gale. Ruskin's diary shows that he was with Mr. Gale on June 24. For reference to another article by Mr. Gale in *Baily's Magazine*, see Letter 82, § 1 (p. 220).]

[5] [The reference is to an article entitled "The Pride of our Village," in *Baily's Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes*, July 1877, vol. xxx. p. 330.]

last said, "He's a-looking for his kitten." The kitten was telegraphed for, and sent down, two hundred miles. "The moment it was taken out of its basket and saw the horse, it jumped on his back, ran over his head, and was in the manger in a moment, and began patting his nose." And the horse took to his feed again, and was as well as ever—and won the race.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

14. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I have obtained the kind consent of Mr. George Baker (at present the Mayor of Birmingham), to accept Trusteeship for us,[1] such Trusteeship being always understood as not implying any general consent in the principles of the Company, but only favourable sympathy in its main objects. Our second Trustee will be Mr. Q. Talbot, virtually the donor, together with his mother, who has so zealously helped us in all ways, of our little rock-estate at Barmouth.[2] I am just going down to see the twenty acres which Mr. Baker has also given us in Worcestershire. It is woodland, of which I have ordered the immediate clearing of about the fourth part; this is being done under Mr. Baker's kind superintendence: the cheque for £100 under date 5th May in the subjoined accounts is for this work.

At last our legal position is, I think, also secure. Our solicitors have been instructed by Mr. Barber[3] to apply to the Board of Trade for a licence under sec. 23 of the "Companies Act, 1867." The conditions of licence stated in that section appear to have been drawn up precisely for the convenience of the St. George's Company, and the terms of it are clearer than any I have yet been able to draw up myself, as follows:—

"The income and property of the Association, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Association as set forth in this memorandum of association; and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred directly or indirectly, by way of dividend, or bonus, or otherwise howsoever by way of profit, to the persons who at any time are or have been members of the Association, or to any of them, or to any person claiming through any of them.

"Provided that nothing herein shall prevent the payment, in good faith, of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Association, or to any member of the Association, or other person, in return for any services actually rendered to the Association."

There will not, in the opinion of our lawyers, be any difficulty in obtaining the sanction of the Board of Trade under this Act; but I remain

[1] [The former trustees having resigned: see Letter 78, § 17 (p. 140).]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 268, 395, 424; and, for further account of the estate Vol. XXX.]

[3] [See Letter 55 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 376.]

nyself prepared for the occurrence of new points of formal difficulty; and nust still and always pray the Companions to remember that the real strength of the Society is in its resolved and vital unity; not in the imits of its external form.

I must enter into more particulars than I have space for, to-day, respecting the position of some of our poorer Companions,[1] before explaining ome of the smaller items of wages in the subjoined account. The principal sums have been paid to Mr. Swan for the gradual furnishing of the nuseum; and to artists at Venice for drawings made for its art gallery. But for £100 of the £150 last paid to Mr. Murray, I have also secured, vith his assistance, a picture of extreme value that has been hitherto overlooked in the Manfrini gallery; and clearly kept for us by Fors, as the exactly right picture on the possession of which to found our Sheffield school of art. It is a Madonna by Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci, of Lorenzo di Credi, and of Perugino, and the grandest metalworker of Italy.[2]

And it is entirely pure and safe for us; but will need carefullest ecuring of the tempera colour on its panel before it can be moved: it annot, therefore, reach Sheffield till the autumn. The other works bought or the Museum will be there in the course of this month.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Dr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
pr. 15.	To Balance . . .	657	16	8
20.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell .	25	0	0
lay 7.	,, Per a Sheffield Silversmith from Mr. H. Swan . . .	0	4	0
11.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Wolverhampton (Wilkins) . . .	50	0	0
18.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 10d., charges) . . .	17	13	2
26.	,, Proceeds of sale of Consols . . .	2700	0	0
une 8.	,, Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 1s. 10d. charges) . .	36	18	2
		£3487	12	0

Cr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Apr. 23.	By Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	6
May 11.	,, Postage of pass-book	0	0	3
	,, ,, Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	6
26.	,, Mr. John Ruskin .	400	0	0
June 5.	,, Deposit account .	500	0	0
	,, ,, Mr. B. Bagshawe .	2287	16	6[3]
June 15.	By Balance . . .	298	12	3
		£3487	12	0

une 15. To Balance . . £298 12s. 3d.

[1] [See Letter 80, § 11 (p. 182).]

[2] [See the further account of the picture in the Sheffield Catalogue (Vol. XXX.), vhere also a reproduction of it is given.]

[3] [For details of this amount, see below, pp. 182–183.]

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ., IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND,
FROM 1ST JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

Dr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 6.	To Dividend on £8000 Consols . . .	118	10	0
,,	,, Subscriptions received from 1st January to 28th February (see March *Fors*[1]) as per contra . . .	430	4	7
May 26.	,, Cash per Trustees .	400	0	0
		948	14	7
June 30.	To Balance . . .	335	10	0
		£1284	4	7

Cr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	By Balance (see February *Fors*[2])	108	8	0
,,	Paid to Bankers as per contra (see March *Fors*[1])	430	4	7
,,	By cheque to Bunney .	25	0	0
Feb. 2.	,, Do. to Mrs. Talbot	80	12	0
7.	,, Do. to Swan . .	50	0	0
12.	,, Do. to Bunney .	40	0	0
18.	,, Do. to Bagshawe .	180	0	0
25.	,, Do. to Geddes .	10	0	0
Mar. 5.	,, Do. to Graham .	5	0	0
,,	,, Do. to Burdon .	5	0	0
Apr. 18.	,, Do. to Bunney .	25	0	0
20.	,, Do. to Murray .	25	0	0
28.	,, Do. to Swan . .	50	0	0
May 5.	,, Do. to Baker . .	100	0	0
22.	,, Do. to Murray .	150	0	0
		£1284	4	7

June 30. By Balance due to Mr. Ruskin £335, 10s.

15. (II.) I have received several kind letters from correspondents, under the impression of my having definitely announced the discontinuance of *Fors* at the close of the year, encouraging me still to proceed with it. But I never said that it was to be discontinued;—only that it was to be completed at least into a well-abstracted and indexed first series of seven volumes.[3] I cannot tell from day to day what I shall be able or shall be ordered to do or write: Fors will herself show me, when the time comes.

In the meantime, I have to thank my readers for the help given me by their assurance that the book is of use, in many ways which are little manifest to me.

16. (III.) The following portions of two letters from a kind and practised schoolmistress, now one of our Companions, are of extreme value:—

"BRISTOL, 19*th April*, 1877.

"Mothers indeed need first to understand and value their own children—strange as it seems to say so. Whether rich or poor, they seem to have no notion of what they are, or could be,—nor, certainly, of what they could *do*.

"Delighting much in all you say about goodness of work, generally, I rejoice

[1] [Letter 75 (above, p. 74).]
[2] [Letter 74 (above, p. 48).]
[3] [See above, p. 13.]

n it especially, looking to what might be done by children, and what *will*, I trust, e done by them when rightly taught and trained.

"Those active energies which now so often show themselves in 'naughtiness,' nd cause teachers such terrible trouble, might be turned to account for the best nd highest purposes. Children are perfectly capable of excellent work, of many inds,—and, as you say, of finding 'play' in it,[1]—perhaps all that they would eed (though I am not quite prepared to say that).

"They could be made to understand the need of help, and could give very eal help indeed, in ways which I shall be only too happy to suggest, and make beginning in, when a little less tied than at present. The difficulty is not at ll with children, but with their parents, who never seem to think of, or care for, eneral needs, as in any way affecting educational work—at least, in its progress. And meanwhile, for lack of such training as can only come through the earnest ollowing up of a worthy aim, the educational work itself suffers miserably.

"I find myself speaking of children and parents, rather than girls and mothers, —which may be partly accounted for from the fact that both boys and girls come nder us in village schools, such as I have had most to do with. And this leads e also (following your direction) to suggest, first, that 'mammas' should teach heir little girls to *care for their humbler brothers and sisters*,—which they would aturally do if not warned against them, as is, I fear, the rule. There are indeed bvious dangers in such contact as would seem right and natural; but here, again, our Oxford Lectures give sufficient direction—if it were but applied (I mean where ou speak of the danger of travelling on certain parts of the Continent).* Kindly ntercourse, even if somewhat imperfect and scanty, would soon lead to the disovery of ways of helping, besides the sympathy implied in it, far more valuable, f genuine, than the upper classes seem to have any idea of. But I am sure I am ot saying too much when I repeat that, so far from being encouraged to care for poor' children, girls are studiously kept away from them, excepting for superficial indnesses—mere gifts, etc. But many things might be given, too, with the greatest dvantage to both parties, and at the smallest cost, if any (pecuniary, at least), o the giver. Are you aware of the shameful waste that goes on, quite as a rule, n the houses of those who leave domestic management largely to housekeepers nd upper servants?—and I fear that this is an increasing number. I have not ntered far into this matter, but I know quite enough to make me miserable whenver I think of it. If 'young ladies' were instructed in the barest elements of domestic economy' rightly understood, they would soon lessen this evil, without eing, necessarily, either very wise or very good. And if they were at all good nd kind, they would at once think of ways of benefiting 'poor' people through heir own economy.

"But nothing will stand in the place of free personal intercourse, for the ecuring of the full blessing; and this is the very thing that mammas shrink from ntirely, for both themselves and their daughters.

"*P.S.*—I had meant to spare you a further infliction, but wish much to add a ord about the true relations of young gentlefolks to servants, as nearest to them of he humbler class. Even nice girls are in the habit of behaving most unbecomingly owards them, and speak of them in a way which shows they are entirely at sea s to their real position and duty towards these 'neighbours.' And yet their power or good might be very great indeed in this direction, if but known and used; for, s you know, genuine sympathy will win its way at once with so-called inferiors.

* I forget, and don't understand.[2]

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[1] [The reference seems to be to Letter 78, § 22 (p. 144), where, however, the riter is not Ruskin, but a correspondent of his.]

[2] [The reference is to *Lectures on Art*, § 111 (Vol. XX. p. 104).]

But is it not so throughout? 'Middle-class' people will never be won as long as there is such a barrier placed in their way of pride and exclusiveness.* The *greater* and truer bond seems entirely sacrificed to the lesser distinction. See Oxford alone in evidence, which should teach in everything."

"*Easter Monday.*

17. "Education (and I will dare to use the word in writing to yourself) is no hopeless drudgery, but full of life and brightness, if at all properly understood. Some few of those who have to do with children would be able to follow me thus far. But even these few do not seem to see the connection there is between their work and the more general one—that which St. George is taking in hand.

"Everybody agrees that the people are to be helped upwards by 'education' (whatever may be meant by the word), and we are supposed to be doing something in England to forward that cause. We know too well that the work is not being done, all the time—looking to elementary schools, at least; but even supposing it were, it takes years for each child to be taught and trained, and the need of help is pressing. Children cannot be educated in a shorter time than they can grow up to be men and women; but meanwhile, even in a single year, teaching of the right sort would speak for itself as to general bettering. And its effects would extend at once in a way which 'educators' have no idea of at present, simply because they do not understand their craft. I know less than I thought I did a few years ago, but hope that this humble-looking admission will gain credence for me when I say that—though groping along with the rest—I have felt my way to facts enough to make me far more than hopeful about what may be done when free scope for right work is once secured.

"There is no need of extraordinary outlay, or even special ability in the teacher; all that is required is that the children should be handled wisely and kindly, and turned to account at once as *helpers in the work* with themselves.

"I really cannot feel happy in taking up your time with going into detail, at present, but am most thankful to be allowed to bear witness in this matter—so entirely misunderstood, as it seems to me. Through neglect of the grand rule given in St. Matt. vi. 33,† so entirely applicable to aims with children, we come short of success as regards the humblest attainments, the highest 'standard' in which, as set by Government, could be reached with the greatest ease, if any right way were taken."

18. (IV.) The following fragment of a letter I have been just writing to an old farmer-friend who is always lecturing me on the impossibility of

* Again, I don't quite understand. Does my correspondent mean servants by "Middle-class people"? and what has Oxford to do with it?

† "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." My correspondent, in fear of being diffuse, has not enough explained her following meaning, namely, that the parents' first effort in their child's education should be to make it a "child of the kingdom." I heard the other day of a little boy for whom good and affectionate parents had ordered that there should be a box of sweetmeats on the table of every room in the house, and a parcel of them under his pillow. They are now obliged to send him away for "change of air,"—which might not have been necessary had they sought for him first the kingdom of God, and observed that it consisted not in meat and drink, nor in "goodies," but in "joy in the Holy Ghost." [1]

[1] [Romans xiv. 17.]

reclaiming land on a small scale, may be perhaps of use to some other people :—

"You have never got it clearly into your head that the St. George's Company reclaims land, as it would build an hospital or erect a monument, for the public good; and no more asks whether its work is to 'pay' in reclaiming a rock into a field, than in quarrying one into a cathedral."

My friend tells me of some tremendous work with steam, in the Highlands, by the Duke of Sutherland, of which I must hear more before I speak.[1]

[1] [Ruskin, however, did not revert to the subject.]

LETTER 80

THE TWO CLAVIGERÆ[1]

BELLEFIELD, BIRMINGHAM,[2] 16*th July*, 1877.

1. I NEVER yet sate down to write my *Fors*, or indeed to write anything, in so broken and puzzled a state of mind as that in which, this morning, I have been for the last ten minutes idly listening to the plash of the rain; and watching the workmen on the new Gothic school, which is fast blocking out the once pretty country view from my window.

I have been staying for two days with the good Mayor

[1] [See below, § 4. "The Worcestershire Clavigeræ" and "Birmingham" were rejected titles for this Letter.]

[2] [The house of Mr. George Baker, then Mayor of Birmingham. Ruskin sent him the MS. of this portion of *Fors* with the following letter:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"*Wednesday* (*July* 18*th*, 1877).

"DEAR MR. BAKER,—I arrived at home in all comfort (and my good little Joan with her children the day after), and now I must thank you once more, in deliberation, for all your kindness to me, and express more distinctly than I could in the nervousness of leaving, the most true pleasure I had in meeting all the friends you brought to me,—no less than in the sympathy and help which you gave me on all subjects in which I was interested.

"Perhaps you may like to keep the first scratch of the beginning of next *Fors*, written in your house at my bedroom window, before breakfast on the morning I left. I have copied it, so that in case people ever ask you whether I write 'easily' you will be able at once to show them —very much the contrary.

"I am terribly pushed with all arrears of home work, and cannot tell you half of what I should like to (besides what little these scraps may say); in the meantime accept again my truest thanks, and believe me, with hearty regards to all your family,

"Respectfully and affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN.

"GEORGE BAKER, ESQ."

This letter is here reprinted from *St. George*, vol. iii. p. 145, where (pp. 142–144) it is also reproduced in *facsimile*.]

of Birmingham: and he has shown me St. George's land, his gift,[1] in the midst of a sweet space of English hill and dale and orchard, yet unhurt by hand of man: and he has brought a representative group of the best men of Birmingham to talk to me; and they have been very kind to me, and have taught me much: and I feel just as I can fancy a poor Frenchman of some gentleness and sagacity might have felt, in Nelson's time,—taken prisoner by his mortal enemies, and beginning to apprehend that there was indeed some humanity in Englishmen, and some providential and inscrutable reason for their existence.

You may think it strange that a two days' visit should produce such an effect on me; and say (which indeed will be partly true) that I ought to have made this visit before now. But, all things considered, I believe it has been with exactness, timely; and you will please remember that just in proportion to the quantity of work and thought we have spent on any subject, is the quantity we can farther learn about it in a little while, and the power with which new facts, or new light cast on those already known, will modify past conclusions. And when the facts are wholly trustworthy, and the lights thrown precisely where one asks for them, a day's talk may sometimes do as much as a year's work.

The one great fact which I have been most clearly impressed by, here, is the right-mindedness of these men, so far as they see what they are doing. There is no equivocation with their consciences,—no silencing of their thoughts in any wilful manner; nor, under the conditions apparent to them, do I believe it possible for them to act more wisely or faithfully. That some conditions, non-apparent to them, may give unexpectedly harmful consequences to their action, is wholly the fault of others.

2. Meantime, recovering myself as a good ship tries to do after she has been struck by a heavy sea, I must say to my Birmingham friends a few things which I could not, while I was bent on listening and learning;—could not,

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 629, 630; and above, p. 164.]

also, in courtesy, but after deliberation had: so that, in all our debate, I was under this disadvantage, that they could say to me, with full pleasure and frankness, all that was in their minds; but I could not say, without much fear and pause, what was in mine. Of which unspoken regrets this is the quite initial and final one; that all they showed me, and told me, of good, involved yet the main British modern idea that the master and his men should belong to two entirely different classes; perhaps loyally related to and assisting each other; but yet,—the one, on the whole, living in hardship—the other in ease;—the one uncomfortable—the other in comfort;—the one supported in its dishonourable condition by the hope of labouring through it to the higher one,—the other honourably distinguished by their success, and rejoicing in their escape from a life which must nevertheless be always (as they suppose) led by a thousand to one* of the British people. Whereas St. George, whether in Agriculture, Architecture, or Manufacture, concerns himself only with the life of the workman,—refers all to that,—measures all by that,—holds the Master, Lord, and King, only as an instrument for the ordering of that; requires of Master, Lord, and King, the entire sharing and understanding of the hardship of that,—and his fellowship with it as the only foundation of his authority over it.

3. "But we *have* been in it, some of us,—and know it, and have, by our patience——"

"Won your escape from it." I am rude—but I know what you would say. Does then the Physician—the Artist—the Soldier—the good Priest—labour only for escape from his profession? Is not this manufacturing toil, as compared with all these, a despised one, and a miserable,—

* I do not use this as a rhetorical expression. Take the lower shopkeepers with the operatives, and add the great army of the merely helpless and miserable; and I believe "a thousand to one" of the disgraced and unhappy poor to the honoured rich will be found a quite temperately expressed proportion.

by the confession of all your efforts, and the proclamation of all your pride; and will you yet go on, if it may be, to fill England, from sea to sea, with this unhappy race, out of which you have risen?

"But we cannot all be physicians, artists, or soldiers. How are we to live?"

Assuredly not in multitudinous misery. Do you think that the Maker of the world intended all but one in a thousand of His creatures to live in these dark streets; and the one, triumphant over the rest, to go forth alone into the green fields?

4. This was what I was thinking, and more than ever thinking, all the while my good host was driving me by Shenstone's home, The Leasowes,[1] into the vale of Severn; and telling me how happily far away St. George's ground was, from all that is our present England's life, and—pretended—glory. As we drove down the hill a little farther towards Bewdley (Worcestershire for "Beaulieu," I find; —Fors undertakes for pretty names to us, it seems,—Abbey-dale, Beau-lieu, and if I remember, or translate, rightly, the House by the Fountain[2]—our three Saxon, Norman, and Celtic beginnings of abode) my host asked me if I would like to see "nailing." "Yes, truly." So he took me into a little cottage where were two women at work,—one about seventeen or eighteen, the other perhaps four or five and thirty; this last intelligent of feature as well could be; and both, gentle and kind,—each with

[1] [A mile north-east of Halesowen. Johnson, in his life of the poet, says, "His delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance, induced him to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy as made his little domain the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful, a place to be visited by travellers and copied by designers." The grounds have since been much altered; and "a line of canal close to the place has interfered with its rural quiet, and brought the disagreeable accompaniment of rude traffic and vexatious depredation. Enough of their original appearance, however, remains to render these grounds highly interesting" (Murray's *Handbook for Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire,* 1884, p. 209). For references by Ruskin to Shenstone, see Vol. V. pp. 218, 247; Vol. XII. p. 335; and Vol. XXII. p. 320.]

[2] [Ty'n-y-ffynon, the name not of St. George's Cottages at Barmouth, but of the house and home of Mrs. Talbot, who gave them to the Guild. For St. George's land at Abbeydale (elsewhere called Mickley or Totley, see above, p. 98.]

hammer in right hand, pincers in left (heavier hammer poised over her anvil, and let fall at need by the touch of her foot on a treadle like that of a common grindstone). Between them, a small forge, fed to constant brightness by the draught through the cottage, above whose roof its chimney rose:—in front of it, on a little ledge, the glowing lengths of cut iron rod, to be dealt with at speed. Within easy reach of this, looking up at us in quietly silent question,—stood, each in my sight an ominous Fors, the two Clavigeræ.

At a word, they laboured, with ancient Vulcanian skill. Foot and hand in perfect time: no dance of Muses on Parnassian mead in truer measure;—no sea fairies upon yellow sands more featly footed. Four strokes with the hammer in the hand: one ponderous and momentary blow ordered of the balanced mass by the touch of the foot; and the forged nail fell aside, finished, on its proper heap; —level-headed, wedge-pointed,* a thousand lives soon to depend daily on its driven grip of the iron way.

5. So wrought they,—the English Matron and Maid;—so was it their darg[1] to labour from morning to evening,—seven to seven,—by the furnace side,—the winds of summer fanning the blast of it. The wages of the Matron Fors, I found, were eight shillings a week;†—her husband, otherwise and variously employed, could make sixteen. Three shillings a week for rent and taxes, left, as I count, for the guerdon of their united labour, if constant, and its product providently saved, fifty-five pounds a year, on which they had to feed and clothe themselves and their six children; eight souls in their little Worcestershire ark.

* Flattened on two sides, I mean: they were nails for fastening the railroad metals to the sleepers, and made out of three-inch (or thereabouts) lengths of iron rod, which I was surprised and pleased to find, in spite of all our fine machines, the women still preferred to cut by hand.

† Sixteen-pence a day, or, for four days' work, the price of a lawyer's letter. Compare *Fors* 64, § 6. [Vol. XXVIII. p. 566.]

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 599, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 93.]

Nevertheless, I hear of all my friends pitying the distress I propose to reduce myself to, in living, all alone, upon three hundred and sixty,[1] and doing nothing for it but contemplate the beauties of nature; while these two poor women, with other such, pay what portion of their three shillings a week goes to provide me with my annual dividend.

6. Yet it was not chiefly their labour in which I pitied them, but rather in that their forge-dress did not well set off their English beauty; nay, that the beauty itself was marred by the labour; so that to most persons, who could not have looked through such veil and shadow, they were as their Master, and had no form nor comeliness.[2] And all the while, as I watched them, I was thinking of two other Englishwomen, of about the same relative ages, with whom, in planning last *Fors*, I had been standing a little while before Edward Burne-Jones's picture of Venus's Mirror,[3] and mourning in my heart for its dulness, that it, with all its Forget-me-nots, would not forget the images it bore, and take the fairer and nobler reflection of their instant life. Were these then, here,—their sisters;[4] who had only, for Venus's mirror, a heap of ashes; compassed about with no Forget-me-nots, but with the Forgetfulness of all the world?

7. I said just now that the evil to which the activities of my Birmingham friends tended was in nowise their own fault.

Shall I say now whose fault it is?

I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal; but truly, I find vaguely objurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls σκιαμαχία,[5] or shadow-fight: and that unless one can plainly say, Thou art the man[6] (or woman, which is more probable), one might

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 103).]
[2] [Isaiah liii. 2.]
[3] [At the Grosvenor Gallery: see above, p. 157.]
[4] [The question is resumed in Letter 81, § 3 (p. 193).]
[5] [See, *e.g.*, *Apology*, 18 D; *Republic*, 520 C; *Laws*, 830 C.]
[6] [2 Samuel xii. 7.]

as well say nothing at all. So I will frankly tell, without wandering into wider circles, among my own particular friends whose fault it is. First, those two lovely ladies who were studying the Myosotis palustris with me;—yes, and by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire who came in afterwards;—and then, that charming—(I didn't say she was charming, but she was, and is)—lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey (*Fors* 11, § 3), and her two daughters; and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23rd of May, 1875 (*Fors* 54, § 20[1]), and another one who greatly disturbed my mind at church, only a Sunday or two ago, with the sweetest little white straw bonnet I had ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair, so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards, advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish,—and my own pet cousin; and—I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences.

These, and the like of them (not that there are very many their like), are the very head and front of mischief;[2] —first, because, as I told them in Queens' Gardens,[3] ages ago, they have it in their power to do whatever they like with men and things, and yet do so little with either; and secondly, because by very reason of their beauty and virtue, they have become the excuse for all the iniquity of our days: it seems so impossible that the social order which produces such creatures should be a wrong one.* Read, for instance, this letter concerning them from a man both wise and good,—(though thus deceived!) sent me in

* "Would you have us less fair and pure then?" No; but I would have you resolve that your beauty should no more be bought with the disgrace of others, nor your safety with their temptation. Read again *Fors* 45 § 17. [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 162–163.]

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[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 183; Vol. XXVIII. p. 353.]
[2] ["The very head and front of my offending" (*Othello*, Act i. sc. 3).]
[3] [The second lecture in *Sesame and Lilies:* see Vol. XVIII. p. 109.]

comment on *Fors* for April, 1876, referring especially to §§ 6, 7:[1]—

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—Thank you for *Fors*, which I have read eagerly, but without being quite able to make out what you are at. You are hard on Mr. Keble and the poor lady who 'dresses herself and her children becomingly.' If ever your genuine brickmaker gets hold of her and her little ones—as he very likely may some day,—he will surely tear them to pieces, and say that he has your authority for thinking that he is doing God a service. Poor lady!—and yet dressing becomingly and looking pleasant are a deal harder, and better worth doing, than brickmaking. You make no allowance for the many little labours and trials (the harder to do and bear, perhaps, because they are so little) which she must meet with, and have to perform in that 'trivial round' of visiting and dressing. As it is, she is at least no worse than a flower of the field. But what prigs would she and her husband become if they did actually take to dilettante (*i.e.*, non-compulsory) brickmaking! In their own way, almost all 'rich' people, as well as the so-called 'poor'—who, man, woman, and child, pay £5 each per annum in *taxes* on intoxicating drinks—*do* eat their bread in the sweat of their faces: for the word you quote 'is very broad,' and more kinds of bread than one, and more sorts of sweat than one, are meant therein."[2]

8. A letter this which, every time I read it, overwhelms me with deeper amazement:[3] but I had rather, if it may be, hear from some of my fair friends what *they* think of it, before I farther tell them thoughts of mine; only, lest they should hold anything I have in this *Fors* said, or am, in the next,[4] likely to say, disloyal to their queenship, or their order, here are two more little pieces of Plato,[5] expressing his eternal fidelity to Conservatism, which, like the words of his in last *Fors*,[6] I again pray[7] to be permitted, reverently, to take also for mine:—

"For at that time" (of the battle of Marathon, Mr. Lowe may perhaps be interested in observing[8]) "there was an ancient polity among us,

[1] [Letter 64: Vol. XXVIII. p. 566.]
[2] [This is the letter from Coventry Patmore to which reference is made in a letter now printed in a note to Letter 66, § 23 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 633).]
[3] [It is considered further in Letter 81, § 4 (p. 194).]
[4] [See § 3 (p. 193).]
[5] [*Laws*, book iii. 698 B, 699 C, and book vii. 793 B and C.]
[6] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 78: above, p. 139.]
[7] [That is, as before in Letter 78 (p. 139), he had "reverently and thankfully" taken other words of Plato's for his own.]
[8] [The reference is to Mr. Lowe's speech in 1871, already mentioned in *Fors*: see Letter 6, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 101 *n.*, 102). The newspapers, not recognizing this reference, were misled into attributing Patmore's letter (§ 7) to Lowe: see below, p. 207.]

and *ancient divisions of rank, founded on possession;* and the queen* over u all was a noble shame, for cause of which we chose to live in bondag to the existing laws. . . . By which shame, as often before now said,[1] all me who are ever to be brave and good must be bound; but the base an cowardly are free from it, and have no fear of it.

. . . . . .

"And these laws which we have now told through, are what most me call unwritten laws: and what besides they call laws of the Fatherlanc are but the sum and complete force of these. Of which we have sai justly that we must neither call them laws, nor yet leave them unspoke —for these lie in the very heart of all that has been written, and tha is written now, or can be written for evermore: being simply and que tionlessly father-laws from the beginning, which, once well founded an practised, encompass† with eternal security whatever following laws ar established within these; but if once the limits of these be overpassed, and their melody broken, it is as when the secretest foundations of building fail, and all that has been built on them, however beautifu collapses together,—stone ruining against stone."

9. The unwritten and constant Law of which Plato i here speaking, is that which my readers will now fin enough defined for them in the preface to the second volum of *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, p. xxvi.,[2] as being the *Guardia* Law of Life, in the perception of which, and obedience t

* "Despotis," the feminine of Despot.

† More strictly, "cover," or "hide" with security; a lovely word—havin in it almost the fulness of the verse,—"in the secret of the tabernac shall He hide me."[3] Compare the beginning of Part III.[4] of *St. Mark Rest.*

‡ The apparent confusion of thought between "enclosing" and "sup porting" is entirely accurate in this metaphor. The foundation of a gre building is always wider than the superstructure; and if it is on loo ground, the outer stones must grasp it like a chain, embedded themselv in the earth, motionlessly. The embedded cannon-balls at the foundatic of any of the heaps at Woolwich will show you what Plato means by the Earth, or Fatherland, laws; you may compare them with the first tiers the Pyramids, if you can refer to a section of these.

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[1] [Ruskin in his copy of *Fors* refers to *Laws*, 647.]

[2] [Of the original edition; now § 17 of the Preface to *Rock Honeycomb* (Vo XXXI.).]

[3] [Psalms xxvii. 5. The word in Plato is περικαλύψαντα.]

[4] [At the time of writing, Ruskin had issued no Part III. of *St. Mark's Res* and the reference here must be to an intended, but not published, passage, there is nothing relevant in the present connexion either in the "first suppleme to *St. Mark's Rest*" (now chapter x.), which was the third part in order of iss (published in December 1877), or in "Part III." (so called, now chapter viii.) whi did not appear till 1879.]

which, all the life of States for ever consists. And if now the reader will compare the sentence at the bottom of that page, respecting the more gross violations of such law by Adultery and Usury, with the farther notes on Usury in page 17,[1] and then, read, connectedly, the 14th and 15th Psalms[2] in Sidney's translation, he will begin to understand the mingled weariness and indignation with which I continue to receive letters in defence of Usury, from men who are quite scholars enough to ascertain the facts of Heaven's Law and Revelation for themselves, but will not,—partly in self-deceived respect to their own interests; and partly in mere smug conceit, and shallow notion that they can discern in ten minutes objections enough to confound statements of mine that are founded on the labour of as many years.

10. The portion of a letter from a clergyman to Mr. Sillar, which I have printed for the third article of our Correspondence [§ 14], deserves a moment's more attention than other such forms of the "Dixit Insipiens,"[3] because it expresses with precision the dullest of all excuses for usury, that some kind of good is done by the usurer.

Nobody denies the good done; but the principle of Righteous dealing is, that if the good costs you nothing, you must not be paid for doing it. Your friend passes your door on an unexpectedly wet day, unprovided for the occasion. You have the choice of three benevolences to him,—lending him your umbrella,[4]—lending him eighteenpence to pay for a cab,—or letting him stay in your parlour till the rain is over. If you charge him interest on the umbrella, it is profit on capital—if you charge him interest on the eighteenpence, it is ordinary usury—if you charge him interest on the parlour, it is rent. All three are equally

[1] [Again the reference is to the original edition; the passage is Ruskin's note in Sidney's version of Psalm v.]
[2] [See Letter 23, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 415-416).]
[3] [Psalms xiv. 1, often quoted by Ruskin (see General Index).]
[4] [For another illustration taken from the lending of an umbrella, see Appendix 17, § 2 (below, pp. 570-571).]

forbidden by Christian law, being actually worse, because more plausible and hypocritical sins, than if you at once plainly refused your friend shelter, umbrella, or pence. You feel yourself to be a brute, in the one case, and may some day repent into grace; in the other you imagine yourself an honest and amiable person, rewarded by Heaven for your Charity: and the whole frame of society becomes rotten to its core. Only be clear about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try.

For the rest, touching the minor distinctions of less and greater evil in such matters, you will find some farther discourse in the fourth article of our Correspondence: and for my own compromises, past or future, with the practices I condemn, in receiving interest, whether on St. George's part or my own, I hold my former answer[1] consistently sufficient, that if any of my readers will first follow me in all that I have done, I will undertake in full thereafter to satisfy their curiosity as to my reasons for doing no more.

[1] [Compare Letter 70, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 728, 729).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

1. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

The first of the formal points of difficulty which, last month, I said I hould be prepared to meet,[1] turns out to be one of nomenclature. Since ve take no dividend, we cannot be registered as a "Company," but only "Society"—"Institute"—"Chamber," or the like.

I accept this legal difficulty as one appointed by Fors herself; and ubmit to the measures necessitated by it even with satisfaction; having or some time felt that the title of "Company" was becoming every day nore and more disgraceful, and could not much longer be attached to any ssociation of honourable Englishmen.

For instance, here is a little notification which has just been sent me, -charmingly printed, with old English letters at the top of the page, as llows:—

The Artizans', Labourers' & General Dwellings' Company, Limited.

INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.[2]

Offices—27, Great George Street,
Westminster, S.W.,
July 4th, 1877.

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

We are desired by the Committee to address you briefly at the present age with respect to the aspect of the Company's affairs.

The discoveries already made have proved the importance of the investigation, d led to the arrest of the Company's Manager.

Although waste, extravagance, and possibly fraud, have been discovered, the ommittee would advise the Shareholders not to sacrifice their Shares under the fluence of groundless panic, as there is good reason to believe that the property is such intrinsic value that it may yet be placed upon a solid and satisfactory footing.

We are, &c.,
EVELYN A. ASHLEY,
Chairman.

JOHN KEMPSTER,
Hon. Sec.

[1] [See above, p. 165.]

[2] [For the report of the Committee of Investigation, see *Times*, August 4, 72 (p. 6 *e*). The previous chairman and the secretary were committed for trial ugust 15) and convicted (October 26). The Company itself survived these troubles, d has had, and continues to have, a prosperous and useful career. The late Sir chard Farrant was for many years its deputy-chairman.]

—respecting which I beg Mr. Ashley, being a friend whom I can ventur a word to, to observe, that if he would take a leaf out of *Fors's* book and insist on all accounts being made public monthly, he would find i future that the mismanagement could be "arrested," instead of the mis manager; which would be pleasanter for all concerned.

Now, as I never mean any of the members of St. George's "Company (so called at present) to be put to such exercise of their faith respectin the intrinsic value of their property as the Committee of the Genera Dwellings Company here recommend, I am of opinion that the sooner w quit ourselves of this much-dishonoured title the better; and I have writte to our solicitors that they may register us under the title of St. George' Guild: and that the members of the Guild shall be called St. George' Guildsmen and Guildswomen.

I have a farther and more important reason for making this change I have tried my method of Companionship for six years and a hal and find that the demand of the tenth part of the income is a practica veto on the entrance of rich persons through the needle's eye[1] of ou Constitution. Among whom, nevertheless, I believe I may find som serviceable Guildsmen and Guildswomen, of whom no more will be require than such moderately creditable subscription as the hitherto unheard-c affluence described by Professor Goldwin Smith[2] may enable them to spare while I retain my old "Companions" as a superior order, among whor from time to time I may perhaps enroll some absurdly enthusiasti Zaccheus or Mary,—who, though undistinguished in the eye of the la from the members of our general Guild, will be recognized by St. Georg for the vital strength of the whole Society.

12. The subjoined accounts will, I hope, be satisfactory: but I am to practically busy in pushing forward the arrangement of our Museum, an co-operative work, at Sheffield, to spare time, this month, for giving an statement about them.

Please note with respect to Mr. Bagshawe's subjoined account for th cheque of June 5th (see last *Fors*[3]), that the amount of stock sold to pr duce the £2700 out of which this cheque was paid, was £2853, 7s. 5d.

"3, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD, *8th June*, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yourself from Badger.

"This purchase has been long delayed in completion for various reasons, tl last being some little delay in remitting the cheque for the purchase-money an valuation, which I received only on Tuesday last. However, I have paid over tl purchase-money and amount of valuation this morning, and the conveyance to you self has been executed by Mrs. Badger and her husband, and is in my possessio The title-deeds relate to other property as well as to that purchased by you, an therefore the vendor retains them, and has entered into a covenant to produ them in the usual form. The certificate of Mrs. Badger's acknowledgment of tl conveyance before commissioners has to be filed, and upon receiving an offi copy of it to attach to the conveyance, the latter shall be forwarded to Messr

[1] [See Matthew xix. 24.]
[2] [See Letter 78, § 19 (p. 141).]
[3] [Above, p. 165.]

Tarrant and Co., as you requested, together with the deeds of the property lately purchased from Mr. Wright at Walkley, which are still in my safe.

"On the other side I give a short cash statement of the transaction for your guidance.

"Believe me,
"Yours very sincerely,
"BENJAMIN BAGSHAWE.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN."

		£ s. d.
To amount of cheque received, 5th June, 1877, from Mr. Cowper Temple, signed by himself and Sir T. D. Acland . .		2287 16 6
By purchase-money of Mickley property paid over to Mrs. Badger, 8th June, 1877 . . .	£2200 0 0	
By amount of valuation for tillage and fixtures .	74 6 6	
By stamps, law stationers' charges, and railway fare to Totley, on my attending to take possession of the property on your behalf . . .	12 11 4	
By balance remitted to you by cheque herewith .	0 18 8	
		£2287 16 6

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY,

FROM 16TH JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877

Dr. *Cr.*

1877.		£ s. d.	1877.		£ s. d.
Jan. 16.	To Balance cash in hand (see *Fors*, No. 74) .	26 3 0	Feb. 7.	By cash sent Union Bank, London . . .	29 0 0
26.	,, Miss L. Kennedy .	5 0 0	May 5.	Ditto ditto . .	50 0 0
Feb. 15.	,, Robert Somervell .	2 0 0	9.	Ditto ditto . .	17 14 0
Mar. 13.	,, Mrs. Joseph Fry .	5 0 0	31.	Ditto ditto . .	37 0 0
Apr. 18.	,, A tithe of gifts, E. B.	1 11 0	June 25.	Ditto ditto . .	2 2 0
21.	,, G. D.	7 0 0			
May 1.	,, Companion No. 29 .	50 0 0			
12.	,, G., No. 50 . . .	10 0 0			
19.	,, G. D.	7 0 0			
25.	,, G. D.	20 0 0			
June 4.	,, Miss Sargood . .	2 2 0			
		£135 16 0			£135 16 0

13. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I am being very much tormented just now by my friends; and to make them understand how, I will print a short letter from one of the least wise among them, by which I think the rest may perceive, beyond the possibility of mistake, what measure of absurdity may be more or less involved in their own treatment of me.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—You have never answered my latter letters, so I suppose you are inexorably angry with me for something or other. Nevertheless I should like to see you, and show you my own pretty little girl. Won't you see me just five minutes?

"Yours ever truly."

Now this letter exhibits in the simplest possible form the error which I find most of my friends at present falling into; namely, thinking that they show their regard for me by asking me for sympathy, instead of giving it. They are sincere enough in the regard itself, but are always asking me to do what, in consequence of it, they should like themselves, instead of considering what *they* can do, which *I* should like. Which briefly, for the most part at present, is to keep out of my way, and let me alone. I am never angry with anybody unless they deserve it; and least of all angry with my friends:—but I simply at present can't answer their letters, having, I find, nine books in the press,[1] besides various other business; and much as I delight in pretty little girls, I only like seeing them like clouds or flowers, as they chance to come, and not when I have to compliment their mothers upon them. Moreover, I don't much value any of my general range of friends now, but those who will help me in what my heart is set on; so that, excepting always the old and tried ones, Henry Acland, and George Richmond, and John Simon, and Charles Norton, and William Kingsley, and Rawdon Brown, and Osborne Gordon, and Burne-Jones, and "Grannie" and "Mammie,"[2] and Miss Ingelow, with their respective belongings of family circle; and my pets—who all know well enough how much I depend on them; and one or two newly made ones besides, but who can only yet be as pictures or dreams to me,—with such, I hope enough comprehensive exception,—I don't care any more about my friends, unless they are doing their best to help my work; which, I repeat, if they can't, let them at least not hinder; but keep themselves quiet, and not be troublesome.

14. (III.) The following letter, expressing a modern clergyman's sense of his privileges in being "a Gentile, and no Jew," in that so long as he abstains from things strangled, and from fornication,[3] he may fatten at his ease on the manna of Usury,—I cannot but rejoice in preserving, as an elect stone, and precious,[4] in the monumental theology of the Nineteenth Century:—

"DEAR MR. SILLAR,—Thanks for calling my notice again to the Jewish law against usury. When we last talked and wrote about this subject, I told you the Hebrew word for usury means *biting*, and our own word *usury* commonly means *unlawful profit*.

"But our conversation this morning has led to this thought, 'I am a Gentile, and not a Jew.' And Gentile Christians are living under the rules laid down with respect to the peculiar laws of Judaism in Acts xv., where there is no mention made of the Jewish usury law. I refer you to verses 10, 28, and 29. This, to my mind, quite settles the matter.

"You want me to preach against bankers, and lenders of money at interest. Upon my conscience, I cannot preach against the benefactors of their fellow-men.

[1] [Namely (in addition to *Fors*), *St. Mark's Rest, Mornings in Florence, Laws of Fésole, Rock Honeycomb, Proserpina, Deucalion;* and new editions of *Unto this Last* and *Ethics of the Dust.*]

[2] [Lady Mount-Temple and Mrs. Hilliard.]

[3] [Acts xv. 20.]

[4] [1 Peter ii. 6.]

"Let me give you a case in point. I have myself received great benefit from lenders of money at interest. A year or two ago I bought a new block of chambers near the new Law Courts. I gladly borrowed £8000 to help me to pay for them. Without that assistance I could not have made the purchase, which is a very advantageous one to me already; and will be much more so when the Law Courts are completed.

"How can the trustees of the settlement under which the money was put out, or the person who ultimately receives the interest, be condemned in the day of judgment, according to your theory?

"They have not wronged, nor oppressed, nor bit me; but have really conferred a great benefit upon me. And I hope I am not to be condemned for paying them a reasonable interest, which I very willingly do.

"Yours very sincerely."

15. (IV.) Though somewhat intimately connected with the "affairs of the Master," the following letters are so important in their relation to the subject of usury in general, that I think it well to arrange them in a separate article.

I received, about three months ago, in Venice, a well-considered and well-written letter, asking me how, if I felt it wrong to remain any longer holder of Bank stock, I yet could consent to hold Consols, and take interest on those, which was surely no less usury than the acceptance of any Bank dividend. To this letter I replied as follows, begging my correspondent to copy the letter, that it might be inserted in *Fors*:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am much pleased by your intelligent question, which you would have seen at any rate answered at length, as soon as I got out of Venice, where I must keep my time for Venetian work—also I did not wish to confuse my statement of facts with theoretical principles.

"*All* interest is usury; but there is a vital difference between exacting the interest of an already contracted debt, and taking part in a business which consists in enabling new ones to be contracted. As a banker, I derange and corrupt the entire system of the commerce of the country; but as a stock-holder I merely buy the right to tax it annually—which, under present circumstances, I am entirely content to do, just as, if I were a born Highlander, I should contentedly levy black-mail, as long as there was no other way for Highlanders to live, unless I thought that my death would put an end to the system;—always admitting myself a thief, but an outspoken, wholesome, or brave thief;* so also, as a stock-holder, I am an outspoken and wholesome usurer;—as a soldier is an outspoken and wholesome murderer. Suppose I had been living as a hired bravo, stabbing for hire, and had written,—'I must quit myself of this murderous business,—I shall go into the army,'—you might ask me, What—are you not still paid an annual income, to kill anybody Mr. Disraeli orders you to? 'Yes,' I should answer; 'but *now* outspokenly, and, as I think soldiering is managed, without demoralizing the nature of other people. But, as a bravo, I demoralized both myself and the people served.'

"It is quite true that my *phrase* 'to quit myself of usury and the Bank

* Compare *Fors*, Letter 45, § 13, and note. [Vol. XXVIII. p. 153.]

of England,'[1] implied that stock interest was not usury at all. But I could not modify the sentence intelligibly, and left it for after explanation.

"All national debts, you must have seen in *Fors* abused enough.[2] But the debt existing, and on such terms, the value of all money payments depends on it in ways which I cannot explain to you by letter, but will as *Fors* goes on.

"Very truly yours."

16. To this letter I received last month the following reply:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am very grateful to you for your courteous and candid letter in reply to mine of the 11th ult. It is with pleasure that I have made, in accordance with your request, the copy of it enclosed herein.

"May I again trespass on your kindness and ask you still further to meet the difficulties into which your teaching on usury has plunged me?

"If a national debt be wrong on principle, is it right of you to encourage its prolongation by lending the country money? Or is the fact of its being 'already contracted' a sufficient reason for your taxing the people annually, and thereby receiving money without working for it?

"Again, is the case of the Highlander quite analogous? *You have* another 'way to live' apart from taking any 'interest' or 'usury'; and should you not, to be quite consistent with your teaching, rather live on your principal as long as it lasts? (*Fors* 70, §§ 2, 3.) You speak of yourself as 'an outspoken and wholesome usurer';—if I read aright, you taught in *Fors* 68, § 8,[3] that the law enunciated in Leviticus xxv. 35–37, 'is the simple law for all of us—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy but to fulfil.' If '*all* interest is usury,' is not the acceptance of it—even when derived from Consols—contrary to the law of Christ, and therefore sinful? Can there be any 'wholesome' sin, however outspoken?

"Pardon my thus trespassing on your time, and believe me,

"Gratefully and faithfully yours."

17. The questions put by my correspondent in this second letter have all been answered in *Fors* already (had he read carefully), and that several times over; but lest he should think such answer evasive, I will go over the ground once more with him.

First, in reply to his general question, "Can there be *any* wholesome sin?" No; but the violation of a general law is not always sin. "Thou shalt not kill"[4] is a general law. But Phinehas is blessed for slaying and Saul rejected for sparing.[5]

Secondly. Of acts which under certain conditions would be sin, there is every degree of wholesomeness and unwholesomeness, according to the absence or presence of those conditions. For the most part, open sin is wholesomer than secret; yet some iniquity is fouler for being drawn with cords of vanity,[6] and some blasphemy baser for being deliberate and

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 103).]
[2] [See, for instance, Letters 1, 22 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 14, 377).]
[3] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 712–714, 673.]
[4] [Exodus xx. 13.]
[5] [See Numbers xxv. 8–11, and 1 Samuel xv.]
[6] [Isaiah v. 18.]

insolent, like that of our modern men of science. So again, all sin that is fraudful is viler than that which is violent; but the venal fraud of Delilah is not to be confused with the heroic treachery of Judith.[1] So, again, all robbery is sin, but the frank pillage of France by the Germans[2] is not to be degraded into any parallel with the vampire lotteries of the modern Italian Government. So, again, all rent is usury, but it may often be wise and right to receive rent for a field,—never, to receive it for a gambling table. And for application to St. George's business, finally,—so long as our National debt exists, it is well that the good Saint should buy as much stock of it as he can; and far better that he should take the interest already agreed for, and spend it in ways helpful to the nation, than at once remit it, so as to give more encouragement to the contraction of debt.

18. (V.) Part of a letter from a young lady Companion, which will be seen, without comment of mine, to be of extreme value:—

"Last Sunday morning my father and brothers went to the funeral of an old workman who had been in my father's service for forty years. The story of his life is rather an unusual one in these days. The outside of his life, as I know it, is just this. He was a boy in the works to which my father was apprenticed to learn ——; and when my father bought ——, Tom went with him, and had been foreman for many years when he died. He spent his whole life in honest, faithful labour, chiefly, it seems to me, for other people's benefit, but certainly to his own entire satisfaction. When my brothers grew up and went into the business, they often complained, half in joke, that Tom considered himself of much more importance there than they; and even after they were made partners, he would insist upon doing things his way, and in his own time. His only interest was their interest; and they knew that, in spite of his occasional stubbornness, they could rely without hesitation on his absolute faithfulness to them. They say, 'One of the old sort, whom we can never replace.'

"But the leisure side of Tom's life is to me grievous,—so pleasureless, narrow, dull. He came from Wales, and has lived ever since in the street where the —— is,—a dirty, wretched, close street in one of the worst neighbourhoods in ——, peopled by the lowest class,—a street where he can never have seen one green leaf in spring or flower in summer, where the air is poisoned with bad smells, and the very sunlight only shines on ugliness, filth, and poverty. And here Tom lived—not even taking a country walk, or going to breathe fresher air in the wider streets. He was once offered a ticket for an entertainment of some sort at —— Hall, only a few minutes' walk from the ——, and was not sure of the way there! He never went away but once, to the funeral of a relative in Wales; and once, twenty-four years ago, to take charge of a house out of town for my father, and then of course came to his work every day. He was never known to be drunk, and never away from work for a day's illness in his life—until the very end. Tom was a great reader and politician, I believe, and in reading found his sole recreation from the monotony of daily toil. Ought one to pity most the man who was content (apparently) with such a poor, bare life, unconscious of the pleasures that lay outside it, waiting to be enjoyed, or the crowds of restless, discontented people who ramble yearly all over the world, in vain search for new excitements, 'change of air' and scene?" (Does my correspondent really doubt?)

"Tom's illness seemed to become alarming all at once. His wife could not

[1] [See Judges xvi., and Judith viii.–xvi.]
[2] [Compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 69.]

persuade him to stay away from work until the last few days, and he would not take a real holiday. My father wanted him to go to Wales, and try his native air, but Tom said it would kill him. The only indulgence he would take, when quite unable to work, was a *ride in the omnibuses once or twice* with his wife, and a sail across the river. But it was too late, and he died after a very short illness, almost in harness. His wife's words to my brother are very touching: 'I ran away with him, and my friends were very angry, but I've never regretted it. It's thirty-nine years ago, but my heart has never changed to him. He was very kind to me always; he couldn't have been kinder if he had been a gentleman!' I suppose she thinks gentlemen are always kind to their wives.

"Poor Tom! I wonder if he has had said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' But I can't help wishing his life had not been so colourless and pleasureless here. I do not like to think that a steady, honest, industrious working man should either be obliged, or should ever be *content*, to live like a machine, letting the best faculties of a man for enjoyment and improvement" (I should have been very much puzzled to 'improve' Tom, my dear, if you had sent him to me with that view) "be ignored; and die knowing nothing of the infinite loveliness of God's world, though he may know much of the beauty of faithfulness, and the blessedness of honest work. It seems such a needless sacrifice and waste; for surely these conditions of life *are* needless, or else our civilization and Christianity are utter failures."

Possibly not quite, my dear,—in so far as they have produced Tom, to begin with; and are even beginning to make you yourself perceive the value of that "production."

19. (VI.) The following letter, from another Companion, says, in more gentle terms, nearly all I wish to say, myself, concerning church service in modern days:—

"MY DEAR MASTER,—I want to tell you, if you've no objection, how tiresome, and like a dull pantomime, Christmas grows to me—in its religious sense. The Bethlehem story is revived, with music and picturing, simply to mock and cheat one's heart, I think; for people can't live for ever on other people's visions and messages. If we want to see fine things, and hear high and gracious ones, such as the shepherds did, we must live under the same conditions. We, too, *must* have the simple, healthy lives,—the fields near, the skies pure,—and then we shall understand, for ourselves, nativity mysteries, belonging to our own immediate time, directly sent from heaven. But it would be troublesome to give us those things, while it is profitable to get up a mimic scene of past glories. Well, I cannot care for it, and so instead of going painfully to Bethlehem, I come to Venice—or wherever the master is; for you would not cheat nor mock, but give the real good. That people don't care for the good, is a sad thing for them, but there were not many who cared for the actual, simple truth in the Bethlehem days. It is a very different thing the caring for things called after them. We are so prone to be apish, somehow or other; for ever mimicking, acting,—never thinking or feeling for ourselves. If you are quite faithful to the truth, you cannot fail; and it is so priceless a blessing that one amongst us is true.

"I have a little incident of my splendid Christmas Day to tell you,—a mere straw, but showing which way the wind blows.

"We went to church on Christmas morning—my sister and I. All was in orthodox fashion. There were the illuminated Scriptures, and the choir sang about 'Unto you is born this day,' etc. The sermon wandered from the point a little, but it kept returning to the manger and its mystery.

"Well, on leaving, a violent storm of sleet and hail came on, and we were

glad to take shelter in a tramway car close by, along with quite a little company of church-leavers. While the car waited its time for starting, three ragged little lads were swept up, like birds drifted by a storm-gust; and they too scrambled into the car, one of them saying to the most miserable of the three, 'Come in, Jim; I'll pay a penny for you.' They looked like dissipated little Christmas-boxers, who had been larking in the streets all night, waiting for the dingy dawn to go begging in. Huddled up shivering in a corner, and talking about their money in hoarse tones—like young ravens, they were the pictures of birds of prey. As they muttered hoarsely among themselves, they contrasted so much with the little treble singers in the choir, that they hardly seemed to be children. I heard them propose buying penny pies; and after twisting about like eels, they suddenly became still!—spell-bound, I imagine, with the thoughts of penny pies. 'Jim,' the very ragged one with no money, looked anxious about his fare. Presently, as if at a signal, the other two got up and went out softly,—like little Judases—without a word to their companion! On reaching the pavement, they called to the conductor, 'Hi, you'll have to turn that lad out,—he's no money;' then they scampered off at full speed. Jim gathered his rents and rags together for a descent into the storm and slush of the street. I was just opposite, so gave him the fare, and bid him sit still. And just then some more very wet church folks came in—so full of thoughts about the child of Bethlehem, I imagine, for whom there was such scant room, that they were utterly oblivious of poor Jim, and the little room he might want. Two of them squeezed him, without looking at him, into merely nothing; and a third, also without looking, fairly sat upon him, it seemed to me, but he got himself behind cleverly. These were grandly dressed people. Next came, as we had started, the conductor, for fares, and I felt rather glad our ragged companion was so smothered up. But when his little thin, dirty arm came forth with his penny, there was a shameful scene. The conductor ordered him roughly out on to the steps at the back, but took his fare, saying there was no room for him. Not one of us said anything. I was very angry, but I suppose didn't like to make a little scene by asking the man to let him come in. I am remorseful yet about it. So the poor bairn went out. However (this is nicer), a minute after came in a young workman—quiet and delicate looking. As he glanced round, he spied the child, and inquired immediately about him. 'There must be *made* room,' he replied to the conductor's shamefaced excuse. And the man looked round with such reproach and severity that master Jim was asked in, in less than no time, and invited to 'Take a seat, my boy.' It was rather funny too; but I was pleased exceedingly, and I tell it to you for the sake of the young workman. *He* had *not* been to church,—*we* had. That puzzles me—or rather it makes it clear to me."

20. (VII.) Fragment of note from another Companion, with a nice little illustration of "Rent" in it:—

"I wonder if St. George would listen to a very sad little petition, and give me anything out of his fund for a poor old woman who is bedridden, and her hands so crippled she can't do any work with them. All she has to depend on is 3s. a week from the parish, out of which she has to pay 2s. and 9d. weekly ("to whom?" asks St. George) for the rent of her room; so that all *she* has to support her is 3d. a week, and a loaf from the parish (Kensington) every week. She has an idiot daughter who sometimes earns a few halfpence for mangling.

"Mrs. E. (the old woman) is so devoted to flowers; and she has a few pots in the window beside her bed, and she wriggles herself to them with difficulty, but can just manage to pick off a fading leaf; and after a long sleepless night of pain, spoke of it as a great reward that she had actually *seen a bud opening!* Do speak to St. George!—I know he'll listen to you; and if he gave even a shilling a week, or half-a-crown, with certainty, this poor old woman's heart would indeed rejoice. I can give more particulars if wanted."

I read all this to St. George; who grumbled a little, saying it was all the same as asking *him* to pay the rent to the ——(here he checked himself)—landlord; but gave his half-crown at last, under protest.[1]

21. (VIII.) Two pleasant little scraps about useful industry, which will refresh us after our various studies of modern theology and charity.

"The swarm of bees came down, by passenger train *from London*, a week before we came home, and Mrs. Allen and Grace managed to put them in their place without being stung. The people at the station were much tickled at the notion of a swarm of bees coming by train. The little things have been very busy ever since. Hugh and I looked into their little house, and saw that they had built the best part of eight rows of comb in ten days. They are very kind and quiet. We can sit down by the side of the hive for any length of time, without harm, and watch them come in loaded. It is funny to see a certain number of them at the entrance, whose duty it is to keep their wings going as fans, to drive cool air into the hive (people say), but I don't know: anyhow, there were lines of them fanning last night; and the others, as they came in loaded, passed up between them.

. . . . . .

"A lady asks if you couldn't write on domestic servants. A smith at Orpington, on being canvassed by a gentleman to give his vote in favour of having a School Board here, replied, 'We don't want none of your School Boards here. As it is, if you want clerks, you can get as many as you like at your own price; but if I want a good smith to-morrow, I couldn't get one at any price.'

"G. ALLEN."

22. (IX.) I must needs print the last words of a delicious letter from a young lady, which I dearly want to answer, and which I think she expected me to answer,—yet gave me only her name, without her address. If she sends it—will she also tell me what sort of 'unkind or wicked' things everybody says?[2]

"I did not mean to write all this, but I could not help it—you have been like a personal friend to me ever since I was sixteen. It *is* good of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts when everybody is so ungrateful, and says such unkind, wicked things about you."

[1] [See also Letter 81, § 14 (p. 208).]
[2] [See Letter 81, § 1 (p. 191).]

LETTER 81

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN[1]

BRANTWOOD, 13*th August*, 1877.

1. THE Thirteenth,—and not a word yet from any of my lady-friends in defence of themselves![2] Are they going to be as mute as the Bishops?[3]

But I have a delightful little note from the young lady whose praise of my goodness I permitted myself to quote in the last article of my August correspondence,—delightful in several ways, but chiefly because she has done, like a good girl, what she was asked to do, and told me the "wicked things that people say."

"They say you are 'unreasoning,' 'intolerably conceited,' 'self-asserting'; that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Politic. Econ.); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad!! They make me so angry, I don't know what to do with myself."

The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say, my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry. You would not be so, unless you clearly saw that all these sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do. But suppose, instead of letting them make you angry, you serenely ask them what I have said

[1] [A discarded title was "What they knew as Beasts" (compare Jude 10): see below, § 9.]

[2] [See Letter 80, §§ 7, 8 (pp. 175–178).]

[3] [For the author's challenge to them, see Letter 49, §§ 11, 12 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 242–244).]

that is wrong; and make them, if they are persons with any pretence to education, specify any article of my teaching, on any subject, which they think false, and give you their reason for thinking it so. Then if you cannot answer their objection yourself, send it to *me*.

You will not, however, find many of the objectors able, and it may be long before you find *one* willing, to do anything of this kind. For indeed, my dear, it is precisely because I am not self-asserting, and because the message that I have brought is not mine, that they are thus malignant against me for bringing it. "For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Take your first epistle of St. John, and read on from that eleventh verse to the end of the third chapter: and do not wonder, or be angry any more, that "if they have called the Master of the house, Baalzebub, they call also those of his household."[1]

2. I do not know what Christians generally make of that first epistle of John. As far as I notice, they usually read only from the eighth verse of the first chapter to the second of the second; and remain convinced that they may do whatever they like all their lives long, and have everything made smooth by Christ. And even of the poor fragment they choose to read, they miss out always the first words of the second chapter, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin *not:*" still less do they ever set against their favourite verse of absolution—"If any man sin, he hath an Advocate,"—the tremendous eighth verse of the third chapter, "He that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the Devil sinneth from the beginning," with its before and after context—"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous;" and "whosoever *doeth* not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

3. But whatever modern Christians and their clergy

[1] [Matthew x. 25.]

choose to make of this epistle, there is no excuse for any rational person, who reads it carefully from beginning to end, and yet pretends to misunderstand its words. However originally confused, however afterwards interpolated or miscopied, the message of it remains clear in its three divisions: (1) That the Son of God is come in the flesh (chap. iv. 2, v. 20, and so throughout); (2) That He hath given us understanding that we may know Him that is true (iii. 19, iv. 13, v. 19, 20); and (3) that in this understanding we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren (iii. 14). All which teachings have so passed from deed and truth into mere monotony of unbelieved phrase, that no English now is literal enough to bring the force of them home to my readers' minds. "Are these, then, your sisters?" I asked of our fair Englishwomen concerning those two furnace-labourers.[1] They do not answer,—or would answer, I suppose, "Our sisters in God, certainly," meaning thereby that they were not at all sisters in Humanity; and denying wholly that Christ, and the Sisterhood of Christendom, had "come in the Flesh."

Nay, the farthest advanced of the believers in Him are yet so misguided as to separate themselves into costumed "Sisterhoods," as if these were less their sisters who had forge-aprons only for costume, and no crosses hung round their necks.

But the fact is assuredly this,—that if any part or word of Christianity be true, the literal Brotherhood in Christ is true, in the Flesh as in the Spirit; and that we are bound, every one of us, by the same laws of kindness to every Christian man and woman, as to the immediate members of our own households.

4. And, therefore, we are bound to know who are Christians, and who are not,—and the test of such division having been made verbal, in defiance of Christ's plainest

[1] [See Letter 80, § 6 (p. 175).]

orders, the entire body of Christ has been corrupted into such disease, that there is no soundness in it, but only wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.[1] Look back to *Fors* for January 1876. How is it that no human being has answered me a word to the charge closing § 5?[2] "You who never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread, devour and waste to your fill, and think yourselves better creatures of God, doubtless, than this poor starved wretch." No one has sent me answer; but see what terrific confirmation came to me, in that letter from a good, wise and Christian man,[3] which I printed in last *Fors*, who nevertheless is so deceived by the fiends concerning the whole method of division between his own class and the poor brethren, that he looks on all his rich brethren as seed of Abel, and on all his poor brethren as seed of Cain and conceives nothing better of the labourer but that he is in his nature a murderer. "He will tear your pretty lady in pieces, and think he is doing God service." When was there ever before, in the human world, such fearful Despising of the Poor?[4]*

5. These things are too hard for me;[5] but at least, as now the days shorten to the close of the seventh year,[6] I will make this message, so far as I have yet been able to deliver it, clearly gatherable. Only, perhaps, to do so I must deliver it again in other and gentler terms. It cannot be fully given but in the complete life and sifted writings of St. John, promised for the end of our code of foundational Scripture (*Fors*, January 1876, § 14, and

* Compare *Fors* 61, § 21: "Here, the sneer of 'those low shoemakers' is for ever on the lip," and the answer of the sweet lady at Furness November, 1871, § 3.[7]

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[1] [Isaiah i. 6.]
[2] [Letter 61: Vol. XXVIII. p. 489.]
[3] [Coventry Patmore: see above, p. 177.]
[4] [James ii. 6.]
[5] [2 Samuel iii. 39.]
[6] [That is, since the commencement of *Fors*.]
[7] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 509; Vol. XXVII. p. 183.]

compare July, 67, § 12[1]),—nevertheless it may be that the rough or brief words in which it has already been given (January 1876, 61, §§ 7 and 16; February, 62, §§ 2 and 8; March, 63, § 6; April, 64, § 5; and, of chief importance, July, 67, §§ 9 and 17[2]), have been too rough, or too strange, to be patiently received, or in their right bearing understood: and that it may be now needful for me to cease from such manner of speaking, and try to win men to this total service of Love by praise of their partial service.

6. Which change I have for some time thought upon, and this following letter,*—which, being a model of gentleness, has exemplary weight with me myself,—expresses better than I could without its help, what I suppose may be the lesson I have to learn.

"MANCHESTER, *July 25th*, 1877.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have long felt that I ought to write to you about *Fors Clavigera,* and others of your later books. I hesitated to write, but all that I have heard from people who love you, and who are wise enough and true enough to be helped by you, and all that I have thought in the last few years about your books,—and I have thought much about them,—convinces me that my wish is right, and my hesitation wrong. For I cannot doubt that there are not very many men who try harder to be helped by you than I do. I should not wish to write if I did not know that most of the work which you are striving to get done, ought to be done, and if I did not see that many of the means which you say ought to be used for doing it, are right means. My dulness of mind, because I am not altogether stupid, and my illness, because I do not let it weaken my will to do right, have taught me some things which you cannot know, just because you have genius and mental vigour which give you knowledge and wisdom which I cannot hope to share.

"May I not try to make my humble knowledge of the people, through whom alone you can act,† aid your high knowledge of what has to be done?

* This letter is by the author of the excellent notes on Art-Education in the July number of *Fors,*[3] of which a continuation will be found in the correspondence of this month [p. 213].

† Herein lies my correspondent's chief mistake. I have neither intention, nor hope, of acting through any of the people of whom he speaks; but, if at all, with others of whom I suppose myself to know more,—not less,—than he.

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[1] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 500, 647.]
[2] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 491, 501, 512, 517, 542, 564, 644, 652.]
[3] [Letter 79, §§ 6–8 (above, pp. 149–156).]

"Since, eight or nine years ago, I read *Sesame and Lilies*, I have had the reverence and love for you which one feels only for the men who speak in clear words the commands which one's own nature has before spoken less clearly. And I say without self-conceit that I am trying to do the best work that I know of. It could not then be quite useless that you should know why I often put down *Fors* and your other books in despair, and why I often feel that, in being so impatient with men whose training has been so different from yours, and who are what they are only partly by their own fault;—in forgetting that still it is true of most sinners that 'they know not what they do'; and in choosing some of the means which you do choose for gaining a good object, you are making a 'refusal' almost greater than can be made by any other man, in choosing to work for evil rather than for good.

"May I show you that sometimes *Fors* wounds me, not because I am sinful, but because I know that the men whom you are scourging for sin, are so, only because they have not had the training, the help, which has freed you and me from that sin?

"If I were a soldier in a small army led by you against a powerful foe, would it not be my duty to tell you if words or acts of yours weakened our courage and prevented other men from joining your standard? I ask you to let me tell you, in the same spirit, of the effect of your words in *Fors*.

"You do not know, dear Mr. Ruskin, what power for good you would have, if you would see that to you much light has been given in order that through you other men may see. You speak in anger and despair because they show that they greatly need that which it is your highest duty to patiently give them.

"Pardon me if all that I have written seems to you to be only weak.

"I have written it because I know, from the strong effect of the praise which you gave my letter in the July *Fors*, and of the kind words in your note, that in no other way can I hope to do so much good as I should do, if anything I could say should lead you to try to be, not the leader of men entirely good and wise, free from all human weakness, but the leader, for every man and woman in England, of the goodness and wisdom which are in them, in the hard fight they have to wage against what in them is bad and foolish.

"I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours very truly."[1]

[1] [A passage in the MSS. at Brantwood refers as follows to this letter from a correspondent, "who writes me word he is thrown into depression by my violent language":—

> "If you want gentle language and clear guidance, why don't you read, and read again and again, the Inaugural Oxford lectures? There I have said all that is needful for any man's guidance in all ways, so far as I know it. I have written every syllable in utmost tenderness, and with a care more scrupulous than a sculptor's last finishing of a Parian statue; the two last lines of the 93rd paragraph, for instance, summing the power of Love between Man and Wife—'at its height, it is the bulwark of Patience, the tutor of Honour, and the perfection of Praise'*—took me at least half-an-hour's work: in choosing out of the much that might have been said, the three chief things which it was necessary to say."]

* [Vol. XX. p. 92.]

7. This letter, I repeat, seems to me deserving of my most grave respect and consideration;* but its writer has entirely ignored the first fact respecting myself, stated in *Fors* at its outset[1]—that I do not, and cannot, set myself up for a political leader; but that *my* business is to teach art, in Oxford and elsewhere;—that if any persons trust me enough to *obey* me without scruple or debate, I can securely tell them what to do, up to a certain point, and be their "makeshift Master"[2] till they can find a better; but that I entirely decline any manner of political action which shall hinder me from drawing leaves and flowers.

And there is another condition, relative to this first one, in the writing of *Fors*, which my friend and those others who love me, for whom he speaks, have never enough observed: namely, that *Fors is a letter*, and written as a letter should be written, frankly, and as the mood, or topic, chances; so far as I finish and retouch it, which of late I have done more and more, it ceases to be what it should be, and becomes a serious treatise, which I never meant to undertake. True, the play of it (and much of it is a kind of bitter play) has always, as I told you before, as stern final purpose as Morgiana's dance;[3] but the gesture of the moment must be as the humour takes me.

But this farther answer I must make, to my wounded friends, more gravely. Though, in *Fors*, I write what first comes into my head or heart, so long as it is true, I write no syllable, even at the hottest, without weighing the truth

* The following passage in a more recent note adds to this feeling on my part, and necessitates the fulness of my reply:—

"I feel so sure that what I said in my first letter very many people who love you would say,—have said inaudibly,—that the words hardly seem any longer to be mine. It was given to me to speak for many. So if you think the words printed can be of any use, they are of course entirely at your service."

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[1] [See Letter 1, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 13); and compare Vol. XXVIII. p. 236.]
[2] [See Letter 67, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 644).]
[3] [See Letter 62, § 1 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 512); and compare the Introduction Vol. XXVII. (p. lvi.).]

of it in balance accurate to the estimation of a hair.[1] The language which seems to you exaggerated, and which it may be, therefore, inexpedient that I should continue, nevertheless expresses, in its earnestness, facts which you will find to be irrefragably true, and which no other than such forceful expression could truly reach, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear.[2]

Therefore *Fors Clavigera* is not, in any wise, intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertion of the code of Eternal Laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell, in forty days.[3] That I should rejoice instead of mourning, over the falseness of such prophecy, does not at all make it at present less passionate in tone.

8. For instance, you[4] have been telling me what a beloved Bishop you have got in Manchester; and so, when it was said in page 45 of *Fors* for 1876,[5] that "it is merely *through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law* in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern conditions of trade are possible," you thought perhaps the word "bestial" inconsiderate! But it was the most carefully considered and accurately true epithet I could use. If you will look back to the 208th page of *Fors* of 1874,[6] you will find the following sentence quoted from the Secretary's Speech at

[1] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[2] [Ezekiel ii. 5, 7; iii. 11.]
[3] [Jonah iii. 4. For a criticism by the *Spectator* on this passage and Ruskin's reply, see below, p. 320.]
[4] [That is, his correspondent, Mr. Horsfall of Manchester: see below, Appendix 22, pp. 590, 591, 593.]
[5] [Letter 62; § 4 of this edition (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 514–515).]
[6] [Letter 45; § 14 of this edition (Vol. XXVIII. p. 159).]

the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow in that year. It was unadvisably allowed by me to remain in small print: it shall have large type now, being a sentence which, in the monumental vileness of it, ought to be blazoned, in letters of stinking gas-fire, over the condemned cells of every felon's prison in Europe:—

"MAN HAS THEREFORE BEEN DEFINED AS AN ANIMAL THAT EXCHANGES. IT WILL BE SEEN, HOWEVER, THAT HE NOT ONLY EXCHANGES, BUT FROM THE FACT OF HIS BELONGING, IN PART, TO THE ORDER CARNIVORA, THAT HE ALSO INHERITS TO A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE THE DESIRE TO POSSESS WITHOUT EXCHANGING; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, BY FRAUD OR VIOLENCE, WHEN SUCH CAN BE USED FOR HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, WITHOUT DANGER TO HIMSELF."

9. Now, it is not at all my business, nor my gift, to "lead" the people who utter, or listen to, this kind of talk, to better things. I have no hope for them,—any quantity of pity you please, as I have also for wasps, and puff-adders:—but not the least expectation of ever being able to do them any good. My business is simply to state in accurate, not violent, terms, the nature of their minds, which they themselves ("out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant"[1]) assert to be "bestial,"—to show the fulfilment, in them, of the words of prophecy: "What they know naturally, as brute-beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves,"[2]—and to fasten down their sayings in a sure place, for eternal scorn, driving them into the earth they are born of, as with Jael's hammer.[3] And this I have held for an entirely stern duty, and if it seems to have been ever done in uncharitable contempt, my friends should remember how much, in the doing of it, I have been forced to read the writings of men whose natural stupidity is enhanced always by their settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force* (see *Fors* of January 1877,

* That is to say, the "framework of Society." It is a perfectly conscientious feeling on their part. We will reason as far as we can, without saying anything that shall involve any danger to "property."

[1] [Luke xix. 22.]
[2] [Jude 10.]
[3] [Judges iv. 21. Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 231, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 463; and below, p. 379.]

§ 5[1]) into such frightful conditions of cretinism, that having any business with them and their talk is to me exactly as if all the slavering Swiss populace of the high-air-cure establishment at Interlaken[2] had been let loose into my study at once. The piece of Bastiat, for instance, with analysis of which I began *Fors* seven years ago,[3]—what can you put beside it of modern trade-literature, for stupidity, set off with dull cunning?—or this, which in good time has been sent me by Fors (perhaps for a coping-stone of all that I need quote from these men, that so I may end the work of nailing down scarecrows of idiotic soul,[4] and be left free to drive home the fastenings of sacred law)—what can you put beside *this*, for blasphemy, among all the outcries of the low-foreheaded and long-tongued races of demented men?—

"HAD MANKIND GIVEN OBEDIENCE TO THAT PROHIBITION,* THE RACE WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. FOR WITHOUT INTEREST THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT CAPITAL THERE CAN BE NO CO-OPERATION OF ANTERIOR AND PRESENT LABOUR, WITHOUT THIS CO-OPERATION THERE CAN BE NO SOCIETY, AND WITHOUT SOCIETY MAN CANNOT EXIST." (Bastiat, *Harmonies of Political Economy*, vol. ii., page 165. English edition.)

10. With this passage, and some farther and final pushing home of my challenge to the Bishops of England,[5] which must be done, assuredly, in no unseemly temper or haste, —it seems probable to me that the accusing work of *Fors* may close. Yet I have to think of others of its readers,

* The Prohibition of Usury.

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[1] [Letter 73 (above, p. 16).]

[2] [St. Beatenberg, on the Lake of Thun. The carriage road thither from Interlaken was completed in 1865, and the Kurhaus opened ten years later (see Coolidge's *Swiss Travel and Guide-books*, p. 242).]

[3] [See Letter 1, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 24–25).]

[4] [Ruskin in his note for Index here adds: "*Idiotic* is used in this place in the accurate Greek sense, 'self-contained.'" See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]

[5] [See below, p. 244.]

before so determining, of whom one writes to me this month, in good time, as follows:—

"In reading the last (June) *Fors*, I see—oh, so sorrowfully!—that you have been pained by hearing 'complaints' that should never have been felt—much less spoken, and least of all for you to hear. It is bad enough for those who love every word of your teaching to find *Fors* misread. But I for one feel it to be just unpardonable that anything so mistaken should reach you as to lead you to think you are 'multiplying words in vain.'[1]

"'In vain'?—Dearest Master, surely, surely you know that far and near, many true hearts (who—known or unknown to you—call you by that sacred name) watch hungrily for the coming of your monthly letter, and find it Bread, and Light.

"Believe me, if the 'well-to-do'—who have never felt the consequences of the evils you seek to cure—'can't understand' you, there are those who can, and do.

"Perhaps, for instance, your 'well-to-do friends,' who can get any fruit they wish for, in season or out of season, from their own garden or hothouse, may think the 'Mother Law' of Venice about Fruit[2] only beautiful and interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and not as having any practical value for English people to-day: but suppose that one of them could step so far down as to *be* one of 'the poor' (*not* 'the working' classes) in our own large towns—and so living, to suffer a fever, when fruit is a necessity, and find, as I have done, that the price of even the commonest kinds made it just impossible for the very poor to buy it—would not he or she, after such an experience, look on the matter as one, not only of personal, but of wide importance? I begin to think it is only through their own need, that ordinary people know the needs of others. Thus if a man and his wife living, with no family, on say ten

[1] [Letter 78, § 15 *n.* (above, p. 138).]
[2] [See Letter 74 (p. 42).]

shillings per week, find that in a town they can't afford to buy, and can get no garden in which to grow fruit—they will know at once that their neighbours who on the same sum must bring up half-a-dozen children, will have to do without vegetables as well as fruit; and having felt the consequences of their own privation they will know that the children will soon—probably—suffer with skin and other diseases, so serious as to make them ask, *why* are fruit and vegetables so much scarcer and dearer than they were when we were children? And once any one begins to honestly puzzle out that, and similar questions (as I tried to do before *Fors* was given us), they will be, I know, beyond all telling, thankful for the guidance of *Fors*, and quite ready to 'understand' it.

"Ah me! if only the 'well-to-do' would *really* try to find an answer, only to the seemingly simple question asked above, I would have more hope than now for the next generation of 'the lower classes.' For they would find that dear vegetables means semi-starvation to countless poor families. One of the first facts I learnt when I came here was,—'Poor folks' children don't get much to eat all winter but bread and potatoes.' Yet, last October, I one day gave twopence for three ordinary potatoes; and, all winter, could buy no really good ones. Under such conditions, many children, and infirm and sick people, could be but half fed; and half-fed children mean feeble, undersized, diseased men and women, who will become fathers and mothers of sickly children,—and where will the calamity end? Surely the 'food supply' of the people *is* every one's business. ('That can't concern you, my dear,' is the putting down we women get, you know, if we ask the 'why?' of a wrong to other people.) I can't, when I hear of sickly children, but ask, very sadly, what kind of workmen and soldiers and sailors will they and their children be in another century?

"You will think I am looking a long way forward; yet if one begins only to puzzle out this question (the scarcity

of fruit and vegetables), they will find it takes them back, far away from towns, far off the 'very poor,' until they come to the beginning of the mischief, as you show us; and then the well-to-do will find they *have* had much to do with the question, and find too a meaning in the oft-read words, 'We are every one members one of another.'

"There, I fear I'm very rude, but I'm not a little angry when people who are blind say there is no light to see by. I've written so much, that I'm now afraid I shall tire you too much: but I do so want to tell you what I feel now, even more than when I began—no words *can* tell you—*how* close, and true, and tried a friend *Fors* is.

"Last winter there was great distress in this town. Many persons were thrown out of employment because there was 'great depression in the shoe trade': of course among some classes there was great suffering. Yet, with children literally starving because their fathers could get no work to do, all the winter through, and up to the present time, a 'traction engine' (I think they call it) was at work levelling, etc., the streets, and a machine brush swept them,—past the very door of a house where there was a family of little children starving. 'They have pawned about everything in the house but the few clothes they have on, and have had no food since yesterday morning,' I was told on *Christmas Day*. All the winter through I could not get one person who talked to me of 'the distress in the shoe trade' to see that it was only like applying a plaster to a broken limb, instead of setting the bone, to give coal and bread tickets to these poor starving people, and was not really 'feeding the hungry.' People are, as far as I know, *never* half fed by such means, but over-fed one day in the week, and left foodless the other six.*

"I talked earnestly to a 'Board' schoolmistress who is 'educating' near three hundred children; but, alas! she persisted in saying, 'It would be a disgraceful thing if we had

* Compare Letter 61, § 1 [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 483–484].

not the engine and brush, when other towns have got them long ago.' Will you not believe that in such a winter it was good to get *Fors?* People do listen to you.

"John Guy's letter is glorious.[1] I am so thankful for it. I would like to tell him so, but fear he may not read the name 'Companion' as I do."

11. I should not have given this letter large type for the portions referring to myself; but I wish its statement of the distress for food among the poorer classes—distress which is the final measure of decrease of National wealth—to be compared with the triumphant words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in contemplation of the increased number of chimneys at Reading[2] (and I suppose also of the model gaol which conceals from the passing traveller the ruins of its Abbey). And I will pray my first correspondent[3] to believe me, that if once he thoroughly comprehends the quantity of fallacy and of mischief involved in these thoughtless expressions of vulgar triumph, and sets himself to contradict and expose them, he will no longer be sensitive to the less or more of severity in the epithets given to their utterers. The following passage from another of his letters on this subject, with my following general answer, may, I think, sufficiently conclude what is needful to be said on this subject:—

"To quite free my mind from the burden which it has long carried, I will speak, too, of what you have said of Goldwin Smith, and Mill. I know that men who fail to see that political change is purely mischievous* are so far 'geese,'[4] but I know, too, that it is wrong to call them geese. They are not entirely so; and of the geese or half-geese who follow them in flocks, about the noblest quality is that they are loyal to and admire their leaders, and are hurt and made angry when names which they do not like are used of those leaders."

* I had not the slightest intention of alluding to *this* failure of theirs, which happens to be my own also.

[1] [See Letter 78, § 23 (p. 144).]
[2] [See Letter 78, § 19 (p. 141).]
[3] [Mr. Horsfall: see above, p. 149.]
[4] [See Letter 79, § 8, *note c* (p. 152).]

12. Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done.[1] For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing,[2] and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelvemonth's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips,* the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up,—not caring to speak my own words, but to discern,[3] whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now, being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or

* Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of common vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for *Paradise Lost!*[4] all this revenue being of course stolen from the labouring poor, who are the producers of all wealth. (Compare the central passage of *Fors* 11, § 5.[5])

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[1] [Ruskin's note for Index here is :—
"Anger,—ought to be caused in rogues by just blame. Compare Plato, viii. 832."]

[2] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. p. 125 *n.*); *Ariadne Florentina*, 42 (Vol. XXII. pp. 326–327; and *St. Mark's Rest*, § 70 (Vol. XXIV. p. 262).]

[3] [Compare Letter 41 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 81); and Vol. XXV. p. 112, with the other passages there noted.]

[4] [See Vol. VII. p. 449.]

[5] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 184–185.]

a speech, quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese;—and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not,—totally ignoring them, and caring only to get the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational; and many of the foolishest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character,—propriety of diction, suavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles; and whose books are merely so much floating fogbank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever.[1]

[1] [For a criticism of § 12 in the *Spectator* and Ruskin's reply, see below, pp. 318–321.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

13. (Before entering on general business, I must pray the reader's attention to the following letter, addressed by me to the Editor of the *Standard* on the 24th of August:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Standard'*

"Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
"*24th August*, 1877.

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22nd inst. referring to a supposed correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me.[1] Permit me to state that the letter in question is not Mr. Lowe's. The general value of your article as a review of my work and methods of writing, will I trust be rather enhanced than diminished by the correction, due to Mr. Lowe, of this original error; and the more that your critic in the course of his review expresses his not unjustifiable conviction that no correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me is possible on any intellectual subject whatever.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"John Ruskin.")

14. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I shall retain the word "Company" to the close of the seventh volume of *Fors*,[2] and then substitute whatever name our association may have been registered under, if such registration can be effected. Supposing it cannot, the name which we shall afterwards use will be "Guild," as above stated.[3]

I regret that the Abbey Dale property still stands in my name; but our solicitors have not yet replied to my letter requesting them to appoint new Trustees;[4] and I hope that the registration of the Guild may soon enable me to transfer the property at once to the society as a body.

[1] [As explained above (p. 177 *n.*), a letter from Coventry Patmore, printed in *Fors*, had been attributed in the newspapers to Lowe. See the *Times*, August 21 (8 *f*) and the *Monetary Gazette*, August 25. The *Standard* had a leading article founded on this idea on August 22. The article concluded with the words: "The world will be made no wiser by any controversy between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lowe, for it would be impossible to reduce their figures or facts to a common denominator." The mistake was corrected in the *Times* on August 25, and Ruskin's letter to the *Standard* appeared on August 28. It was reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 275.]

[2] [Letters 73 to 84 constituted the seventh volume of the original edition.]

[3] [See Letter 80, § 11 (p. 182).]

[4] [See Letter 79, § 14 (p. 164).]

I ought, by rights, as the Guild's *master*, to be at present in Abbey Dale itself; but as the Guild's *founder*, I have quite other duties. See the subsequent note on my own affairs.

Our accounts follow, which I can only hope will be satisfactory, as, in these stately forms, I don't understand them myself. The practical outcome of them is, that we have now of entire property, five thousand Consols, (and something over);—eight hundred pounds balance in cash; thirteen acres freehold at Abbey Dale,—twenty at Bewdley, two at Barmouth, and the Walkley Museum building, ground, and contents.

I must personally acknowledge a kind gift of three guineas, to enable St. George, with no detriment to his own pocket, to meet the appeal in the Correspondence of *Fors* 80, § 20 [p. 189].

15. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I said just now that I ought to be at Abbey Dale; and truly I would not fail to be there, if I had only the Guild's *business* to think of. But I have the Guild's schools to think of, and while I know there are thousands of men in England able to conduct our business affairs better than I, when once they see it their duty to do so, I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of Anagallis tenella,[1] and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice;[2] and the Dalesmen must take care of themselves for the present.

Respecting my own money matters, I have only to report that things are proceeding, and likely to proceed to the end of this year, as I intended, and anticipated: that is to say, I am spending at my usual rate (with an extravagance or two beyond it), and earning nothing.

16. (III.) The following notes on the existing distress in India, by correspondents of the *Monetary Gazette*, are of profound import. Their slightly predicatory character must be pardoned, as long as our Bishops have no time to attend to these trifling affairs of the profane world.

"Afflictions spring not out of the ground, nor is this dire famine an accident that might not have been averted. David in the numbering of Israel sinned in the pride and haughtiness of his heart, and the retribution of Heaven was a pestilence that from Dan to Beersheba slew in one day seventy thousand men. The case of India is exactly parallel. This rich country has been devastated by bad Government, and the sins of the rulers are now visited on the heads of the unoffending and helpless people. These poor sheep, what have they done? It cannot be denied that, taking the good years and the bad together, India is capable of supplying much more corn than she can possibly consume; and besides, she can have abundant stores left for exportation. But the agricultural resources of the land are paralyzed by a vile system of finance, the crops remain insufficient, the teeming population is never properly fed, but is sustained, even in the best of times, at the lowest point of vitality. So that, when drought comes, the food supplies fall short at once, and the wretched hungry people are weak and prostrate in four-and-twenty hours. The ancient rulers of India by their wise forethought did much, by the

[1] [Ruskin's notes on this plant (the little bog Pimpernel) are now added to *Proserpina:* see Vol. XXV. p. 543.]

[2] [Chapter x. of *St. Mark's Rest* ("The Shrine of the Slaves") published in December 1877.]

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT, FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1. To Cash in hand[1] .	16	3	1			
8. ,, Mrs. Hannah Grant . .	0	1	0			
0. ,, J. Ruskin (cheque)	50	0	0			
1. ,, Ditto ditto	50	0	0			
0. ,, Ditto ditto	50	0	0			
				166	4	1
				£166	4	1

1877.		*Current Expenses.*	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Jan.	1.	By Curator's salary .	25	0	0			
	3.	,, Fire Insurance .	0	4	6			
	31.	,, Gas	1	14	3			
Feb.	7.	,, Water rate . .	0	5	7			
Mar.	31.	,, Property Tax . .	0	7	2			
Apr.	1.	,, Curator's salary .	25	0	0			
	9.	,, District rate . .	1	19	0			
May	2.	,, Gas (temporarily employed in heating; will not be used during ensuing winter) . .	6	6	9			
June	11.	,, Water . . .	0	5	8			
	14.	,, Poor rate . .	0	13	5			
	25.	,, Ditto in addition of land . . .	0	1	9			
						61	18	1
		Building and Grounds.						
Jan.	11.	By J. Tunnard (wooden gate and joinery).	2	14	9			
Feb.	13.	,, W. Webster (gateway and wall-work)	5	4	7			
Mar.	10.	,, B. Bagshawe (transfer of fresh land).	1	16	2			
	22.	,, J. C. and J. S. Ellis (on account) .	10	0	0			
Apr.	20.	,, J. Swift (wood and zinc) . . .	0	8	0			
May	1.	,, J. C. and J. S. Ellis (balance, hot water apparatus) . .	10	14	0			
	5.	,, J. Smith (drains) .	0	12	0			
	14.	,, Fisher, Holmes and Co. (grass seed) .	0	8	0			
,,	,,	E. Richardson (tree planting) . .	2	0	0			
	19.	,, Geo. Creswick (gravel) . .	1	17	6			
,,	,,	C. Ellis and J. S. Smith (labour on path and road) .	9	13	2			
						45	8	2
		Cases and Fittings.						
Mar.	3.	By W. Chaloner (on account) . .	5	0	0			
	16.	,, W. Chaloner (balance, table and fittings) . .	6	4	6			
May	1.	,, Leaf and Co. (velvets)	4	12	6			
	14.	,, B. Dixon (silk) .	0	5	0			
	21.	,, B. Dixon (silk) .	0	12	3			
,,	,,	Brooks and Son (silk)	0	12	0			
						17	6	3
June	30.	,, Carriage of goods and postage				5	2	5
,,	,,	Petty expenses . . .				1	5	7
,,	,,	Cash in hand				35	3	7
						£166	4	1

Examined and found correct, Aug. 22, 1877. WM. WALKER.

[1] [From account at end of Letter 74 (p. 49).]

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (Chancery Lane Branch), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance[1] . . .	191	9	1
23.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridgwater (Talbot) . . .	50	0	0
,,	,, Ditto Ditto. .	26	11	3
,,	,, Ditto, Sheffield (Fowler) . . .	20	0	0
25.	,, Ditto, Brighton (Moss)	200	0	0
26.	,, Per Mrs. Bradley .	7	0	0
29.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Rydings' draft, less 1s. 8d. charges[2] .	33	13	4
Feb. 15.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridgwater (Browne) . . .	100	0	0
19.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 6d. charges . .	28	18	6
Apr. 3.	,, Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by "A Sheffield Working Man"	0	2	0
9.	,, Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder" . . .	0	2	6
20.	,, Per J. P. Stilwell .	25	0	0
May 7.	,, Per Mr. Swan, from a "Sheffield silversmith" . . .	0	4	0
11.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Wolverhampton .	50	0	0
18.	,, Per ditto, draft at Douglas, less 10d. charges . . .	17	13	2
26.	,, Proceeds of sale of £2853, 7s. 5d. Consols	2700	0	0
June 8.	,, Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 10d. charges . .	36	18	2
22.	,, Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Post Office Order .	1	0	0
30.	,, Draft at Croydon, per Mr. Rydings . .	2	2	0
		£3490	14	0

Cr.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Apr. 23.	By power of attorney for sale of Consols . .	0	11	[illegible]
May 11.	,, Postage of pass-book .	0	0	[illegible]
,,	,, Power of attorney for sale of Consols .	0	11	[illegible]
26.	,, Mr. J. Ruskin . .	400	0	[illegible]
June 5.	,, To Deposit Account .	500	0	[illegible]
11.	,, Mr. B. Bagshawe .	2287	16	[illegible]
30.	,, Balance . . .	301	14	[illegible]
		£3490	14	[illegible]

July 1. To Balance . . . £301 14 3

[1] [From account at end of Letter 74 (p. 48).]
[2] [See, again, account at end of Letter 74 (p. 49).]

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S FUND,

FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877

Receipts.				£	s.	d.
from last account[1]				2310	0	11
riptions and donations—						
ee March *Fors*[2] . .	403	11	3			
ee May ditto[3] . . .	0	4	6			
ee July ditto[4] . . .	25	4	0			
Office Order by Mr. Ruskin	1	0	0			
				429	19	9
riptions sent to Mr. lings as per his unt in August *Fors*[5] .	135	16	0			
ocal banker's charges .	0	4	2			
				135	11	10
f £2853, 7s. 5d. Consols . . .				2700	0	0
end on £8000 Consols, placed to Mr. kin's account, to meet payments le by him for St. George . . .				118	10	0
ce due to Mr. Ruskin for payments le for ditto (inclusive of £50 sent to Swan on the 30th June, and not unted for in July *Fors*) . . .				385	10	0
				£6079	12	6

Payments.				£	s.	d.
Total from last account[1]				2177	1	9
Powers of attorney for sale of Consols .				1	3	0
Postage of pass-book				0	0	3
Commission of local banker on cheque .				0	1	8
Purchase of land at Abbey Vale, Sheffield				2287	16	6
Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at Museum, to June 30, less 1s. received from Mrs. H. Grant, as per separate account . .				130	19	6
Mr. Bunney, for drawings				90	0	0
Mrs. Talbot, for repairs at Barmouth .				80	12	0
Mr. Bagshawe, for land at Sheffield . .				180	0	0
Mr. Geddes				10	0	0
Mr. Graham				5	0	0
Mr. Burdon				5	0	0
Mr. Murray, for painting and drawings .				175	0	0
Mr. Baker, for clearing land on Worcestershire estate				100	0	0
Cash at banker's—						
On deposit account . .	£500	0	0			
On current account . .	301	14	3			
At Museum . . .	35	3	7			
				836	17	10
				£6079	12	6

B.—The above will be made more intelligible if readers will kindly refer to the account on page 166 y *Fors*.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND

Cr.

				£	s.	d.
1. To Balance[6]				301	14	3
,, Stamp allowed on power of attorney for sale of Consols .				0	10	0
4. ,, Per John Ruskin, Esq., sale of Japanese books . . .				25	0	0
6. ,, Per ditto, drafts at Bridgwater: Gift (Mrs. Talbot)	£10	0	0			
Rents of Barmouth land . . .	26	16	9			
				36	16	9
9. ,, Per Mr. Swan from "Manchester Friends of St. George"				2	0	0
3. ,, Per John Ruskin, Esq., from Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, July 1 .	£20	0	0			
E. T. Russell, Esq., July 12 . .	5	0	0			
Miss Susan Beever, July 20	7	6	0			
Charles W. Smith, Aug. 11 . .	50	0	0			
				82	6	0
				£448	7	0

1877.	£	s.	d.
July 18. By Cheque to John Ruskin, Esq.	355	10	0
Aug. 15. By Balance	92	17	0
	£448	7	0

5. To Balance £92 17 0

[At end of Letter 74.]
[Letter 77, § 11 (p. 118).]
[Letter 80: see accounts at end (p. 183).]

[2] [Letter 75, § 18 (p. 74).]
[4] [Letter 79: see accounts at end (p. 165).]
[6] [From the previous page.]

storage of water and by irrigation, to avoid these frightful famines; and the *ruins of their reservoirs and canals, which exist to this day, testify alike to their wisdom, and to the supreme folly of India's modern rulers.* Diverse principles of statesmanship underlie these different policies, and the germ of the whole case is hidden in these first principles. The ancients reserved from the 'fat' years some part of their produce against the inevitable 'lean' years which they knew would overtake them. When, therefore, the 'lean' years came, their granaries were comparatively full. You, with your boasted wisdom *of the nineteenth century,* in reality degenerate into the madness of blind improvidence. You do even worse. You draw on the future, by loans and kindred devices, in order to repair the errors and shortcomings of the present. The past was once the present, and you drew on what was then the future; that future is now the present, the bill is at maturity, there are no resources either in the storehouse or in the till, and famine comes of consequence. Nor is this all—the greater part of the folly and crime remains to be told. You have desolated the fairest portion of the land by the iniquities of usury. The cultivating classes are in hopeless indebtedness, the hereditary money-lender holds them firmly in his grasp, and the impoverished villagers have neither the means nor the heart properly to cultivate the soil. The rulers sit quietly by, while the normal state of things is that agriculture—the primitive industry of the land—is carried on under the vilest system of 'high finance'; where loans are regularly contracted even for the purchase of cattle, and of implements of husbandry, *and the rates of usury run from thirty to eighty per cent.* Agriculture is thus stunted and paralyzed by usury, and not by droughts; and as links in a natural chain of sequences, the earth refuses her increase, and the people perish. The blight and curse of India is usury. You and all your subordinates know it is so, and you do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. Your fathers planted that tree, so fair to behold, and so seemingly desirable, to make the partakers thereof rich; but it is *forbidden,* as was the tree in the early Paradise of man. Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world, has denounced and forbidden it. Are you wiser than they? Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it? Was Solon a fanatic when he poured his bitterest denunciations on it? Were Cato, Plato, and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome drunk with insane prejudices, when one after another they condemned it as a mortal sin? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error, or in petty warfare against the science of political economy, against truth or against morality, when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan? Was Mahomet wrong when he strictly forbade it? or the Jewish Church when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influences of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established. In India it is not one per cent. which is inherently wrong, and insidiously destructive. It is *eighty per cent.,* with the present penalty of a deadly famine, and a sharp and complete destruction imminent.

"But this wisdom of Joseph in Egypt was not so rare in ancient times. The rulers of these epochs had not been indoctrinated with Adam Smith and the other political economists, whose fundamental maxim is, 'Every man for himself, and the devil for the rest.' Here is another illustration, and as it belongs to Indian history it is peculiarly pertinent here. The Sultan, Ala-ud-din, fixed the price of grain, and received it as tribute; by these means so much royal grain came into Delhi, that there never was a time when there were not two or three royal granaries full of grain in the city. When there was a deficiency of rain, the royal stores were opened; corn was never deficient in the market, *and never rose above the fixed price.* If the rains had fallen regularly, and the seasons had always been favourable, there would have been nothing so wonderful in grain remaining at one price; but the extraordinary fact was, that though during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years in which the rain was deficient, yet, instead of the usual scarcity, there was no want of corn

in Delhi, and there was no rise in the price, either of the grain brought out of the royal granaries or of that imported by the dealers. Once or twice when the rains failed to some extent, a market overseer reported that the price had risen half a jital, *and he received twenty blows with a stick.* That was an admirable administration for the people; our own is supreme folly in comparison. Perhaps if every time there were an Indian famine we were to administer twenty blows with a stick to a finance minister and a political economist, and were to hang up in every village the principal usurer, the nations might, by aid of these crude methods, arrive at a perception of the wisdom of ancient rule. We certainly would do much to prevent the recurrence of Indian famines after the establishment of that stern but salutary discipline.

"Talking of usury in India, the *Globe* has just published for public edification another illustration of this rampant iniquity. 'In a case which lately came before the Calcutta Small Cause Court, it was proved that during two years the debtor had paid 1450 rupees for the interest and amortization of an original debt of 600 rupees. Yet the creditor had so arranged the account that he was able to make a final claim of 450 rupees on account of principal, and 26 rupees as overdue interest. Thus, in the course of only two years, the loan of 600 rupees had swallowed up 1926 rupees, or at the rate of 963 rupees per annum. After deducting the amount of the original advance, the interest charges came to 681 rupees 8 annas a year, so that the creditor really recovered the debt, with 13½ per cent. interest, in the course of twelve months, and yet held as large a claim as ever against his victim. Owing to the non-existence of usury laws in India, the judge was compelled to give judgment against the defendant for the full sum claimed; but he marked his sense of the transaction by allowing the balance to be paid off in small monthly instalments. At the same time he expressed a regret, in which we heartily agree, that the Indian Civil Code contains no restrictions on the practice of usury.'

"I would 'heartily agree' also, if the regret were intended to fructify in a measure to put down usury altogether, and abolish the money-lender with all his functions. There will be no hope for India till that shall be done; and what is more, we shall have a famine of bread in England very shortly, if we do not deal effectually with that obnoxious gentleman at home."[1]

17. (IV.) The following more detailed exposition of my Manchester correspondent's designs for the founding of a museum for working men in that city, should be read with care.[2] My own comments, as before, are meant only to extend, not to invalidate, his proposals.

"It is many years since the brightest sunshine in Italy and Switzerland began to make me see chiefly the gloom and foulness of Manchester; since the purest music has been mingled for my ear with notes of the obscene songs which are all the music known to thousands of our workpeople; since the Tale of Troy and all other tales have been spoiled for me by the knowledge that 'for our working classes no such tales exist.'[3] Do not doubt that I know that those words are sorrowful,—that I know that while they are true, gladness cannot often be felt except by fools and knaves. We are so much accustomed to allow conditions of life to exist which make health impossible, and to build infirmaries and hospitals for a few of the victims of those conditions;—to allow people to be drawn into crime by irresistible temptations, which we might have removed, and to provide prison chaplains for the most troublesome criminals;—our beneficent activity is so apt to take the

[1] [*Monetary Gazette,* August 25, 1877; compare the issue for December 12, 1874. For subsequent notes on the Famine, see below, pp. 244, 281.]

[2] [For the letter to the *Manchester Guardian* on this subject, from the author's correspondent (Mr. Horsfall), see Letter 79, §§ 6–8 (pp. 149–156.]

[3] [See Letter 79, § 6 (p. 150).]

form of what, in Mrs. Fry's case, Hood so finely called 'nugatory teaching,'[1] that it is quite useless to urge people of our class to take up the work of making healthy activity of body and mind possible for the working classes of our towns, and a life less petty than that which we are now living, possible too for the rich. They prefer to work in hospitals and prisons. (*a*) The most hospital-like and therefore inviting name which I can find for the work which I have mentioned—a work to which I shall give what strength I have—is the 'cure of drunkenness.' Under the 'scientific treatment of drunkenness' I can find a place for every change that seems to me to be most urgently needed in Manchester and all manufacturing towns. Pray do not think that I am jesting, or that I would choose a name for the sake of deception. The name I have chosen quite accurately describes one aspect of the work to be done. I must write an explanation of the work, as I am not rich enough to do more than a small part by myself.

"There is, I believe, no doubt that in the last seventy or eighty years the higher and middle classes of English people, formerly as remarkable for drunkenness as our workmen now are, (*b*) have become much more temperate. I try to show what are the causes of the change, and how these causes, which do not yet affect the poor, may be made to reach them. I must tell you very briefly what we are already doing in Manchester, and what I shall try to get done. The work of smoke prevention goes on very slowly. The Noxious Vapours Association will have to enforce the law, which, if strictly enforced, would make all mill chimneys almost smokeless. But the 'nuisance sub-committees' will not enforce the law. We shall show as clearly and effectively as possible how grossly they neglect their duty. I believe that in a year or two all that the law can help us to do will be done, and the air will then be much purer. (*c*)

. . . . . .

18. "Music is one of the things most needed. The mood, which I know well, must be very well known by workpeople—the mood in which one does not wish to improve one's mind, or to talk, but only to rest. All men must know that temptation is never harder to resist than then. *We* have music to protect us, which calls up our best thoughts and feeling and memories. The poor have—the public-house,—where their thoughts and feelings are at the mercy of any one who chooses to talk or sing obscenely; and they are ordered to leave even that poor refuge if they don't order beer as often as the landlord thinks they ought to do. In every large English town there are scores of rich people who know what Austrian beer-gardens are,—how much better than anything in England; and yet nowhere has one been started. I am trying now to get a few men to join me in opening one. I should prefer to have tea and coffee and cocoa instead of beer, as our beer is much more stupefying than that which is drunk in Austria. All that is needed is a large,

(*a*) Most true. This morbid satisfaction of consciences by physicking people on their deathbeds, and preaching to them under the gallows, may be ranked among the most insidious mischiefs of modern society.[2] My correspondent must pardon St. George for taking little interest in any work which proposes to itself, even in the most expanded sense, merely curative results. Is it wholly impossible for him to substitute, as a scope of energy, for the "cure of drunkenness," the "distribution of food"? I heard only yesterday of an entirely well-conducted young married woman fainting in the street for hunger. If my correspondent would address himself to find everybody enough of Meat, he would incidentally, but radically, provide against anybody's having a superabundance of Drink.

(*b*) Compare the *Crown of Wild Olive*, §§ 148, 149 [Vol XVIII. p. 505].

(*c*) I omit part of the letter here: because to St. George's work it is irrelevant. St. George forbids, not the smoke only, but much more—the fire.

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[1] [For a note by Ruskin on this saying, see Letter 82, § 4 (p. 223).]

[2] [Compare Letter 9, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 148).]

vell-lighted, well-ventilated room; (*d*) where every evening three or four good nusicians shall play such music as one hears in Austria,—music of course chosen y us, and not, as it is in music-halls, virtually by the lowest blackguards. (*e*) A enny or twopence will be paid at the door, to quite cover the cost of the music; nd tea, etc., will be sold to people who want it; but no one will have to order nything for 'the good of the house.' Then there will be a place where a decent vorkman can take his wife or daughter, without having to pay more than he can vell afford, and where he will be perfectly sure that they will hear no foul talk or ongs. I don't know of any place of which that can now be said.

19. "Mr. Ward probably told you of my plans for a museum. I shall be very rateful to you if you will tell me whether or not they are good. (*f*) I want to nake art again a teacher. I know that while our town children are allowed to ive in filthy houses, to wear filthy clothes, to play in filthy streets, look up to a lthy sky, and love filthy parents, there can be very little in them—compared, at east, with what under other conditions there would be—that books, or art, or after-ife can 'educate.' But still there is something,—far more than we have any right o expect. How very many of these children, when they grow up, do not become runkards, do not beat their wives! When I see how good those already grown p are, how kind, as a rule, to each other, how tender to their children, I feel not nly shame that we have left them unhelped so long; but, too, hope, belief, that n our day we can get as many people with common kindness and common sense, to vork together, as will enable us to give them effective help.

"After all, town children sometimes see brightness. To-day the sky was adiantly blue: looking straight up, it was hardly possible to see that there was moke in the air, though my eyes were full of 'blacks' when I left off watching he clouds drift.

"So long as people are helpful to each other and tender to their children, is here not something in them that art can strengthen and ennoble? Can we not nd pictures, old or new, that will bring before them in beautiful forms their best

(*d*) Alas, my kindly friend—do you think there is no difference between a "room" and a "garden" then? The *Garden* is the essential matter; and the Daylight. Not the music, nor the beer, nor even the coffee.

(*e*) I will take up this subject at length, with Plato's help, in next *Fors*.[1] Meanime, may I briefly ask if it would not be possible, instead of keeping merely the ad *music* out of the hall, to keep the bad *men* out of it? Suppose the music, nstead of being charged twopence for, were given of pure grace;—suppose, for nstance, that rich people, who now endeavour to preserve memory of their respected elations, by shutting the light out of their church windows with the worst glass hat ever good sand was spoiled into—would bequeath an annual sum to play a nemorial tune of a celestial character?—or in any other pious way share some f their own operatic and other musical luxury with the poor; or even appoint a Christian lady-visitor, with a voice, to sing to them, instead of preach?—and then, s aforesaid, instead of permitting seats to be obtained for twopence, make the ntry to such entertainments a matter of compliment, sending tickets of admission, s for Almack's, to persons who, though moneyless, might yet be perceived to elong to a penurious type of good society,—and so exclude "blackguards," whether owest or highest, altogether. Would not the selection of the pieces become easier nder such conditions?

(*f*) *Very* good;—but the main difficulty which we have to overcome is, not to orm plans for a museum, but to find the men leisure to muse. My correpondent has not yet answered my question, why we, and they, have less than the reeks had.[2]

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[1] [See Letter 82, §§ 17 *seq.* (pp. 237 *seq.*).]

[2] [See Letter 79, § 8, note (*c*) (above, p. 153). The subject is resumed at the eginning of Letter 83 (p. 257).]

feelings and thoughts? I speak of pictures with great diffidence. For what in them directly reveals noble human feeling I care deeply; but my eyes and brain are dull for both form and colour. I venture to speak of them at all to you only because I have thought much of the possibility of using them as means for teaching people who can barely read. Surely pictures must be able to tell tales, (*g*) even to people whose eyes have been trained in a Manchester back street. The plan which I wish to try is, to take, with the help of other men, a warehouse with some well-lighted walls. On these I would hang first the tale of the life of Christ, told by the copies published by the Arundel Society, as far as they can be made to tell it and with the gaps, left by them, filled by copies made specially for us. Under the whole series the same history would be told in words, and under each picture there would be a full explanation. There are hundreds of English people who have never heard this tale; but it is the tale that is better known than any other. Other tales told by pictures, I hope, can be found.

"You speak hopelessly of the chance of finding painters for the actions of great Englishmen, but could you not find painters for English hills and woods? (*h*) I should like to make other people, and myself, look with their brains, eventually even with their hearts, at what they now see only with their eyes. So I would have drawings made of the prettiest places near Manchester to which people go on holidays. They should be so painted that, if rocks are seen, it may be easy to know what kind of rocks they are; if trees, what kind of trees. Under or near these pictures, there should be sketches in outline giving the names of all the principal things—'clump of oaks,' 'new red sandstone.' On the opposite wall I would have cases of specimens—large-scale drawings of leaves of trees, of their blossom and seeds. For pictures of hills there should be such plates, showing the leading lines of the hills, as you give in the 'Mountain' volume of *Modern Painters*. It might help to make us think of the wonderfulness of the earth if we had drawings—say of a valley in the coal measure district as it now is, and another of what it probably was when the coal plants were still growing. If each town had such a series of pictures and explanatory drawings, they might be copied by chromo-lithography, and exchanged.

(*g*) Yes, provided the tales be true, and the art honest. Is my correspondent wholly convinced that the tales he means to tell are true? For if they are not, he will find no good whatever result from an endeavour to amuse the grown-up working men of England with mediæval fiction, however elegant. And if they are true, perhaps there is other business to be done before painting them.

Respecting the real position of the modern English mind with respect to its former religion, I beg my readers' accuratest attention to Mr. Mallock's faultlessly logical article in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month, "Is life worth living?"[1]

(*h*) Possibly; but as things are going we shall soon have our people incredulous of the existence of these also. If we cannot keep the fields and woods themselves, the paintings of them will be useless. If you can, they are your best museum. It is true that I am arranging a museum in Sheffield, but not in the least with any hope of regenerating Sheffield by means of it;—only that it may be ready for Sheffield otherwise regenerated, to use. Nor should I trouble myself even so far, but that I know my own gifts lie more in the way of cataloguing minerals than of managing men.

The rest of my correspondent's letter, to its close, is of extreme value and interest.

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[1] [*Nineteenth Century*, September 1877. The first of five papers on the subject published in that magazine. They were afterwards recast, and published as a book, which also was entitled *Is Life Worth Living?* (1879). This was inscribed to Ruskin, and a dedicatory letter to him was printed (pp. vii.–ix.), acknowledging the author's indebtedness as "of an intellectual debtor to a public teacher," and that of "a private friend to the kindest of private friends."]

"We would have the photographs which you have described in *Fors*, or, better, coloured copies of the pictures, with all that you have written about them. Might we not have also good chromo-lithographs of good drawings, so that we might learn what to buy for our houses?

"I speak as if I thought that one museum could do measurable good in a huge city. I speak so because I hope that there are rich people enough, sick at heart of the misery which they now helplessly watch, to open other museums, if the first were seen to do good; or enough such people to lead the poor in forcing the authorities of the city to pay for museums from the rates.

20. "I would have good music in the museum every evening, and I would have it open on Sunday afternoons, and let fine music be played then too. I would do this for the same reason which makes me think little of 'temples.' How can churches help us much now? I have *heard no preacher tell us, in calmness or in anger, that it is the duty of our class—still the ruling class—to give the people light and pure air, and all that light and pure air, and only they, would bring with them.* (*i*) Until preachers have the wisdom to see, and the courage to say, that if while the people are being stifled, in body and mind, for air now, and only *may* want more water seven years hence, and probably will not want a Gothic town-hall even seventy years hence, we spend half a million pounds sterling on a town-hall, and I don't know how many millions for your Thirlmere water, we are guilty of grievous sin,—until they see and say this, how can the religion of which they are the priests help us? The poor and the rich are one people. If we can prevent the poor from being brutes, and do not, we are brutes too, though we be rich and educated brutes. Where two or three, or two or three hundred such, are gathered together—it matters not in what name—God is *not* in the midst of them. Some day I hope we shall be able again to meet in churches and to thank God—the poor for giving them good rulers, and we for giving us the peace which we shall not find until we have taken up our duty of ruling. At present many workmen, after drinking on Saturday till public-houses close, lie in bed on Sunday until public-houses open. Then they rise, and begin to drink again. Till churches will help many, I want museums to help a few. Till Sunday be a day which brings to us all a livelier sense that we are bound to God and man with bonds of love and duty, I would have it be at least a day when working men may see that there are some things in the world very good. The first day will do as well as the seventh for that. How can people, trained as our working classes now are, rest on Sunday? To me it seems that *our* Sunday rest, which finds us with stores of knowledge and wisdom that we could not have, had not hundreds of people worked for us, is as much out of the reach of workmen as the daintily cooked cold meats which we eat on Sunday when we wish to be very good to our servants."

21. (V.) Perhaps, after giving due attention to these greater designs, my readers may have pleasure in hearing of the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum; see *Fors* 61, § 21 [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 507–508].

"I have told Harriet of the blue 'Flag flowers' that grew in our garden at home, on the bank by the river, and I was as pleased as she, when among the roots given us, I found a Flag flower. One morning, when Harriet found a bud in it, she went half wild with delight. 'Now *I* shall see one of the flowers you tell about.' She watched it grow day by day, and said, 'It *will* be a grand *birthday* when it bursts open.' She begged me to let her fetch her 'father and little brother' to look at the wonderfully beautiful (to her) flower on its 'birthday.' Of course I agreed; but, alas! almost as soon as it was open, a cat broke it off. Poor little Harriet!—it was a real grief to her: said flower was, like all our flowers (the soil is so *very* bad), a most pitiable, colourless thing, hardly to be known as a relative

(*i*) Italics mine.

of country flowers; but they are all 'most lovely' to Harriet: she tells me, 'We shall have such a garden as never was known,' which is perhaps very true.

"Harriet's plants don't ever live long, but she is learning to garden by degrees,—learning even by her mistakes. Her first daisy and buttercup roots, which you heard of, died, to *her* surprise, in their first winter. 'And I took ever such care of them,' she said; 'for when the snow came I scraped it all off, and covered them up nice and warm with *soot and ashes,* and *then* they died.'"

22. (VI.) Finally, and for hopefullest piece of this month's *Fors*, I commend to my readers every word of the proposals which, in the following report of the "Bread-winners' League," are beginning to take form in America; and the evidence at last beginning to be collected respecting the real value of railroads, which I print in capitals.

"'The Bread-winners' League'—an organization of workmen and politicians extending throughout the State of New York—publishes the following proclamation:—

"'Riots are the consequence of vicious laws, enacted for the benefit of the powerful few to the injury of the powerless many.

"'Labour, having no voice in our law-making bodies, will, of necessity, continue to strike.

"'Riot and bloodshed will spasmodically re-occur until these questions are squarely put before the American people for popular vote and legislative action.

"'It is an iniquity and absurdity that half-a-dozen railroad magnates can hold the very existence of the nation in their hands, and that we shall continue to be robbed by national banks and other moneyed corporations. That "resumption of labour" must be had is self-evident; and if the industrial and labouring classes desire to protect their just interests and independence, they must first emancipate themselves from party vassalage and secure direct and honest representation in the councils of the nation, state, and municipality.

"'The directors that by negligence or crime steal the earnings of the poor from savings banks, and render life insurance companies bankrupt, invariably escape punishment. And under existing laws there is no adequate protection for the depositors or the insured.'

"Justus Schwab,[1] the most prominent Communistic leader in the country, lays it down as part of the platform of his party that—

"'The Government must immediately take, control, own, and operate the railroads and work the mines. The only monopoly must be the Government.'

"At the Communistic meeting held in Tompkins Square a few nights ago, it was resolved that—

"'To secure the greatest advantages of economy and convenience resulting from the improvements of the age, and to guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practised by railroads, gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished, and all public improvements, such as postroads, railroads, gasworks, waterworks, mining operations, canals, post-offices, telegraphs, expresses, etc., should be public property, and *be conducted by Government* at reasonable rates, for the interest of society.'

"Thus, you observe, the Ohio Republicans, in their official declarations, are at one with the Communists.

"Judge West, the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for the office of Governor, in a speech upon receiving the nomination, said:—

"'I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so rewarded as that labour shall at least

[1] [See below, p. 252 *n.*]

receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the labourer. I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. But if I had the power, I would try one experiment at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators.

"'I would go further, and would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labour in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require that from all the net receipts and the proceeds of the capital invested the labourer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits.

"'Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as liberally as you might otherwise desire, you would bear with your employers a portion of the loss. But if these receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the labourer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits.'

"Three other facts are worthy of attention:—

"1. THERE ARE 811 RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THESE ONLY 196 THAT PAID A DIVIDEND WITHIN THE LAST FISCAL YEAR. IN SIXTEEN STATES AND TERRITORIES NOT A SINGLE RAILROAD HAS PAID A DIVIDEND. THERE ARE 71 RAILROADS IN NEW YORK, AND ONLY 20 OF THEM PAID A DIVIDEND; 52 IN ILLINOIS, AND ONLY PAID A DIVIDEND; 18 IN WISCONSIN, AND ONLY 1 PAID A DIVIDEND; AND SO ON.

"2. THE NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL FAILURES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS YEAR WAS 4749; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1876 IT WAS 4600; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1875 IT WAS 3563. BUSINESS GROWS WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

"3. CONGRESS, AT ITS COMING SESSION, WILL BE ASKED TO VOTE A SUBSIDY OF $91,085,000, IN THE SHAPE OF A GUARANTEE OF INTEREST ON BONDS, TO BUILD 2431 MILES OF THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, AND THE JOB WILL PROBABLY BE SUCCESSFUL."

LETTER 82

HEAVENLY CHOIRS[1]

BRANTWOOD, *13th September*, 1877.

1. I REALLY thought *Fors* would have been true to its day, this month; but just as it was going to press, here is something sent me by my much-honoured friend Frederick Gale (who told me of the race-horse and kitten[2]), which compels me to stop press to speak of it.

It is the revise of a paper which will be, I believe, in *Baily's Magazine* by the time this *Fors* is printed;—a sketch of English manners and customs in the days of Fielding[3] (whom Mr. Gale and I agree in holding to be a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death,—be they who they may).

But my friend, though an old Conservative, seems himself doubtful whether things may not have been a little worse managed, in some respects, then, than they are now and whether some improvements may not really have taken place in the roads,—postage, and the like: and chiefly his faith in the olden time seems to have been troubled by some reminiscences he has gathered of the manner of inflicting capital punishment in the early Georgian epochs Which manner, and the views held concerning such punishment, which dictate the manner, are indeed among the

[1] ["Of Books" and "The Nurse's Song" (see below, § 18) were rejected titles for this Letter.]

[2] [See Letter 79, § 13 (p. 162).]

[3] [The reference is to an article entitled "Social Life in the Last Century," which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* for October 1877, vol. 31, pp. 78–89. Mr. Gale remarks with regard to Fielding, "I am very fond of the old novels of a century and a half ago; and although they have to be kept in a place by themselves, I firmly believe that there is more real morality in them than in half the books of the present day." On the morality of Fielding, compare Vol. XXVIII. pp. 287–288.]

urest tests of the nobility or vileness of men: therefore I vill ask my friend, and my readers, to go with me a little arther back than the days of Fielding, if indeed they would udge of the progress, or development, of human thought n this question;—and hear what, both in least and in ıtmost punishment, was ordained by *literally* "Rhadamanhine" law, and remained in force over that noblest nation vho were the real Institutors of Judgment,* some eight ıundred years, from the twelfth to the fourth century before Christ.

2. I take from Müller's *Dorians*,[1] Book III., chap. xi., he following essential passages (italics always mine):—

"*Property* was, according to the Spartan notions, to be *looked upon as a atter of indifference;* in the decrees and institutions attributed to Lycurgus, o mention was made of this point, and the ephors were permitted to ıdge according to their own notions of equity. The ancient legislators ad an evident repugnance to any strict regulations on this subject; thus aleucus—who however first made particular enactments concerning the ght of property—*expressly interdicted certificates of debt.* . . .

"The ephors decided all disputes concerning money and property, as ell as in accusations against responsible officers, provided they were not f a criminal nature; the kings decided in cases of heiresses and adopons. Public offences, *particularly of the kings and other authorities,* were ecided by an extreme course of judicature. The popular assembly had robably no judicial" (meaning only elective) "functions: disputes concernıg the succession to the throne were referred to it only after ineffectual tempts to settle them, and it then passed a decree. . . .

"Among the various punishments which occur, fines levied on proerty would appear ridiculous in any other state than Sparta, on account f their extreme lowness. Perseus, in his treatise on the Lacedæmonian overnment, says that 'the judge immediately condemns the rich man to ıe loss of a *dessert* (ἐπάϊκλον); the poor he orders to bring a reed, or a ısh, or laurel leaves for a public banquet.' Nicocles the Lacedæmonian ıys upon the same subject, 'when the ephor has heard all the witnesses, e either acquits the defendant or condemns him; and the successful laintiff slightly fines him in a cake, or some laurel leaves,' which were sed to give a relish to the cakes. . . .

"Banishment was probably never a regular punishment in Sparta, for ıe law could hardly compel a person to do that which, if he had done

* The Mosaic law never having been observed by the Jews in literaless.

[1] [Referred to also in *Crown of Wild Olive,* Vol. XVIII. p. 472. See vol. ii.). 232, 233, 235–236, 238, 241, 242, 239–240, of the English edition of 1830. ots have been inserted to show where Ruskin omits passages.]

it voluntarily, would have been punished with death. . . . On the other hand, banishment exempted a person from the most severe punishments and, according to the principles of the Greeks, preserved him from every persecution; so that even a person who was declared an outlaw by the Amphictyons was thought secure when out of the country. There is no instance in the history of Sparta of any individual being banished for political reasons, so long as the ancient constitution continued. . . .

"The laws respecting the penalty of death which prevailed in the Grecian, and especially in the Doric, states, were derived from Delphi. They were entirely founded upon the ancient rite of expiation, by which a limit was first set to the fury of revenge, and a fixed mode of procedure in such cases was established. . . .

"The Delphian institutions were, however, doubtless connected with those of Crete, where Rhadamanthus was reported by ancient tradition to have first established courts of justice, and a system of law (the larger and more important part of which, in early times, is always the criminal law).* Now as Rhadamanthus is said to have made exact retaliation the fundamental principle of his code, it cannot be doubted, after what has been said in the second book on the connection of the worship of Apollo and its expiatory rites, with Crete, that in this island the harshness of that principle was early softened by religious ceremonies, in which victims and libations took the place of the punishment which should have fallen on the head of the offender himself.

"The punishment of death was inflicted either by strangulation, in a room of the public prison, or by throwing the criminal into the Cæadas,† a ceremony which was always performed by night. It was also in ancient times the law of Athens that no execution should take place in the day-time. So also the Senate of the Æolic Cume (whose antiquated institutions have been already mentioned) decided criminal cases during the night, and voted with covered balls, nearly in the same manner as the kings of the people of Atlantis, in the *Critias* of Plato. These must not be considered as oligarchical contrivances for the undisturbed execution of severe sentences, but they must be attributed to the dread of pronouncing and putting into execution the sentence of death, and to an unwillingness to bring the terrors of that penalty before the eye of day. A similar repugnance is expressed in the practice of Spartan Gerusia, which never passed sentence of death without several days' deliberation, nor ever without the most conclusive testimony."

* I have enclosed this sentence in brackets, because it is the German writer's parenthesis, from his own general knowledge; and it shows how curiously unconscious he had remained of the real meaning of the "retaliation" of Rhadamanthus, which was of good for good, not of evil for evil.[1] See the following note.

† I did not know myself what the Cæadas was; so wrote to my dear old friend, Osborne Gordon, who tells me it was probably a chasm in the limestone rock; but his letter is so interesting that I keep it for *Deucalion*.[2]

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[1] [See Letter 23, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 409).]

[2] [Where, however, it was not used. For this chasm, see Strabo, viii. 367, and Thucydides, i. 134.]

3. These being pre-Christian views of the duty and ıwfulness of capital punishment—(we all know the noblest nstance[1] of that waiting till the sun was behind the moun-ıains)—here is the English eighteenth-century view of it, ıs a picturesque and entertaining ceremony:—

"As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in he olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of ıine a place on the Downs where a highwayman was hung, on the orders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old ıan; 'for the sheriffs and javelin-men came a-horseback, and they all topped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a ›ng way.' 'Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?' Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked; and we drank to his health, ıd then they hung he, and buried him under the gallows.'"[2]

4. Now I think the juxtaposition of these passages may nough show my readers how vain it is to attempt to ›ason from any single test, however weighty in itself,—to eneral conclusions respecting national progress. It would e as absurd to conclude, from the passages quoted, that ıe English people in the days of George the Third were ı all respects brutalized, and in all respects inferior to the)orians in the days of Rhadamanthus, as it is in the ıodern philanthropist of the Newgatory * school to conclude ıat we are now entering on the true Millennium, because e can't bear the idea of hanging a rascal for his crimes,[3]

* As a literary study, this exquisite pun of Hood's (quoted by my rrespondent in last *Fors*[4]), and intensely characteristic of the man, ›serves the most careful memory, as showing what a noble and in-ructive lesson even a pun may become, when it is deep in its purpose, d founded on a truth which is perfectly illustrated by the seeming uivocation.

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[1] [The death of Socrates: see Plato's *Phædo*, 116, 117.]
[2] [From Mr. Gale's article as cited above (p. 220 *n.*), pp. 86–87.]
[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XXVII. p. 667 *n.*]
[4] [See Letter 81, § 17 (p. 214). Another pun which Ruskin loved was Hood's ıing jest to his wife: "My dear, I fear you'll lose your lively Hood." Ruskin ›d to refer to this with admiration for the calm and peace of mind which the ıing man's playfulness implied. "Hood," wrote Ruskin of his puns, "is so ıful under his fun that one never can laugh": see (in a later volume of this ›tion) the letter to C. E. Norton of November 29, 1858.]

though we are quite ready to drown any quantity of honest men for the sake of turning a penny on our insurance;[1] and though (as I am securely informed) from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives sixpence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions, would be possible.

5. All evidences of progress or decline have therefore to be collected in mass,—then analyzed with extreme care—then weighed in the balance of the Ages, before we can judge of the meaning of any one:—and I am glad to have been forced by Fors to the notice of my friend's paper, that I may farther answer a complaint of my Manchester correspondent,[2] of which I have hitherto taken no notice, that I under-estimate the elements of progress in Manchester. My answer is, in very few words, that I am quite aware there are many amiable persons in Manchester—and much general intelligence. But, taken as a whole, I perceive that Manchester can produce no good art, and no good literature; it is falling off even in the quality of its cotton; it has reversed, and vilified in loud lies, every essential principle of political economy; it is cowardly in war, predatory in peace; and as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal, and sell, for a profit,* the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn.[3]

* The reader must note—though I cannot interrupt the text to explain—that the Manchester (or typically commercial,—compare *Fors*, Letter 70, § 44[4]) heresy in political economy is twofold,—first, what may specifically be called

[1] [See Letter 56, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 394).]
[2] [Mr. Horsfall: see above, pp. 149, 204, 213.]
[3] [For a note on this subject, see Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.* Opposition to the Manchester scheme was at this time being promoted by Mr. R. Somervell, a Companion of St. George's Guild, and his pamphlets were circulated with *Fors* (see Vol. XXVII. p. cviii.).]
[4] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 715.]

And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict * on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester, but that the town of Manchester, or at least the Corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere.

You think I jest, do you? as you did when I said I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh,[1]—(see notes in Correspondence, on the article in the *Scotsman*[2]), and the city of New York?

the Judasian heresy,—that the value of a thing is what it will fetch in the market: "This ointment might have been sold for much,[3]—this lake may be sold for much,—this England may be sold for much,—this Christ may be sold for[4]—little; but yet, let us have what we can get," etc.; and, secondly, what may specifically be called the "heresy of the tables"—*i.e.*, of the money-changers—that money begets money,[5] and that exchange is the root of profit. Whereas only labour is the root of profit, and exchange merely causes loss to the producer by tithe to the pedlar.

Whereupon I may also note, for future comparison of old and new times, the discovery made by another of my good and much-regarded friends, Mr. Alfred Tylor, who is always helping me, one way or other;[6] and while lately examining some documents of the old Guilds, for I forget what purpose of his own, it suddenly flashed out upon him, as a general fact concerning them, that they never looked for "profit"—(and, practically, never got it),—but only cared that their work should be good, and duly expected for it, and got surely, day by day, their daily bread.

* More properly, in this case, the *Minoan* verdict. Though I do not care for "discoveries,"[7] and never plume myself on them, but only on clear perception of long-known facts; yet, as I leave my work behind me, I think it right to note of new things in it what seem to me worthy,—and the analysis of the powers of the three Judges,—Minos, the Punisher of evil; Rhadamanthus, the Rewarder of Good; and Æacus, the Divider of possession,—is, I believe, mine exclusively.[8]

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[1] [See Letter 1, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 15.)]
[2] [Below, p. 254.]
[3] [Matthew xxvi. 9.]
[4] [See Matthew xxvi. 15, 16.]
[5] [Compare *Val d'Arno*, § 277 (Vol. XXIII. p. 161).]
[6] [See *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. pp. 290, 365.]
[7] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 124.]
[8] [This analysis of the function of the three Judges is given in Letter 23, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 409). It is to be found also (partly stated) in *Aratra Pentelici*, § 207 (Vol. XX. p. 352), and in *Val d'Arno*, § 199 (Vol. XXIII. p. 117). But it is most clearly and fully set out in "The Tortoise of Ægina," a lecture which Ruskin did not published: see Vol. XX. pp. 382–385.]

My friends, I did not jest then, and do not, now. I am no Roman Catholic,[1]—yet I would not willingly steal holy water out of a font, to sell;—and being no Roman Catholic, I hold the hills and vales of my native land to be true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery, and the incense of the altar.

6. And to these Manchester robbers, I would solemnly speak again the words which Plato wrote[2] for prelude to the laws forbidding crimes against the Gods,—though crimes to him inconceivable as taking place among educated men. "Oh, thou wonderful" (meaning wonderful in wretchedness), "this is no human evil that is upon thee, neither one sent by the Gods, but a mortal pestilence and œstrus * begotten among men from old and uncleansed iniquities: wherefore, when such dogmas and desires come into thy soul, that thou desirest to steal sacred things, seek first to the shrines for purification, and then for the society of good men; and hear of them what they say, and with no turning or looking back, fly out of the fellowship of evil men:—and if, in doing this, thy evil should be lightened, well; but if not, then holding death the fairer state for thee, depart thou out of this life."

For indeed † "the legislator knows quite well that to such men there is 'no profit' in the continuance of their lives; and that they would do a double good to the rest of men, if they would take their departure, inasmuch as they would be an example to other men not to offend, and they would relieve the city of bad citizens."

7. I return now to what I began a week ago, thinking

* There is no English word for this Greek one, symbolical of the forms of stinging fury which men must be transformed to beasts, before they can feel.[3]

† The closing sentence from this point is farther on in the book.[4] I give Jowett's translation, p. 373.—The inverted commas only are mine.

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[1] [See above, p. 92.]
[2] [*Laws*, book ix. 854 B, C.]
[3] [See Letter 83, § 24 (p. 281).]
[4] [*Laws*, book ix., 862 E. The following reference is to vol. iv. of Jowett's *Plato* (first edition 1871).]

hen, as I said,[1] to be in the best of time. And truly the ıteness of *Fors* during the last four or five months has ot been owing to neglect of it, but to my taking more ains with it, and spending, I am grieved to say, some ten r twelve days out of the month in the writing of it, or nishing sentences, when press correction and all should ever take more than a week, else it gets more than its ue share of my shortening life. And this has been partly ı duty, partly in vanity, not remembering enough my ften-announced purpose[2] to give more extracts from classical ıthors, in statement of necessary truth; and trust less to ıyself; therefore to-day, instead of merely using Plato's elp, in talking of music, I shall give little more than his wn words, only adding such notes as are necessary for ıeir application to modern needs. But what he has said so scattered up and down the two great treatises of the *epublic* and the *Laws*, and so involved, for the force and ısis of it, with matter of still deeper import, that, arrange how best I may, the reader must still be somewhat embarssed by abruptness of transition from fragment to fragment, ıd must be content to take out of each what it brings. nd indeed this arrangement is more difficult because, for y present purposes, I have to begin with what Plato conudes in,—for *his* dialogues are all excavatory work, throwg aside loose earth, and digging to rock foundation; but *y* work is edificatory, and I have to lay the foundation st. So that to-day I must begin with his summary of conusions in the twelfth book of the *Laws*,* namely, that

he Ruler must know the principle of good which is common to the ır cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance; and ıich makes each and all of them virtue: and he must know, of what is autiful and good, the principle that makes it beautiful, and makes it

* My own edition of Plato is Bekker's, printed by Valpy, 1826; and ı' own references, made during the last fifteen years, are all to page and e of this octavo edition, and will be given here,—after naming the book

[1] [§ 1 (p. 220).]
[2] [See, for instance, Letters 49 and 67 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 235–236, 648.]

good; and knowing this, he must be able to set it forth first in words, and follow it out in action. Therefore, since of all beautiful things one of the most beautiful is the fact of the existence and power of the Gods, although it may be pardoned to the common people of the city that they know these things only by fame, no man may be a governor who has not laboured to acquire every faith concerning the existence of the Gods: and there should be no permission to choose, as a guardian of the laws, any one who is not a divine man, and one who has wholly gone through the sum of labour in such things,"—(meaning, having laboured until he has fought his way into true faith).

"And there are two lines of knowledge by which we arrive at belief in the Gods: the first, the right understanding of the nature of the soul, that it is the oldest and divinest of all the things to which motion, taking to itself the power of birth, gives perpetual being; and the other, the perception of order in the movements of matter, in the stars, and in all other things which an authoritatively ruling mind orders and makes fair. For of those who contemplate these things neither imperfectly nor idiotically, no one of men has been born so atheist as not to receive the absolutely contrary impression to that which the vulgar suppose. For to the vulgar it seems that people dealing with astronomy and the other arts that are concerned with necessary law, must become atheists, in seeing that things come of necessity, and not of the conception formed by a will desiring accomplishment of good. But that has been so only when they looked at them" (in the imperfect and idiotic way) "thinking that the soul was newer than matter, instead of older than matter, and after it, instead of before it,—thinking which, they turned all things upside-down, and themselves also: so that they could not see in the heavenly bodies anything but lifeless stones and dirt; and filled themselves with atheism and hardness of heart, against which the reproaches of the poets were true enough, likening the philosophers to dogs uttering vain yelpings. But indeed, as I have said, the contrary of all this is the fact. For of mortal men he only can be rightly wise and reverent to the Gods, who knows these two things—the Priority of the Spirit, and the Masterhood of Mind over the things in Heaven, and who knowing these things first, adding then to them those necessary [ἀναγκαῖα] parts of introductory learning of which we have often before spoken, and also those relating to the Muse, shall harmonize them all into the system of the practices and laws of states." *

of each series; thus, in the present case, *Laws*, XII. 632, 9, meaning the twelfth book of the *Laws*, 9th line of 632nd page in Bekker's 8th volume; but with this reference I will also give always, in brackets, that to the chapter in Stephanus, so that the full reference here is,—*Laws*, XII. 632, 9 (966).[1]

* The Greek sentence is so confused, and the real meaning of it so entirely dependent on the reader's knowledge of what has long preceded it, that I am obliged slightly to modify and complete it, to make it clear. Lest the reader should suspect any misrepresentation, here is Mr. Jowett's more literal rendering of it, which however, in carelessly omitting

[1] [Ruskin, in making notes for the Index, found that "the reference is wrong!" The correct references are to Bekker, 632, 12; 633, 3; and 634, 12; to Stephanus, 965 D, 966 C, E, 967. The translation here is Ruskin's.]

8. The word "necessary" in the above sentence, refers to a most important passage in the seventh book,[1] to understand which, I must now state, in summary, Plato's general plan of education.

It is founded primarily on the distinction between masters and servants; the education of servants and artizans being not considered in the *Laws*, but supposed to be determined by the nature of the work they have to do. The education he describes is only for the persons whom we call "gentlemen"—that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labour of slaves. (The Greek word for slave and servant is the same; our word slave being merely a modern provincialism contracted from "Sclavonian." See *St. Mark's Rest*, Supplement I.[2])

Our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, would therefore be left out of question, and our domestic servants and

one word (ἀναγκαῖα) and writing "acquired the previous knowledge," instead of "acquired the previous *necessary* knowledge," has lost the clue to the bearing of the sentence on former teaching:—

"No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal, and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and acquired the previous knowledge, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason for such things as have a reason."

Compare the Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1–9:—

"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods, let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him. For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight; because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit neither are they to be pardoned. For if they were able to know so much, that they could aim at the world how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof?"

[1] [See below, pp. 231–233.]
[2] [Now ch. x., "The Shrine of the Slaves" (Vol. XXIV. p. 335).]

agricultural labourers all summed by Plato simply under the word "slaves"*—a word which the equivocation of vulgar historians and theologians always translates exactly as it suits their own views: "slave," when they want to depreciate Greek politics; and servant, when they are translating the words of Christ or St. Paul, lest either Christ or St. Paul should be recognized as speaking of the same persons as Plato.

9. Now, therefore, the reader is to observe that the teaching of St. George differs by *extension* from that of Plato, in so far as the Greek never imagined that the blessings of education could be extended to servants as well as to masters: but it differs by absolute contradiction from that of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Beecher Stowe,[1] in *their* imagination that there should be no servants and no masters at all. Nor, except in a very modified degree, does even its extended charity differ from Plato's severity. For if you collect what I have said about education hitherto, you will find it always spoken of as a means of discrimination between what is worthless and worthy in men;[2] that the rough and worthless may be set to the roughest and foulest work, and the finest to the finest; the rough and rude work being, you will in time perceive, the best of charities to the rough and rude people. There is probably, for instance, no collier's or pitman's work so rough or dirty, but that—if you set and kept Mr. Ayrton to it,—his general character and intelligence would in course of time be improved to the utmost point of which they are capable.[3]

10. A Greek gentleman's education then, which, in some modified degree, St. George proposes to make universal for

* *Laws*, vii. 303, 17 (806).

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[1] [For Ruskin's views on the question of slavery, see Vol. XVII. p. 254 *n.*]

[2] [See, for instance, *Lectures on Art*, § 3 (Vol. XX. p. 20).]

[3] [For Mr. Ayrton, first Commissioner of Works, see Vol. XXII. p. 367. "He was blessed with a gift of offence. If a thing could be done either civilly or rudely, Mr. Ayrton was pretty sure to do it rudely. . . . He seemed to think a civil tongue gave evidence of a feeble intellect" (Justin M'Carthy's *History of Our Own Times*, 1880, vol. iv. pp. 320–321.]

Englishmen who really deserve to have it, consisted essen-
ially in perfect discipline in music, poetry, and military
xercises; but with these, if he were to be a perfect person,
it for public duties, he had also to learn three "necessary"
ciences: those of number, space, and motion (arithmetic,
eometry, astronomy), which are called "necessary," not
nerely as being instrumental to complete human useful-
ness, but also as being knowledges of things existing by
Divine Fate, which the Gods themselves cannot alter,
gainst which they cannot contend, and "without the
nowledge of which no one can become a God, an angel,
r a hero capable of taking true care of men." *

11. None of these sciences, however, were to be learned
ither with painful toil, or to any extent liable to make
nen lose sight of practical duty. "For," he says, "though
artly I fear indeed the unwillingness to learn at all,
nuch more do I fear the laying hold of any of these
ciences in an evil way. For it is not a terrible thing,
or by any means the greatest of evils, nor even a great
vil at all, to have no experience of any of these things.
But to have much experience and much learning, with
vil leading, is a far greater loss than that." This noble
nd evermore to be attended sentence is (at least in the
ulness of it) untranslatable but by expansion. I give, there-
ore, Mr. Jowett's and the French translations, with my own,
o show the various ways in which different readers take it;
nd then I shall be able to explain the full bearing of it.

(1) "For entire ignorance is not so terrible or extreme an evil, and is
r from being the greatest of all; too much cleverness, and too much
arning, accompanied with ill bringing up, are far more fatal."

* This most singular sentence (vii. 818 [1]), having reference to the rank
immortality attainable by great human spirits ("hac arte Pollux et vagus
ercules," etc.[2]), will be subject of much future inquiry.[3] See, however,
e note farther on [p. 240].

[1] [Here the reference is to Stephanus, 818 C. The passage next translated in
e text follows: 819 A.]
[2] [Horace, *Odes*, III. iii. 9.]
[3] [The subject is not, however, resumed except on p. 240.]

The word which Plato uses for "much experience"[1] does literally mean *that*, and has nothing whatever to do with "cleverness" in the ordinary sense; but it involves the idea of dexterity gained by practice, which was what Mr Jowett thought of. "Ill bringing up" is again too narrow a rendering. The word I translate literally "leading"* is technically used for a complete scheme of education; but in this place it means the tendency which is given to the thoughts and aim of the person, whatever the scheme of education may be. Thus we might put a boy through all the exercises required in this passage—(through music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy), and yet throughout give him an evil "leading," making all these studies conducive to the gratification of ambition, or the acquirement of wealth. Plato means that we had better leave him in total ignorance than do this.

12. (French) "L'ignorance absolue n'est pas le plus grand des maux, ni le plus à redouter: une vaste étendue de connaissances mal digérées est quelque chose de bien pire."[2]

The Frenchman avoids, you see, the snare of the technical meaning; but yet his phrase, "ill digested," gives no idea of Plato's real thought, which goes to the *cause* of indigestion, and is, that knowledge becomes evil if the aim be not virtuous: nor does he mean at all that the knowledge *itself* is imperfect or "ill digested," but that the most accurate and consummate science, and the most splendid dexterity in art, and experience in politics, are worse evils, and that by far, than total ignorance, if the aim and tone of the spirit are false.

13. "Therefore,"—he now goes on,[3] returning to his practical point, which was that no toilsome work should be

* It is virtually the *end* of the word ped-agogue—the person who *leads* children to their school.

[1] [The passage is ἡ πολυπειρία καὶ πολυμαθία μετὰ κακῆς ἀγωγῆς γίγνεται πολὺ τούτων μείζων ζημία.]

[2] [*Œuvres de Platon*, 1845, vol. i. p. 315, in the series entitled *Pantheon Littéraire*. The translation is by Aug. Callet.]

[3] [*Laws*, vii. 819 A–C.]

pent on the sciences, such as to enslave the soul in them, r make them become an end of life—"Therefore, children vho are to be educated as gentlemen should only learn, of ach science, so much as the Egyptian children learn with heir reading and writing, for from their early infancy their nasters introduce the practice of arithmetic, giving them ruits and garlands of flowers" (cowslip-balls and daisy-hains), "to fit together, fewer or more out of equal umbers; and little vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, some-imes to be mingled with each other, sometimes kept sepa-ate" (with estimate of relative value probably in the game, ading to easy command of the notion of pounds, shillings, nd pence); "and so making every operation of arithmetic of ractical use to them, they lead them on into understanding f the numbering and arranging of camps, and leadings* of egiments, and at last of household economy, making them l all more serviceable and shrewd than others." Such with eometry and astronomy (into the detail of which I cannot nter to-day) being Plato's "necessary" science, the higher onditions of education, which alone, in his mind, deserve e name, are those above named[1] as relating to the Muse.

14. To which the vital introduction is a passage most uriously contrary to Longfellow's much-sung line, "Life real, life is earnest,"[2]—Plato declaring out of the very eep of his heart, that it is *un*real and *un*earnest. I cannot ve space to translate the whole of the passage, though I all return for a piece presently;[3] but the gist of it is that e Gods alone are great, and have great things to do;

* The same word again—the end of pedagogue, applied to soldiers stead of children.

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[1] [See p. 228.]

[2] ["A Psalm of Life."]

[3] [The passage in question is in the *Laws*, vii. 803, 804: "Human affairs are rdly worth considering in earnest. . . . God is the natural and worthy object of man's most serious and blessed endeavours. . . . Man is made to be the plaything God; wherefore every man should pass life in the noblest of pastimes . . . erificing and singing and dancing . . . being for the most part puppets, but ving some little share of reality." Ruskin does not return presently to the ssage; his notes on Plato were, as he says (p. 258), interrupted.]

but man is a poor little puppet, made to be their plaything; and the virtue of him is to play merrily in the little raree-show of his life, so as to please the Gods. Analyzed the passage contains three phases of most solemn thought: the first, an amplification of the "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"[1] the second, of the "He walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain;"[2] the third that his real duty is to quiet himself, and live in happy peace and play, all his measure of days. "The lambs play always they know no better;"[3] and they ought to know no better he thinks, if they are truly lambs of God: the practical outcome of all being that religious service is to be entirely with rejoicing,—that only brightness of heart can please the Gods; and that asceticism and self-discipline are to be practised only that we may be made capable of such sacred joy.

15. The extreme importance of this teaching is in its opposition to the general Greek instinct that "Tragedy," or song in honour of the Gods, should be sad. An instinct which, in spite of Plato, has lasted to this day, in the degree in which men disbelieve in the Gods themselves, and in their love. Accepting cheerfulness, therefore, as the fulfilment of sanctity, we shall understand in their order the practical pieces both about music* and about higher education, of which take this first (vi. 766[4]):—

* I thought to have collected into this place the passages about the demoralizing effect of sad music (Verdi's, for instance, the most corrupting type hitherto known), from the *Republic* as well as the *Laws;* but that must be for next month;[5] meantime, here is a little bit about tragedy which *must* be read now, and must not have small print, so I separate it only by a line from the text.[6]

"Concerning comedy, then, enough said; but for the earnest poets of the world occupied in tragedy, if perchance

[1] [Psalms viii. 4.]
[2] [Psalms xxxix. 6.]
[3] [*Poems,* by Jean Ingelow ("Songs of Seven," stanza ii.); quoted also in Vol. XVIII. p. 211.]
[4] [The reference is, more accurately, *Laws,* book vi. 765 E–766 A.]
[5] [See below, pp. 261, 262.]
[6] [The passage is from the *Laws,* book vii. 817.]

"For every sprout of things born, once *started* fairly
›wards the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end;
ıis being true of all plants, and of animals wild or gentle,
nd of man; and man, as we have said, is indeed gentle,

ıy of these should come to us, and ask thus: 'Oh, ye
rangers, will you have us to go into your city and your
nd, or no?* and shall we bring our poetry to you and
:t it to you, or how is it determined by you of the doing †
ıch things?' What then should we answer, answering
ghtly, to the divine men? For in my thoughts it is fixed
ıat we should answer thus: 'Oh, noblest of strangers,'
ıould we say, 'we ourselves also according to our power
e poets of tragedy,—the most beautiful that we can and
ıe best. For all our polity is but one great presentment
' the best and most beautiful life, which we say to be
deed the best and truest tragedy: poets therefore are
›u, and we also alike poets of the same things, antartists
ντίτεχνοι], and antagonists to you as our hope is of that
ost beautiful drama, which the true law only can play to
; end. Do not therefore think that we at all thus easily
all allow you to pitch your tents in our market-place;
d yield to you that bringing in your clear-voiced actors,
eaking greater things than we, you should speak to our
ople,—to our wives and to our children and to all our
ultitude, saying, concerning the same things that we speak
, not the same words, but for the most part, contrary
›rds.'"

* In sentences like this the familiar euphony of "no" for "not," is
ter and fuller in meaning, as in sound, than the (commonly held) gram-
tical form;—and in true analysis, the grammar is better, because briefer,
the familiar form; it being just as accurate to complete the sentence
understanding "say" before "no," as by repeating "have us" after
ot."

† In every case, throughout this sentence (and generally in translations
m good Greek philosophical writing), the reader must remember that
rama" being our adopted Greek word for "the thing done," and
oetry" our adopted Greek word for "the thing made," properly the
aning of the sentence would require us to read "maker" for "poet,"
d "doer" for "actor."

if only he receive right education, together with fortunat nature; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest c things alive; but if not enough or not rightly trained, h becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest.

The "together with fortunate nature" in this passage refers to the necessity of fine race in men themselves; an limits the future question of education to such, Plat not concerning himself about such as are ill-born. Com pare the Vulgate, of the birth of Moses, "videns eum elegantem."[1]

16. The essential part of the education of these, then,– that properly belonging to the Muse,—is all to be given b the time they are sixteen; the ten years of childhood bein exclusively devoted to forming the disposition; then com three years of grammar, with the collateral sciences, in th manner above explained, and then three years of practic in executive music: bodily exercises being carried on th whole time to the utmost degree possible at each age. Afte sixteen, the youth enters into public life, continuing th pursuit of virtue as the object of all, life being not lon enough for it.

The three years of literary education, from ten to thirteen are supposed enough to give a boy of good talent and dis position all the means of cultivating his mind that ar needful. The term must not be exceeded. If the boy ha not learned by that time to read and write accurately an elegantly,* he is not to be troubled with such things more but left illiterate. Then, literary study is to be foregon for three years even by those who are afterwards to take i

* Every day, I perceive more and more the importance of accurat verbal training. If the Duke of Argyll, for instance, had but had onc well taught him at school the relations of the words lex, lego, loi, an loyal; and of rex, rego, roi, and royal (see *Unto this Last*, § 44[2]), he coul neither have committed himself to the false title of his treatise on natur

[1] [Exodus ii. 2: "when she saw that he was a goodly child."]
[2] [See Vol. XVII. p. 59 *n.*]

p again, that they may learn music completely—this being onsidered a sedentary study, and superseding grammar, hile the athletic exercises always occupy the same time f each day, and are never remitted.

17. Understanding this general scheme, we begin at the eginning; and the following passage, ii. 501, 1 (653),[1] denes for us Plato's thoughts, and explains to us his expresons relating to the discipline of childhood:—

"Now, I mean by education* that first virtue which can be attained y children, when pleasure and liking, and pain and disliking, are properly nplanted in their souls while yet they cannot understand why; but so at when they get the power of reasoning, its perfect symphony may sure them that they have been rightly moralled into their existing orals. This perfect symphony of the complete soul is properly called rtue; but the part of its tempering which, with respect to pleasure and in, has been so brought up, from first to last, as to hate what it should te, and love what it should love, we shall be right in calling its lucation.

"Now these well-nourished habits of being rightly pained and pleased e, for the most part, loosened, and lost by men in the rough course of e; and the Gods, pitying the race born to labour, gave them, for reward their toil and rest from it, the times of festival to the Gods. And the ods gave, for companions to them in their festivals, the Muses, and pollo, the leader of Muses, and Dionysus, that the pure instincts they

story, "reign of law,"[2] nor to the hollow foundation of his treatise on the nure of land in the assumption that the long establishment of a human w, whether criminal or not, must make it divinely indisputable. See p. 6 *A Crack with His Grace the Duke of Argyll.* Seton and Mackenzie, linburgh; Whittaker, London.

* Jowett thus translates;[3] but the word here in Plato[4] means, properly, e result of education, spoken of as the habit fixed in the child; "good eeding" would be the nearest English, but involves the idea of race, hich is not here touched by the Greek.

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[1] [*Laws*, 653 B–654 B.]

[2] [For other allusions to the *Reign of Law*, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 85 *n*. The other atise is *Essay on the Commercial Principles applicable to Contracts for the Hire Land*, by the Duke of Argyll, K.T. Issued as a Cobden Club pamphlet, 1877. e pp. 1–4 for the "foundation of his treatise." The form of the pamphlet was osely copied in the anonymous reply mentioned by Ruskin, which appeared as a blication of "The Clodhopper Club."]

[3] [Ruskin takes the word from Jowett, but the translation otherwise is uskin's own.]

[4] [παιδείαν δὴ λέγω τὴν παραγιγνομένην πρῶτον παισὶν ἀρετήν.]

first had learned might be restored to them while they kept festival with these Gods.

"Now, therefore, we must think whether what is hymned* among us be truly said, and according to nature or not.[1]

"And this is what is said: that every young thing that lives is alike in not being able to keep quiet, but must in some way move and utter itself,—for mere movement's sake, leaping and skipping, as if dancing and at play for pleasure,—and for noise' sake, uttering every sort of sound. And that, indeed, other living creatures have no sense of the laws of order and disorder in movements which we call rhythm and harmony; but to us, those Gods whom we named as fellows with us in our choirs,† these are they who gave us the delightful sense of rhythm and harmony in which we move; and they lead our choirs, binding us together in songs and dances, naming them choruses from the choral joy.

"Shall we, then, receive for truth thus much of their tradition, that the first education must be by the Muses and Apollo?

"*K.* So let it be accepted. ‡

"*A.* Then the uneducated person will be one who has received no choral discipline; and the educated, one who has been formed to a sufficient degree under the choral laws.

"Also the choir, considered in its wholeness, consists of dance and song; therefore a well-educated person must be one who can sing and dance well.

"*K.* It would seem so."

18. And here, that we may not confuse ourselves, or weaken ourselves, with any considerations of the recent disputes whether we have souls or not,—be it simply understood that Plato always means by the soul the aggregate of mental powers obtained by scientific culture of the imagination and the passions; and by the body the aggregate of material powers obtained by scientific promotion of exercise and digestion. It is possible for the soul to be strong with a weak body, and the body strong with

* A hymn is properly a song embodying sacred tradition; hence familiarly the thing commonly said of the Gods.

† Compare ii. 539, 5 (665).

‡ Henceforward, I omit what seem to me needless of the mere expressions of varied assent which break the clauses of the Athenian's course of thought.

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[1] [ὁρᾶν οὖν χρή, πότερον ἀληθὴς ἡμῖν κατὰ φύσιν ὁ λόγος ὑμνεῖται τὰ νῦν, ἢ πῶς. Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 102 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 227), where Ruskin quotes the passage which next follows.]

weak soul; and in this sense only the two are separately considered, but not necessarily, therefore, considered s finally separable.

And understanding this much, we can now clearly nderstand, whether we receive it or not, Plato's distinct ssertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep he body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep he soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the ntellect and passions can no more take place without nusic, than the proper functions of the stomach and the lood without exercise.

We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, ecause we are unaware, in the first place, how much nusic, from the nurse's song to the military band and the ver's ballad, does really modify existing civilized life;[1] nd, in the second place, we are not aware how much gher range, if rightly practical, its influence would reach, which right practice I must say, before going on with lato's teaching, that the chief condition is companionship, choral association (not so much marked by Plato in ords, because he could not conceive of music practised herwise), and that for persons incapable of song to be ntent in amusement by a professional singer, is as much sign of decay in the virtue and use of music, as crowded ectators in the amphitheatre sitting to be amused by adiators are a sign of decline in the virtue and use of ar.

19. And now, we take the grand statement of the evil *change* in methods of childish play, following on the neral discussion of the evil of change:[2]—

"I say, then, that in all cities we have all failed to recognize that the nd of play customary with the children is the principal of the forces that intain the established laws. For when the kind of play is determined, d so regulated that the children always play and use their fancies in the

[1] [Compare *Time and Tide,* § 61 (Vol. XVII. p. 368).]

[2] [Ruskin in the following passage puts together *Laws,* book vii. 797 A–C; 799 B; and book ii. 664 B. The translations are Ruskin's. For another reference the "three choirs," see Vol. XXII. p. 19.]

same way and with the same playthings, this quietness allows the law which are established in earnest to remain quiet also; but if once th plays are moved and cast in new shapes, always introducing other change and none of the young people agreeing with each other in their liking nor as to what is becoming and unbecoming either in the composure their bodies or in their dress, but praise in a special way any one wh brings in a new fashion whether of composure or colour—nothing, if w say rightly, can be a greater plague (destructive disease) in a city; for h who changes the habits of youth is, indeed, without being noticed, makin what is ancient contemptible, and what is new, honourable,—and than thi I repeat, whether in the belief of it, or the teaching, there cannot be greater plague inflicted on a city.

"Can we do anything better to prevent this than the Egyptians did namely, to consecrate every dance and every melody, ordering first th festivals of the year, and determining what days are to be devoted to th Gods, and to the children of the Gods, and to the Angels.* And then t determine also what song at each offering is to be sung; and with wha dances each sacrifice to be sanctified; and whatever rites and times ar thus ordained, all the citizens in common, sacrificing to the Fates and t all the Gods, shall consecrate with libation.

* I cannot but point out with surprise and regret the very mischievou error of Mr. Jowett's translation in this place of the word "δαίμονες"—"heroes."[1] Had Plato meant heroes, he would have said heroes, the wor in this case being the same in English as in Greek. He means the Spiritu Powers which have lower office of ministration to men; in this sense th word dæmon was perfectly and constantly understood by the Greeks, an by the Christian Church adopting Greek terms; and on the theory tha the Pagan religion was entirely false. but that its spiritual powers had rea existence, the word dæmon necessarily came among Christians to mean a evil angel,—just as much an angel as Raphael or Gabriel—but of contrar powers. I cannot therefore use the literal word dæmon, because it ha this wholly false and misleading association infixed in it; but in translatin it "angel," I give to the English reader its full power and meaning i the Greek mind; being exactly what the term ἄγγελος, or messenger,[2] wa adopted by the Christians to signify, of their own *good* spirits. There ar then, the reader must observe generally, four orders of *higher* spiritu powers, honoured by the Greeks:

I. The Gods,—of various ranks, from the highest Twelve to the minc elemental powers, such as Tritons, or Harpies.

II. The Sons of the Gods,—children of the Gods by mortal mother as Heracles, or Castor. Rightly sometimes called Demi-Gods.

III. Angels,—spiritual powers in constant attendance on man.

IV. Heroes,—men of consummate virtue, to whose souls religious rite are performed in thankfulness by the people whom they saved or exalte and whose immortal power remains for their protection. I have often els where spoken of the beautiful custom of the Locrians always to leave

[1] [Compare Ruskin's Preface (§ 13 *n.*) to *The Economist of Xenophon.*]
[2] [Compare Letter 12, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 202).]

"I say, then, there should be three choirs to fill, as with enchantment of singing, the souls of children while they are tender, teaching them many other things, of which we have told and shall tell, but this chiefly and for the head and sum of all, that the life which is noblest is also deemed by the Gods the happiest. Saying this to them, we shall at once say the truest of things, and that of which we shall most easily persuade those whom we ought to persuade."

With which we may at once read also this,—ii. 540, 2 (665):—

"That every grown-up person and every child, slave and free, male and female,—and, in a word, the entire city singing to itself—should never cause in repeating such good lessons as we have explained; yet somehow changing, and so inlaying and varying them, that the singers may always be longing to sing, and delighting in it."[1]

And this is to be ordered according to the ages of the people and the ranks of the deities. For the choir of the Muses, is to be of children, up to the age of sixteen; after that, the choir of Apollo, formed of those who have learned perfectly the mastery of the lyre,—from sixteen to thirty; and then the choir of Dionysus, of the older men, from thirty to sixty; and after sixty, being no longer able to sing, they should become mythologists, relating in divine tradition the moral truths they formerly had sung. ii. 528, 2 (664).

20. At this point, if not long before, I imagine my reader stopping hopelessly, feeling the supreme uselessness of such a conception as this, in modern times, and its utter

vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax Oileus.[2] Of these four orders, however, the first two naturally blend, because the sons of the Gods became Gods after death. Hence the real orders of spiritual powers *above* humanity, are three—Gods, Angels, Heroes (as we shall find presently, in the passage concerning prayer and praise[3]), associated with the spirits on the ordinary level of humanity, of Home, and of Ancestors. Compare *Fors*, Letter 70, § 8.[4]

[1] [This passage is continued in Letter 83, § 2 (p. 258).]
[2] [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 198 (Vol. XX. p. 346).]
[3] [The passage is in the *Laws*, 801: "There should be hymns and praises of the Gods, intermingled with prayers; and after the Gods, prayers and praises should be offered in like manner to angels and heroes." Ruskin does not presently give the passage: compare the note on p. 233.]
[4] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 719.]

contrariness to everything taught as practical among us "Belief in Gods! belief in divine tradition of Myths! Old men, as a class, to become mythologists, instead of misers and music, throughout life, to be the safeguard of morality —What futility is it to talk of such things *now*."

Yes, to a certain extent this impression is true. Plato's scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon's New Atlantis in *his* day—as Calvin's reform in *his* day—as Goethe's Academe in his.[1] Out of the good there was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil, made its useless Platonism out of Plato, its graceless Calvinism out of Calvin,[2] determined Bacon to be the meanest of mankind, and of Goethe gathered only a luscious story of seduction, and daintily singable devilry. Nothing in the dealings of Heaven with Earth is so wonderful to me as the way in which the evil angels are allowed to spot, pervert, and bring to nothing, or to worse, the powers of the greatest men:[3] so that Greece must be ruined, for all that Plato can say,—Geneva for all that Calvin can say,—England for all that Sir Thomas More and Bacon can say;—and only Gounod's *Faust* be the visible outcome to Europe of the school of Weimar.

21. What, underneath all that visible ruin, these men have done in ministry to the continuous soul of this race, may yet be known in the day when the wheat shall be gathered into the garner.[4] But I can't go on with my work now; besides, I had a visit yesterday from the friend who wrote me that letter about speaking more gently of things and people,[5] and he brought me a sermon of the

[1] [For other references to the *New Atlantis*, see Vol. XVIII. p. 514; Vol. XX. p. 290; and Vol. XXII. p. 206. By "Goethe's Academe" Ruskin means presumably the ideal of education sketched by Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister:* see Carlyle's sketch of "this fine theorem" in his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh (*Miscellanies*, vol. vii. pp. 189–192, 1872 edition), and for references to it by Ruskin, *Munera Pulveris*, § 121 *n.*, and *Time and Tide*, § 96 (Vol. XVII. pp. 243, 398).]

[2] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 83).]

[3] [Compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. (Vol. X. p. 178).]

[4] [Matthew iii. 12; Luke iii. 17.]

[5] [See Letter 81, § 6 (p. 196).]

Bishop of Manchester's to read,[1]—which begins with the weetly mild and prudent statement that St. Paul, while wading in the perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, and *satisfied* that there would be a victory over he grave, and that mortality would be swallowed up of fe, *wisely* brought his readers' thoughts back from *dreamind* to reality, by bidding them simply be steadfast, unovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord,—orasmuch as they knew that their labour would not be in ain in the Lord;[2] and in which, farther on, the Bishop, eling the knowledge in modern times not quite so posive on that subject, supports his own delicately suggested pinions by quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill, who "in his osthumous essays admits that though the doctrine of the mortality of the soul is probably an illusion, it is morally valuable that it had better be retained,"[3]—a sentence, y the way, which I recommend to the study of those iends of mine who were so angry with me for taxing Ir. John Stuart Mill with dishonesty, on the subject of nt. (*Time and Tide*, § 156.[4])

22. Well, all this, the sermon, and the quotations in it, d the course of thought they have led me into, are tirely paralysing to me in the horrible sense they give me loathsome fallacy and fatuity pervading every syllable of r modern words, and every moment of our modern life; d of the uselessness of asking such people to read any lato, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, or to do anything the true work of the Lord, forasmuch as they *don't* now, and seem to have no capacity for learning, that ch labour shall not be in vain.[5] But I will venture once ore to warn the Bishop against wading, himself, in the perilous depths" of anticipations of immortality, until he

[1] [See now Sermon XII. ("Immortality") in *University and Other Sermons*, by the ght Rev. James Fraser, D.D., edited by J. W. Diggle, 1887, pp. 167, 179 *n.*]
[2] [1 Corinthians xv. 54, 55, 58.]
[3] [This is Bishop Fraser's summary of the "general result" reached by Mill: , for instance, p. 249 of *Three Essays on Religion*, 1874.]
[4] [Vol. XVII. p. 442.]
[5] [1 Corinthians xv. 58.]

has answered my simple question to him, whether he con siders usury a work of the Lord?[1] And he will find, if h has "time" to look at them, in last *Fors*, some farthe examples of the Lord's work of that nature, done b England in India just now, in which his diocese of Man chester is somewhat practically concerned.[2]

I cannot go on with my work, therefore, in this tempe and indeed perhaps this much of Plato is enough for on letter;—but I must say, at least, what it is all coming to.

23. If you will look back to § 61 of *Time and Tid* you will find the work I am now upon, completely sketche out in it, saying finally that "the action of the devilish c deceiving power is in nothing shown quite so distinctl among us at this day, not even in our commercial dis honesties, or social cruelties, as in its having been able t take away music as an instrument of education altogethe and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstitio on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other." An then follows the promise that, after explaining, as far a I know it, the significance of the parable of the Prodig Son (done in *Time and Tide*, §§ 175–177), I should "tak the three means of human joy therein stated, fine dres rich food, and music, and show you how these are mean all alike to be sources of life and means of moral discip line, to all men, and how they have all three been made b the devil the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death."[3]

This promise I have never fulfilled, and after seve years am only just coming to the point of it. Which i in few words, that to distribute good food, beautiful dres and the practical habit of delicate art, is the proper wor of the fathers and mothers of every people for help c those who have been lost in guilt and misery: and tha only by *direct* doing of these three things can they no

[1] [For the previous challenge, see p. 136.]
[2] [See Letter 81, § 16 (p. 208).]
[3] [See *Time and Tide*, § 62 (Vol. XVII. p. 369). For the other references, s *ibid.*, pp. 368, 459–461.]

ct beneficently or helpfully to any soul capable of reformation. Therefore, you who are eating luxurious dinners, all in the tramp from the highway and share them with him,—so gradually you will understand how your brother came to *be* a tramp; and practically make your own dinners plain till the poor man's dinner is rich,—or you are no Christians; and you who are dressing in fine dress, put on blouses and aprons, till you have got your poor dressed with grace and decency,—or you are no Christians; and you who can sing and play on instruments, hang your harps on the pollards[1] above the rivers you have poisoned, or else go down among the mad and vile and deaf things whom you have made, and put melody into the souls of them,—else you are no Christians.[2]

24. No Christians, you; no, nor have you even the making of a Christian in you. Alms and prayers, indeed, alone, won't make one, but they have the bones and substance of one in the womb; and you—poor modern Judasian[3]—have lost not only the will to give, or to pray, but the very understanding of what gift and prayer mean. "Give, and it shall be given to you,"[4]—not by God, forsooth, you think, in glorious answer of gift, but only by the Jew money-monger in twenty per cent., and let no benevolence be done that will not pay. "Knock, and it shall be opened to you,"[5]—nay, never by God, in miraculous answer, but perchance you may be allowed to amuse yourself, with the street boys, in rat-tat-tatting on the knocker; or perchance you may be taken for a gentleman, if you elegantly ring the visitors' bell—till the policeman Death comes down the street, and stops the noise of you.

[1] [Compare Psalms cxxxvii. 2.]
[2] [With this § 23 may be compared *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 27 (Vol. XVIII. p. 407); Preface of 1871 to *Sesame and Lilies*, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 40); and *Lectures on Art*, § 121 (Vol. XX. p. 111).]
[3] [See above, § 5 *n.* (p. 225).]
[4] [Luke vi. 38.]
[5] [Matthew vii. 7.]

Wretch that you are, if indeed, calling yourself a Christian, you *can* find any dim fear of God, or any languid love of Christ, mixed in the dregs of you,—then, for God's sake, learn at least what prayer means, from Hezekiah and Isaiah, and not from the last Cockney curly-tailed puppy who yaps and snaps in the *Nineteenth Century*,*—and for Christ's sake, learn what alms mean, from the Lord who gave you His Life, and not from the lady patronesses of the last charity ball.

25. Learn what these mean, Judasian Dives, if it may be,—while Lazarus yet lies among the dogs,—while yet there is no gulf fixed between you and the heavens,[1]—while yet the stars in their courses[2] do not *forbid* you to think their Guide is mindful of you. For truly the day is coming of which Isaiah told—"The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?"[3] And the day of which he told is coming, also, when the granaries of the plains of heaven, and the meres of its everlasting hills shall be opened, and poured forth for its children; and the bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, for him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly—that

* Nevertheless, I perceive at last a change coming over the spirit of our practical literature, and commend all the recent papers by Lord Blachford, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Hewlett, very earnestly to my own reader's attention.[4]

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[1] [See Luke xvi. 20–31.]

[2] [Judges v. 20.]

[3] [Isaiah xxxiii. 14.]

[4] [The references are to Lord Blachford's contribution to the "Modern Symposium" on "The Soul and Future Life," in the *Nineteenth Century* for September 1877 (vol. ii. pp. 341–348); and to the first part of Mr. Mallock's "Is Life worth Living?" in the same number, pp. 251–273: for another reference to these papers see Letter 81, § 19 *n.* (above, p. 216). Mr. H. G. Hewlett (father of Mr. Maurice Hewlett) had a paper on "Songs for Sinners" in the *Contemporary Review* for July 1876 (vol. 28, pp. 238–262), and one on "William Blake" in the same magazine for October 1876 (*ibid.*, pp. 756–784). The Rev. H. N. Oxenham had a series of papers in the *Contemporary* for January to April 1876, on "Eternal Perdition and Universalism."]

lespiseth the gain of oppressions—that shaketh his hands rom holding of bribes—that stoppeth his ears from hearing f blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall well on high—his place of defence shall be the munitions f rocks."[1] Yea, blessing, beyond all blessing in the love f mortal friend, or the light of native land,—"Thine eyes hall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the and that is far away."[1]

[1] [Isaiah xxxiii. 15–17.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

26. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

Prospering. The Companions must take this brief statement, for once, with as much faith as if it were the chairman's of an insolvent railway, for I have no space to tell them more.

27. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

Too many for him: and it is quite certain he can't continue to ride so many horses at once, or keep so many balls in the air.[1] All that he thinks it needful, in this *Fors*, to say, is that, whatever he may cease hope of doing, he will not fail from St. George's work, as long as he has strength for any work at all.

28. (III.) I give a general answer to the following letter, asking my correspondent's pardon for anything which may seem severe, or inapplicable, in his own special case. There are also, I fear, one or two words misprinted or misplaced in the letter—but I have carelessly lost the MS., and cannot correct.

"Dear Sir,—I venture to address you upon a matter that concerns me very much—viz., the leisure time of my existence. Nine hours of each day are taken up as employer (sedentary business); three hours of which, perhaps, working myself. One hour and a half, each, devoted to the study of music and drawing or painting. Five hours yet remaining walking to or from business, meals, physical exercise,—this last of the usual gymnastic useless pattern.

"I cannot but think that there must be many others like situated—perhaps *compelled* to plunge with the stream of the questionable morality of modern commerce, or in other various ways making it utterly impossible, during that portion of the day, to follow out the life you teach us to live,—yet who feel and desire that that portion of day they can really call their own, should be spent in a true rounded manly development, and as far as may be in harmony with that which is eternally right. I do not know of any prescribed detail you have made with special reference to this compromised class, and this is the only excuse I can offer for writing to you—you that are the source of all that I feel deepest in religion and morality: fathom it I cannot, yet feel deeper and stronger each succeeding year, all that I love in nature and art I owe to you; and this debt of gratitude has made me bold to try and make it greater.

"Ever gratefully yours."

29. If we know there is a God, and mean to please Him, or if even (which is the utmost we can generally say, for the best of our faith), if we think there is so much hope, or danger, of there being a God as to make it prudent in us to try to discover whether there be or not, in the only way He has allowed us to ascertain the fact, namely, doing as we

[1] [Compare the letter to Mr. Allen given in Vol. XXV. p. xxii.]

ıave heard that He has bidden us, we may be sure He can never be ›leased by the form of compromise with circumstances, that all the busi- ıess of our day shall be wrong, on the principle of sacrificial atonement, hat the play of it shall be right;—or perhaps not even that *quite* right, ›ut in my correspondent's cautious phrase, only "as far as may be, in ıarmony with what is right."

Now the business "necessities" of the present day are the precise form f idolatry which is, at the present day, *crucially* forbidden by Christ; pre- isely as falling down to worship graven images, or eating meat offered to lols,[1] was *crucially* forbidden in earlier times. And it is by enduring the ›ersecution, or death, which may be implied in abandoning "business ıecessities" that the Faith of the Believer, whether in the God of the ew or Christian, must be *now* tried and proved.

But in order to make such endurance possible, of course our side must e openly taken, and our companions in the cause known; this being also eedful, that our act may have the essential virtue of Witness-dom, or as e idly translate it, Martyr-dom.

This is the practical reason for joining a guild, and signing at least the reed of St. George,[2] which is so worded as to be acceptable by all who re resolved to serve God, and withdraw from idolatry.*

30. But for the immediate question in my correspondent's case—

First. Keep a working man's dress at the office, and always walk ome and return in it; so as to be able to put your hand to anything ıat is useful. Instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gym- astics, learn common forge work, and to plane and saw well;—then, if ou find in the city you live in, that everything which human hands and ms are able, and human mind willing, to do, of pulling, pushing, carry- ıg, making, or cleaning—(see in last *Fors* the vulgar schoolmistress's ›tion of the civilization implied in a mechanical broom[3])—is done by ıachinery,—you will come clearly to understand, what I have never been ›le yet to beat, with any quantity of *verbal* hammering, into my readers' eads,—that, as long as living breath-engines, and their glorious souls and uscles, stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead eam-engines, is an absurdity, waste, and wickedness, for which—I am ınkrupt in terms of contempt,—and politely finish my paragraph—"My rethren, these things ought not so to be."[4]

Secondly. Of simple exercises, learn to walk and run at the utmost ›eed consistent with health: do this by always going at the quickest

* The magnificent cheat which the Devil played on the Protestant sect, from nox downwards, in making them imagine that Papists were disbelieving idolaters, ıd thus entirely effacing all spiritual meaning from the word "idolatry,"[5] was ıe consummation of his great victory over the Christian Church, in the fifteenth ıd sixteenth centuries.

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[1] [Exodus xx. 4; 1 Corinthians viii. 1.]
[2] [See Letter 58, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).]
[3] [Not *last Fors*, but Letter 81, § 10 (p. 203).]
[4] [James iii. 10.]
[5] [For Ruskin's insistence on the true meaning of "idolatry" (*εἴδωλον*), see ol. X. p. 450, and Vol. XX. p. 66. On that of "martyr" (*μαρτύριον*, witness), ›mpare Letter 26, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 482).]

pace you can in the streets, and by steadily, though minutely, increasin your pace over a trial piece of ground, every day.[1] Learn also dancing with extreme precision; and wrestling, if you have any likely strength in summer, also rowing in sea-boats; or barge-work, on calm water; anc in winter (with skating of course), quarterstaff and sword-exercise.

31. (IV.) The following extract from the report of the Howard Associa tion[2] is of great value and importance:—

"INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION *versus* CRIME.—Several years ago the Secretary of th Howard Association, having to visit the chief prisons of Holland and Belgium, tool occasion to notice other social institutions of those countries, and on his return t England invited attention (in many newspapers) to the very useful tendency of th cheap technical schools of Holland, for the industrial training of poor children Many circumstances indicate that public and legislative attention is more than eve needed to this question. For the extension of intellectual teaching through th 'Board Schools,' valuable as it is, has not, as yet, been accompanied by an adequat popular conviction that mere head knowledge, apart from *handi*craft skill, is a ver one-sided aspect of education, and if separated from the latter, may in general b compared to rowing a boat with one oar. (Far worse than that, to loading it wit rubbish till it sinks.—J. R.) Indeed, popular intellectual education, if separate from its two essential complements—*religious* and *industrial* training—is an engin fraught with terrible mischief.

"An instructive leading article in the *Hull Packet* (of May 11th, 1877) com plains of a great increase of juvenile crime in that large town, where, at times the spectacle has been witnessed of 'gangs of young thieves lining the front of th dock, several of them so small that they had to be placed upon a box or stool t enable the magistrates to see them.' *And the crimes of those children are not onl more numerous but more serious than formerly.* The Editor adds, '*It is singular tha the rapid increase should date from the time that the Education Act came into force. Here again is indicated the necessity for manual training in addition to head knowledge.*'

"In connection with *industrial* education, it may also be mentioned that durin the year a veteran member of this Association, ex-Sheriff Watson (of Ratho, N.B. has published a pamphlet, 'Pauperism and Industrial Education in Aberdeenshire (Blackwood), in which he shows that a very remarkable diminution of crime an pauperism has taken place in that particular county as compared with the rest o Scotland, owing mainly to *industrial* day schools. The children came from thei own homes at seven or eight o'clock A.M.; had breakfast, dinner, and supper; wer employed three hours daily in learning, and religious instruction, and five hour in *manual industry*, and returned to their own homes at night. It is stated, 'Whe all these elements are combined and skilfully applied, success is certain. *Whe any one of them is left out, failure is equally sure.*'"

(I do not quite know what the writer means by "learning" in thi passage. But I can assure him, whatever he means by it, *that* elemen may be left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners religious faith, and manual skill.—J. R.)

* [Italics mine.]

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[1] [Compare *Hortus Inclusus*, p. 41 (ed. 3, p. 47).]

[2] [An Association called after John Howard, the prison reformer (1726–1790) "for Promoting the Best Methods of Criminal Treatment and Crime Prevention." The extract is from the Annual Report for 1877. A separate leaflet was also issue in that year, headed "Industrial Education *versus* Crime."]

32. (V.) I have not time, alas! to comment on the following two letters; xcept only to say that the introductory one is from a Companion of the Guild; and that the introduced one is the most extraordinary testimony o the practical powers of children, rightly educated, which I have ever een or heard of. Here is little Hercules, again visible to us in his cradle, nd no more in myth, but a living symbol! If any practical reader should e too much pained by the sentimental names of the children, let him ead, to refresh himself, the unsentimental oration of the *Scotsman* in the st article of our Correspondence.

"24*th July*, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—When Mr. Ward was here the other evening, we were ading a letter from a cousin of ours who has been several years in California; d he said he thought you would like it for *Fors;* so I send some extracts—more erhaps than are suitable for *Fors*,—but I thought you might like to see them. he gentleman was an English doctor, and practised for many years in Ceylon, d has been almost all over the world. He married a gentle, well-educated nglish lady, and they have seven children. 'Neenee's' name is 'Irene Dolores'; e boy they call 'Buddha' is 'Everest,' after the highest mountain in Hindostan. Nannie' is 'Ianthe.' Every word of the letter is true, for 'Gus' couldn't exaggete or prevaricate in the slightest possible degree.

"Ever yours sincerely."

"15*th May*, 1877.

"I am running two farms, about four miles apart—one with goats (Angora), d the other grain, sheep, and pigs. My time is at present entirely occupied, d all of us are busy all the time. Percy and Nannie herd the goats just now, d will have to for another month, as they are kidding, and we are milking em. We have about 222 goats, all the Angoras which produce mohair. They e the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Percy is only five, yet he killed rattlesnake a few days ago, about four feet long, and as big as my arm; it was much as he could carry with both hands when he brought it home in triumph. annie nearly trod on it, and he killed it for her. I can't afford to get the chilen boots, so they are obliged to look out sharp for snakes. Buddha trod on an ormous rattlesnake the other day, but his naked foot did not hurt it, so it did t bite him.

"On the other farm I have about 400 merino sheep and 70 hogs. The chilen all have their work to do. Percy, Nannie, and Buddha herd goats. Zoe and eenee look after the baby and the younger children, and dress and wash them, y the table, help cook, and wash dishes; and the mother makes all our clothes. e live roughly, but we have plenty to eat and drink. All our plans as to ming home are knocked on the head, and I have determined not to entertain e idea again, but to settle down here for good. Farming is slow work, but we all get on in time; and if we don't, the boys will. We will educate them e best we can, and I don't think much of education or civilization anyhow. Zoe learning the violin, and I shall buy a zithern for Neenee. All the children ve an excellent ear for music, and Zoe bids fair to have a very fine voice. The ys will have been brought up to this sort of farming, and will have a good chance get on, I think. For a man with a lot of children, Cala is the best place. I n't wish to have anything more to do with medicine,—it's all a big humbug. r the most part farming is honest;—anyhow, at least it's possible to be an nest farmer.

"I am just about to enlarge the house. The climate is the best in the world. e live very roughly, and perhaps a little slovenly; but we have lots to eat

and drink,—three good square meals every day; and after this year shall hav fruit.

"I believe we are fixtures here now: indeed I mean to dig me a grave on th top of our hill, so as to get as near to heaven as possible.

"I think, on the whole, the kids will have a better chance here than at home.* Besides, the times will be bad at home now. You are drifting into a terrible war, in the course of which England will lose India, I think,—not altogether directl by Russia, but by revolt of the natives."

33. (VI.) A letter of deep import from my old friend and correspondent in *Time and Tide*, Mr. Dixon.[2] It shall be commented on at length in next *Fors*:[3] meantime, I commend with sternest ratification, to all my readers, Mr. George Mitchell's letter in the *Builder* for August 25th o this year.[4]

"15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND, 15*th Sept.*, 1877.

"DEAR SIR,—I omitted in my last[5] to inform you that the new Labour Leagu of America is a revival of the old ideas that were promulgated by the Anabaptist in the time of Luther, in Germany, in the Peasants' War, and then again by th French Revolutionists, 1789. The leader Schwab is one of the leaders of th 'Internationalists' who figured in the Paris Commune days.[6] A very good summar of their ideas and plans was given in a series of articles in *Fraser's Magazine* a few years ago.[7] I possess several of their programmes, though of late I have hear very little of them. I enclose a cutting respecting their Congress this year o the Continent.

"I will try to procure something of more detail, for I am very deeply interested in this organization, though I do not agree with all the principles they advocate

* Very certainly, my friend;—but what is the chance of home, if all the kid good for anything are in California?

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[1] [The writer of the letter was perturbed, it seems, by the foreign policy o Lord Beaconsfield, which displayed Turkish sympathies in the Russo-Turkish wa which was beginning at the date of the letter.]

[2] [See Vol. XVII. pp. lxxviii.-lxxix.]

[3] [See pp. 257 *seq.*]

[4] [For an extract from this, see Letter 83, § 18 (p. 273).]

[5] [See above, p. 218.]

[6] [Justus Schwab in the following year became the leader of the more "advanced" Anarchists who broke away from other sections at the Congress in Albany. He was tried for complicity in the bomb outrage at Chicago in May 1886, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1893 he was given an unconditional pardon by Governor Altgeld.]

[7] [A series of articles on "The International Working Men's Association" (*L'Internationale*) in *Fraser's Magazine*, July, August, and September 1875; vol. 92 (N.S., vol. 12), pp. 72, 181, 300. To the last of the articles a note is appended by the editor: "It is highly noticeable that, in all which has been said of and by 'The International Working Men's Association,' the one thing whereof we hear no whisper from first to last is WORK itself,—that, among the rights of a Working Man, the right of doing his Work honestly and well, not basely, scandalously, and fraudulently, as usual at present, is never once touched on, has apparently never been thought of. This evil remaining, all other reforms would but 'skin and film the ulcerous place.'"]

see in it a great principle for the good of the working classes if it was rightly nd justly conducted. It aims to unite the working classes of every country in ne bond of universal brotherhood. It is opposed to war, strikes, and all such like ombinations having *force* as the principal means of attaining the amelioration of he evils they suffer from. The original ideas were of a simple, gradual, progres- ve character, but ultimated in the fierce rabid actions that stained the Commune ı Paris, the result of being led by fierce wild men. In a novel entitled *The Universalist* is a very good account of their aims, only it is coloured with a ovelist's romantic way of depicting such matters.

"If you care for more respecting them, I can, I think, send you some parti- ılars. I enclose you Bright's speech at Manchester, which seems not so jubilant s he used to be of the progress of our people: his allusion to Venice[1] seemed akin) some thoughts of yours, so thought would interest you; also his allusion to ıe Indian Famine, and our neglect of our duty to these people.

"Was the leisure of the Greeks not due to the hard work of the helots and aves they had? Is *our* leisure, or rather the leisure of our rich people, not due) the work done by our workpeople? Just think of the leisure of our people,— ıink of the idle lives of the daughters of our tradespeople: it seems to me ıere is more leisure enjoyed now by our people than ever was enjoyed by any ople—I mean the rich and trading classes.

"When I visit the houses of our trading classes, I feel amazed to see the adual change in their circumstances within these few years,—the style of life ıey live, the servants they keep, the almost idle lives of their sons and daughters. hen see the way in which we live, how different to the simple style of our fore- thers! If our lives were simpler, if we all had to labour somewhat like our d people, then how different it would be!

"Yours respectfully,
"THOMAS DIXON."

34. Well said, my old friend: but you must not confuse fevered idle- ess with leisure.

All questions raised either by my Manchester or Newcastle corre- ondent, respecting our want or possession of leisure, are answered by e following short extract from Plato:—

"*The Athenian.* Do we then all recognize the reason why, in our cities, such ble choirs and exercise have all but passed away;—or shall we only say that it because of the ignorance of the people, and their legislators?

"*The Cretan.* Perhaps so.

"*A.* Ah no, you too simple Cleinias! there are two other causes; and causes ough they are, too.

"*C.* Which mean you?

"*A.* The first, the love of riches, leaving no moment of leisure" (making Time leisureless) "to care about anything but one's own possessions, upon ıich the soul of every citizen being suspended, cannot contain any other thought t of his daily gain. And whatever knowledge or skill may conduce to such in,—*that,* he is most ready in private to learn and practise; but mocks at ery other. Here then is one of the causes we look for, that no one cares any ore to be earnest in any good or honourable thing; but every man, in insatiable irst for gold and silver, will submit himself to any art or trick if only he can ow rich by it, and do any deed,—be it holy, be it profane, or be it utterly vile,

[1] [See below, p. 274 *n.*]

—reluctant at nothing, if only he may get the power, like a beast, to eat and drink his fill of every kind, and fulfil to the uttermost all his lusts."—*Laws*, VIII. 351, 20 (831).

35. (VII.) The following public voice of the New Town of Edinburgh, on the "inevitable" in Scotland, may perhaps enable some of my readers to understand at last when I said seven years ago, that I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh;[1]—namely, because I loved the old one,—and the better Burg that shall be for ever.

I have yet one other modern oration to set beside this; and then I will say my say of both.[2]

"A letter which we print elsewhere, written by an able practical farmer, appeals strongly to the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something 'to stay the plague of depopulation of men and valuable live-stock, and to dislodge the wild beasts and birds which have been the cause of so much injury to Scottish agriculture.' The request will seem, on the face of it, to be strange, if not unintelligible, seeing that there are more people in Scotland now than ever there were before, and that Scottish agriculture, judged by what it brings to market, produces more than ever it did. A perusal of the whole of the letter, however, will show what it is that the writer means. He has been looking at a farm, or what used to be a sheep farm, somewhere in the north, and he finds that it is now given up to game. The land was, he says, thirty or forty years ago divided into four or five average-sized farms, each having tenants, and carefully cultivated in the lower-lying parts, while on the hills cattle and sheep fed. Altogether these farms afforded a 'livelihood to quiet and industrious tenants and peasants, giving the owners fair rentals, with certainty of advance by judicious outlay in permanent improvements.' Now all this is changed. There are no men, horses, cattle, or sheep, only game. The sheep-drains are choked, and the lands are boggy. This, then, is what the writer means by depopulation, and by injury to Scottish agriculture. Of course he sees in it great national injury in the shape of limitation of the area of land fitted for agriculture, and in the lessening of the meat supply, and, as we have said, he calls upon the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something to bring back the people and the farms.

"The question will naturally be asked, What can the Highland and Agricultural Society do? Perhaps, too, most people will ask, Ought it to do anything? The writer of the letter is laudably anxious for the extension and improvement of the business in which he is engaged, and he regards the afforesting of sheep land as a great offence. But can it be so regarded by the Highland and Agricultural Society, or by the country generally? It may be that many of us would think the land better used as a sheep farm than as a game forest; but that is not the question. *What the landlord has had to decide* has been how to make the most *profitable* use of his property, and he has apparently found that he could make more of it for sporting purposes than he could for farming. 'There's a greater interest at stake than the sheep farmer,' said the gamekeeper to our correspondent, who adds that 'you discover that some wealthy Cockney pays more for six weeks' blowing off powder and shot than the sheep farmer can pay for a whole year.' Well, that is the whole question in a nutshell—the land lets for more to the sportsman than to the farmer. *What would be thought of the landlord* as a man of business if he did not let his land in the best market? Our correspondent would think it hard if anybody sought to place restrictions upon the sale of his

[1] [See Letter 1, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 15).]

[2] [Ruskin's note here for his proposed Index is "Modern Oration of the *Scotsman*. The author's say of it, promised, but not yet said."]

roduce. The people who denounce all intoxicating liquors are in the habit of owing that the consumption of barley in breweries and distilleries is an enormous bstraction from the food of the people for purposes which have no value—nay, hich they assert are positively injurious. What would our correspondent think if was proposed to compel him to grow less barley or to sell his barley for other urposes than brewing or distillation? He would say, and rightly, that it was a rossly improper interference with his right to make the most of his business; yet would really be no worse in principle than what he virtually proposes in the se of landlords. To say that they must not let their land for sporting purposes, d that they must let it for agriculture, would be a limitation of their market actly the same in principle, and proportionately the same in effect, as a law reventing farmers from selling their barley to brewers, and compelling them to se it or sell it only for the feeding of cattle. The mistake of supposing that ndlords ought to have some peculiar economic principles applied to them in the nse of restricting the use to which they shall put their land is common enough, t the reasons given are, as a rule, *sentimental* rather than practical. It may be id that the complaint of our correspondent as to the abstraction of land from riculture, and the consequent lessening of the supply of food, is practical. In e same sense so is the complaint of the total abstainers as to barley, and so uld be an objection to the sale or feuing of land for building purposes; but ey are not convincing. In the neighbourhood of every great town many acres land that would have produced food have been covered with buildings; ought e extension of towns, therefore, to be prohibited by law?

"The depopulation of the country districts is a favourite theme with *sentimental* ople, who will persist in fighting against the inevitable, and speaking of that as crime which is in fact the operation of a *natural law.* (!) Like our correspondent, ey draw loving pictures of small farms and numerous tenants, giving the impres- on that when these could be seen, the times were blissful and the nation strong. ccording to these theorists, not only were the farmers and peasantry numerous, t they were happy, contented, and prosperous; and now they are all gone, to e injury of the country. If the picture were in all respects faithful, it would t show that any action to prevent the change would have been possible or suc- ssful. It is as certain as anything can be that so long as better wages and better ing are to be got in towns, working people will not stay in the country. Census turns show that while the population of the rural districts is steadily decreasing, at of the towns is as steadily and rapidly increasing; the reason being that people n earn more in towns than they can in the country. Nor is that all. It cannot doubted that the tendency to throw several small farms into a single large one, ile it has helped the decrease of the population, has largely increased the quan- y of food produced. The crofter's life alternated between barely enough and rvation. It was rare that he could get before the world. His means being all, he could not cultivate his land to advantage, and what he did cost him avily. He had to do wearily and wastefully what the large farmer can do with se and economically. No doubt many of the crofters clung to their mode of e—they knew no other. But with the spread of railways, the increase of steam- ats, the opening of roads, and the accessibility of newspapers, they learned to ange their opinions, as they discovered that they could shake off their misery d live comparatively well without half the anxiety or actual labour that accom- nied their life of semi-starvation. It would probably be found that, in the cases ere changes were made by compulsion and by wholesale, the people who were t away are now highly grateful for what was done. Whether that be the case not, however, it is certain that what is called the depopulation of the country tricts will go on as long as the towns offer greater inducements to the people. seems to be thought not only that landlords ought to be compelled to let their d in small farms, but that some people should be compelled to occupy them. at is the logical inference from the complaints that are made, and it is enough state it to show its absurdity. Nothing of the kind is or ought to be possible. nd and its cultivation must be on a perfectly business footing if there is to be

real progress and if no injustice is to be done. The people who complain of d population are not, as a rule, those whose lot in having to leave their patches land is thought to be so hard, but theorists and sentimentalists who, if they coul have their way, would inflict terrible evils upon the country. It is not mea that our correspondent is one of these. He probably talks of depopulation rath as a fashion of speaking than as advancing a theory, or because he is actuated b a sentiment. He is a farmer, and does not like to see a farm become a forest that is why he complains. Yet he would no doubt admit that every man is e titled to do the best he can for himself provided he does no injury to other That is a rule which he would insist upon in his own case, and properly; and h will find it very difficult to show cause why it should not also be applied to crofte and landlords."—*Scotsman*, 20th June, 1877.

LETTER 83

HESIOD'S MEASURE[1]

. "WAS the leisure of the Greeks not owing to the hard ork of the helots and slaves they had?" asked my old iend, Thomas Dixon, in his letter given last month.[2]

Yes, truly, good labourer; nor the Greeks' leisure only, ut also—if we are to call it leisure—that of the rich nd powerful of this world, since this world began. And ore and more I perceive, as my old age opens to me e deeper secrets of human life, that the true story and rength of that world are the story and strength of these lots and slaves; and only its fiction and feebleness in e idleness of those who feed on them:—which fiction nd feebleness, with all their cruelty and sensuality, filling e cup of the fornication of the kings of the earth now the lip,[3] must be, in no long time now, poured out on the earth; and the cause of the poor judged by the ing who shall reign in righteousness.[4] For all these petty ruggles of the past, of which you write to me, are but e scudding clouds and first wailing winds, of the storm hich must be as the sheet lightning—from one part of aven to the other,—"So also shall the coming of the n of Man be."[5]

Only the first scudding clouds, I say,—these hitherto ditions; for, as yet, they have only been of the ambitious,

[1] [See below, § 5. "Music" and "Story and Fiction" were rejected titles this Letter.]
[2] [See Letter 82, § 33 (p. 253).]
[3] [Compare Revelation xvii. 2, 4.]
[4] [Compare Psalms lxxii. 2.]
[5] [Matthew xxiv. 27.]

or the ignorant; and only against tyrannous men: so that they ended, if successful, in mere ruinous license; and if they failed, were trampled out in blood: but *now*, the ranks are gathering, on the one side, of men rightly informed, and meaning to seek redress by lawful and honourable means only; and, on the other, of men capable of compassion, and open to reason, but with personal interests at stake so vast, and with all the gear and mechanism of their acts so involved in the web of past iniquity, that the best of them are helpless, and the wisest blind.

No debate, on such terms, and on such scale, has yet divided the nations; nor can any wisdom foresee the sorrow, or the glory, of its decision. One thing only we know, that in this contest, assuredly, the victory cannot be by violence; that every conquest under the Prince of War retards the standards of the Prince of Peace; and that every good servant must abide his Master's coming in the patience, not the refusal, of his daily labour.

Patiently, and humbly, I resume my own, not knowing whether shall prosper—either this or that;[1] caring only that, in so far as it reaches and remains, it may be faithful and true.[2]

2. Following the best order I can in my notes,—interrupted by the Bishop's sermon in last letter,[3]—I take, next Plato's description of the duties of the third choir, namely that of men between the ages of thirty and sixty; vii. 316 9 (812):—

"We said, then, that the sixty-years-old singers in the service of Dionysus should be, beyond other men, gifted with fine sense of rhythm and of the meetings together of harmonies; so that being able to choose out of imitative melody, what is well and ill represented of the soul in impassion, and well discerning the picture of the evil spirit from the picture of the good, they may cast away that which has in it the likeness of evil and bring forward into the midst that which has the likeness of good and hymn and sing *that* into the souls of the young, calling them for

[1] [Ecclesiastes xi. 6.]
[2] [Revelation xix. 11.]
[3] [Letter 82, § 21 (p. 243).]

o pursue the possession of virtue, by means of such likenesses. And for his reason the sounds of the lyre ought to be used for the sake of learness in the chords; * the master and pupil keeping both their voices n one note together with the chord: but the changes of the voice and ariety of the lyre, the chords giving one tune, and the poet another nelody, and the oppositions of many notes to few, and of slow to swift, ometimes in symphony, sometimes in antiphony, the rhythm of the song lso in every sort of complication inlaying itself among the sounds of the yre,—with all this, the pupils who have to learn what is useful of music n only three years, must have nothing to do: for things opposed, conusing each other, are difficult to learn: and youth, as far as possible, hould be set at ease in learning." †

I think this passage alone may show the reader that he Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral iddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradivarius, in ubstituting the violin for the lyre and harp, was twofold. henceforward, (A) instrumental music became the captain nstead of the servant of the voice; and (B) skill of intrumental music, as so developed, became impossible in he ordinary education of a gentleman. So that, since his ime, old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three,[1] and quire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he as drunk:[2] but of souls won by Orpheus, or cities built y Amphion, we hear no more.[3]

3. Now the reader must carefully learn the meanings of ne—no fewer than seven—distinct musical terms used by lato in the passages just given. The word I have transted "changes of the voice" is, in the Greek technical,— heterophony"; and we have besides, rhythm, harmony, ine, melody, symphony, and antiphony.

Of these terms "rhythm" means essentially the time

* "Chord," in the Greek use, means only one of the strings of the strument, not a concord of notes. The lyre is used instead of the flute, at the music may be subordinate always to the words.

† Not by having smooth or level roads made for it, but by being plainly own, and steadily cheered in, the rough and steep.

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 261.]
[2] [*Tom Jones*, book iv. ch. v.]
[3] [For Orpheus, see Vol. XIX. pp. 66, 178, and Vol. XX. p. 356; for Amphion, *d.*, pp. 356, 379. On the history of the violin, compare *Præterita*, iii. § 81 *n.*]

and metre; "harmony" the fixed relation of any high not to any low one;* "tune" the air given by the instrument "melody" the air given by the voice; "symphony" th concord of the voice with the instrument, or with com panion voices; "diaphony" their discord; "antiphony" thei opposition; and "heterophony" their change.

4. And it will do more for us than merely fasten th sense of the terms, if we now re-read in last *Fors* th passage (p. 237) respecting the symphony of acquired reaso with rightly compelled affection; and then those followin pieces respecting their diaphony, from an earlier part o the *Laws*, iii. 39, 8 (688), where the concordant verdic of thought and heart is first spoken of as the ruling virtu of the four cardinal; namely:—

"Prudence, with true conception and true opinion, and the loves an desires that follow on these. For indeed, the Word † returns to the sam point, and what I said before (if you will have it so, half in play) now say again in true earnest, that prayer itself is deadly on the lips of a foo unless he would pray that God would give him the contrary of his desire And truly you will discern, if you follow out the Word in its fulness, tha the ruin of the Doric cities never came on them because of cowardic nor because their kings knew not how to make war; but because the knew not nobler human things, and were indeed ignorant with the greate and fatallest of ignorances. And the greatest of ignorances, if you wi

* The apparently vague use of the word "harmony" by the Greeks founded on their perception that there is just as fixed a relation of in fluence on each other between high and low notes following in a wel composed melody as when they are sounded together in a single chor That is to say, the notes in their assigned sequence relatively increase th pleasure with which each is heard, and in that manner act "harmoniously, though not heard at the same instant. But the definition of the mingle chord is perfect in ii. 539, 3 (665). "And to the order" (time) " motion the name 'rhythm' is given, and to the mingling of high and lo in sound, the name of 'harmony,' and the unison of both these we ca 'choreia.'"

† I write, "Word" (Logos) with the capital initial when it stands i the original for the "entire course of reasoning," since to substitute th long phrase would weaken the sentences fatally. But no mystic or divin sense is attached to the term "Logos" in these places.[1]

[1] [The reference is to the much-discussed meaning of the word in the Gree Testament, John i. 1, and to the Neo-Platonists.]

ave me tell it you, is this: when a man, judging truly of what is honourble and good, yet loves it not, but hates it, and loves and caresses with is soul what he perceives to be base and unjust,—this diaphony of his ain and pleasure with the rational verdict of his intellect, I call the last f ignorances; and the greatest, because it is in the multitude of the soul's houghts." *

Presently afterwards—though I do not, because of the ntroduction of other subjects in the sentence, go on transating—this same ignorance is called the "out-of-tune-est" f all; there being scarcely a word in Greek social philoophy which has not reference to musical law; and scarcely word in Greek musical science which has not understood eference to social law.

So that in final definition—ii. 562, 17 (673):—

"The whole Choreia is whole child-education for us, consisting, as we ave seen, in the rhythms and harmonies which belong to sound (for as here is a rhythm in the movement of the body, so there is a rhythm the movement of sound, and the movement of sound we call tune). nd *the movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in rtue* (we know not how), we call MUSIC."

5. You see from this most important passage that the reeks only called "Music" the kind of sound which duced right moral feeling ("they knew not *how*,"[1] but ey knew it *did*), and any other kind of sound than that, owever beautiful to the ear or scientific in composition, ey did not call "Music" (exercise under the Muses), but Amusia,"—the denial, or desolation for want, of the Muses.[2] Vord now become of wide use in modern society; most ccurately, as the Fates have ordained, yet by an equivotion in language; for the old French verb "muser," "to

* Note David, of the contrary state—

"In the *multitude* of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts *delight* my ul."[3]

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[1] [Curiously these words are omitted in Jowett's version.]

[2] [Compare "The Relation of National Ethics to National Arts," §§ 18, 19 ol. XIX. p. 176).]

[3] [Psalms xciv. 19.]

think in a dreamy manner," came from the Latin "musso," "to speak low," or whisper, and not from the Greek word "muse." But it once having taken the meaning of meditation, "a-muser," "to dispel musing," became a verb very dear to generations of men whom any manner of thoughtfulness tormented; and,—such their way of life—could not but torment: whence the modern "amusement" has practically established itself as equivalent to the Greek "amusia."[1]

The Greek himself, however, did not express his idea fully in language, but only in myth. His "amusia" does not mean properly the opposing delightfulness, but only the interruption, and violation, of musical art. The proper word for the opposed delightful art would have been "sirenic"; but he was content in the visionary symbol, and did not need the word, for the disciples of the Sirens of course asserted their songs to be Music as much as the disciples of the Muses. First, therefore, take this following passage respecting the violation of music, and then we will go on to consider its opposition:—

(iii. 47, 10 (690).) "For now, indeed, we have traced such a fountain of seditions as well needs healing; and first consider, in this matter, how and against what, the kings of Argos and Messene sinned, when they destroyed at once themselves and the power of the Greeks, marvellous great as it was in their time. Was not their sin that they refused to acknowledge the utter rightness of Hesiod in his saying that 'the half is often more than the whole'? For, when to take the whole is mischievous but the half, a measured and moderated good, then the measured good is more than the unmeasured, as better is more than worse.

"*The Cretan.* It is a most right and wise saying.

"*The Athenian.* Whether, then, are we to think, of the kings, that it was this error in *their* hearts that in each several case destroyed them, or that the mischief entered first into the heart of the people?

"*The Cretan.* In all likelihood, for the most part, the disease was in the kings, living proudly because of luxury.

"*The Athenian.* Is it not evident, as well as likely, that the kings first fell into this guilt of grasping at more than the established laws gave them: and with what by speech and oath they had approved, they kept no symphony in act; and their diaphony, as we said, being indeed the uttermost ignorance, yet seeming wisdom, through breaking of tune and sharp amusia, destroyed all those noble things?"

[1] [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 90 (Vol. XVII. p. 211), and Vol. XIX. p. 177.

6. Now in applying this great sentence of Plato's to he parallel time in England, when her kings "kept no ymphony in act with what by word and oath they had pproved," and so destroyed at once themselves and the nglish power, "marvellous great as it was in their time" –the "sharp amusia" of Charles I. and his Cavaliers was ndeed in grasping at more than the established laws gave hem; but an entirely contrary—or, one might technically all it, "flat amusia"—met it on the other side, and ruined romwell and his Roundheads. Of which flat or dead musia Plato had seen no instance, and could not imagine ; and for the laying bare its root, we must seek to the uest philosopher of our own days, from whose good comany I have too long kept the reader,[1]—Walter Scott.

When he was sitting to Northcote (who told the story my father, not once nor twice, but I think it is in Iazlitt's conversations of Northcote also[2]), the old painter, peaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of he Waverley Novels,[3] said that one chief source of his elight in them was that "he never knew what was oming."

"Nor I neither," answered Sir Walter.

Now this reply, though of course partly playful, and ade for the sake of its momentary point, was deeply true, a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious . He was conscious of it only as a weakness,—not as a rength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is ere in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand, the introduction to the *Fortunes of Nigel*.[4] I take it

[1] [Since Letter 67, Vol. XXVIII. p. 644 (except for passing references in etters 73 and 82, above, pp. 23, 220).]

[2] ["I was much pleased with Sir Walter, and I believe he expressed a favourable inion of me. I said to him, 'I admire the way in which you begin your novels. ou set out so abruptly, that you quite surprise me. I can't at all tell what's ming.' 'No!' says Sir Walter, 'nor I neither'" (*Conversations of James Northte, Esq., R.A.*, by William Hazlitt, 1830, p. 221).]

[3] [Compare what Ruskin says, in his analysis of *Redgauntlet*, of the "subtle raldic quartering" in the Waverley Novels: Letter 47, § 7 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 194).]

[4] [The manuscript remains at Brantwood; and the passages cited are here given *facsimile*.]

reverently down, and copy it from the dear old manuscript written as it is at temperate speed, the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *i*s, crossing *t*s writing mute *e*s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used. I copy with scrupulous care, adding no stop where stop is not.

"*Captain*" (Clutterbuck) Respect for yourself then ought to teach caution—

Author. Aye if caution could augment my title to success—But to confess to you the truth the books and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others and commended as more highly finished I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labourd. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes and chapters and endeavoured to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe—But I think there is a dæmon which seats himself upon the feather of my pen when I begin to write and ~~guides~~ * leads it astray from the purpose Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done long before I have attained the end I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil

Author. Alas my dear Sir you do not know the fever of paternal affection—When I light on such a character as Baillie Jarvie or Dalgetty my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again[1]—†

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag—the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves everything flat and gloomy—I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemnd to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gamboling in all the frolic of freedom—In short I think I am bewitchd—

Captain. Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said."

* The only word altered in the whole passage, and that on the instant

† The closing passage of the author's paragraph, down to "bewitchd," is an addition on the lateral leaf.

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[1] [For a reference to this passage, see *Proserpina,* Vol. XXV. p. 296.]

Captain Respect to yourself there ought to have been — Author. Copy of contract could compound they talk to success — But to complete you the truth the works and purposes on which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of them played in opposition to the others and commended as more highly finished I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more laboured. I have not been fool enough to neglect contemporary precedents. I have laid down my works to scale divided it into volumes & chapters and endeavoured to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe — But I think there is a delicacy which sends himself from the feathering of any pen when I begin to write and ~~guides~~ leads it arbitrary from the purpose characters expressed under my hand incidents are multiplied the storylingers while the materials are use — My ~~Gothic~~ readers manners drawn out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done [illegible] I have assumed the poem's purpose.

my imagination brightens and my conceptions becomes clearer at
every step which I make in his company, although it leads me many
a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge &
and ditch to get back into the route again —

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same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gambolling on all the
frolic of freedom — In short I think I am bewitched —

Captain. Nay sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said.

From the MS. of "The Fortunes of Nigel"

pp. 264–265

7. Alas, he did but half know how truly he had right to plead sorcery, feeling the witchcraft, yet not believing in it, nor knowing that it was indeed an angel that "guided," not a dæmon[1] (I am forced for once to use with him the Greek word in its Presbyterian sense) that misled, his hand, as it wrote in gladness the fast-coming fancies. For, truly in that involuntary vision was the true "design," and Scott's work differs from all other modern fiction by its exquisiteness of art, precisely *because* he did not "know what was coming." For, as I have a thousand times before asserted[2]—though hitherto always in vain,—no great composition was ever produced by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest. And among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is of all the least visible to the present apothecary mind: for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in *Modern Painters*, I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that "there was something like it in chemistry,"[3] it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies.

8. But one farther great, and greatest, sign of the Divinity in this enchanted work of the classic masters, I did not then assert,—for, indeed, I had not then myself discerned it,—namely, that this power of noble composition is never given but with accompanying instinct of moral law; and that so severe, that the apparently too complete and ideal justice which it proclaims has received universally the name of "poetical" justice—the justice conceived only by the men of consummate imaginative power. So that to say of any man that he has power of design, is at once to say of him that he is using it on God's side; for it can only have been taught him by that Master, and cannot

[1] [See Letter 82, § 19 *n.* (p. 240).]
[2] [See Vol. XX. p. 55, and the other passages there noted.]
[3] [See Vol. IV. (*Modern Painters,* ii.) p. 234.]

be taught by the use of it against Him. And therefore every great composition in the world, every great piece of painting or literature—without any exception, from the birth of Man to this hour—is an assertion of moral law, as strict, when we examine it, as the *Eumenides* or the *Divina Commedia;* while the total collapse of all power of artistic design in Italy at this day has been signalized and sealed by the production of an epic poem in praise of the Devil and in declaration that God is a malignant "Larva."*

9. And this so-called poetical justice, asserted by the great designers, consists not only in the gracing of virtue with her own proper rewards of mental peace and spiritual victory; but in the proportioning also of worldly prosperity to visible virtue; and the manifestation, therefore, of the presence of the Father in this world, no less than in that which is to come. So that, if the life-work of any man of unquestioned genius does not assert this visible justice, but, on the contrary, exhibits good and gentle persons in unredeemed distress or destruction,—that work will invariably be found to show no power of design; but to be merely the consecutive collection of interesting circumstances well described, as continually the best work of Balzac, George Sand, and other good novelists of the second order.[1] In some separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law "*She hath deceived her father*,—and may thee."[2] The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in

* A highly laudatory review of this work, in two successive parts, will be found in the columns of the Venetian journal *Il Tempo,* in the winter of 1876–77.[3]

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[1] [For the rank given by Ruskin to Balzac and George Sand, see Vol. V pp. 323, 330, 332, 360, 372.]

[2] [*Othello,* Act i. sc. 3. See Letter 90, § 3 *n.,* where Ruskin refers to the present passage (below, p. 426). See also on the tragedy of *Othello, Munera Pulveris* § 134 *n.* (Vol. XVII. p. 257).]

[3] [See Letter 76, § 22 (p. 105).]

hat one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and 'ather; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own ›eople, and her father's house;[1] and of the second, in llowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal ove, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his ›aternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, ven thus, is Shakespeare content without marking, in the ıame of the victim of Evil Fortune, his purpose in the ragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as Destiny, ›ermitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to eave it only to be found by noble Will, and proved by oble Faith.

10. Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the tory one has last finished, the best, there can be little uestion that the one which has right of pre-eminence is he *Heart of Midlothian*,[2] being devoted to the portraiture f the purest life, and most vital religion, of his native ountry.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral w; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, ı this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of irtue and vice as the lights and shades of a photograph › the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of eanie make the suffering through which she has to pass ıe ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful fe for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood nd vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and anity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instruıent of his humiliation; and the self-confidence which sepaıted him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, ecomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil f the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment ›mpared to that in the *Heart of Midlothian*, showing that

[1] [Compare Psalms xlv. 10.]

[2] [Compare Letter 92, § 7 (below, p. 456), where Ruskin again gives reasons r placing the *Heart of Midlothian* "highest of all his works."]

in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul, it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought. There is no other form of the Christian religion which so insolently ignores all Scripture that makes against it, or gathers with so passionate and irrational embrace all Scripture that makes for it.

11. And the entire course of the tragic story in the *Heart of Midlothian* comes of the "Museless" hardness of nature, brought upon David Deans by the persecution in his early life, which changed healthy and innocent passion into religious pride,—

"I bless God (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo Port), that ordered my lot in my dancing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's such a thing in the world as flinging to fiddlers' sounds and pipers' springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine."[1]

Over the bronze sculpture of this insolent pride, Scott instantly casts, in the following sentence ("Gang in then hinnies," etc.), the redeeming glow of paternal love; but he makes it, nevertheless, the cause of all the misery that follows, to the end of the old man's life:—

"The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feeling in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. 'She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet,' said Effie to herself, 'were I to confess that I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's.'"

Such, and no more than such, the little sin, that day

[1] [*The Heart of Midlothian*, ch. x.]

concealed—sin only *in* concealment. And the fate of her life turns on the Fear and the Silence of a moment.

12. But for the effective and final cause of it, on that Deadly Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders, who indeed would read of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod,[1] but never of the son of Jesse dancing before the Lord; and banished sackbut and psaltery, for signals in the service of Nebuchadnezzar, forgetting that the last law of Moses and last prayer of David were written in song.[2]

And this gloomy forgetfulness, or worse,—presumptuous defiance, of the laws of the nature given by his Maker to man, left, since the Reformation, the best means of early education chiefly in the hands of the adversary of souls; and thus defiled the sanctuary of joy in the human heart, and left it desolate for the satyrs to dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands to cry.[3]

Which satyric dance and sirenic song, accomplished, both, with all the finish of science, and used in mimicry of every noble emotion towards God and man, become the uttermost, and worst—because the most traitorous—of blasphemies against the Master who gave us motion and voice submissive to other laws than of the elements; and would have made us "as happy"—nay, how much happier!—than the "wave that dances on the sea";[4] and how much more glorious in praise than the forests, though they clap their hands, and the hills, that rejoice together before the Lord.[5]

13. And this cry of the wild beasts of the islands, or sirenic blasphemy, has in modern days become twofold; consisting first in the mimicry of *devotion* for pleasure, in the oratorio,[6] withering the life of religion into dead bones on the siren-sands; and secondly, the mimicry of *compassion*, for pleasure, in the opera, wasting the pity and love which

[1] [See the speech of David Deans in the same chapter.]
[2] [The Bible references are Mark vi. 22; 2 Samuel vi. 14; Daniel iii. 5; Deuteronomy xxxii.; 2 Samuel xxii., xxiii. 1.]
[3] [Isaiah xiii. 21, 22.]
[4] [Wordsworth, "The Two April Mornings."]
[5] [See Isaiah lv. 12, and Psalms xcviii. 8.]
[6] [Compare above, p. 55.]

should overflow in active life, on the ghastliest visions c fictitious grief and horriblest decoration of simulated death But these two blasphemies had become one, in the Greek re ligious service of Plato's time. "For, indeed,—vii. 289, 2 (800)—this has come to pass in nearly all our cities, tha when any public sacrifice is made to the Gods, not one choru only, but many choruses, and standing, not reverently fa from the altars, but beside them" (yes, in the very cathe drals themselves), "pour forth blasphemies of sacred things (not mockeries, observe, but songs precisely correspondin to our oratorios—that is to say, turning dramatic praye into a solemn sensual pleasure),

"both with word and rhythm, and the most wailing harmonies, rackin the souls of the hearers; and whosoever can make the sacrificing peopl weep the most, to him is the victory. Such lamentations, if indeed th citizens have need to hear, let it be on accursed instead of festal days and from hired mourners as at funerals. But that we may get rid at onc of the need of speaking of such things, shall we not accept, for the moul and seal of all song, Euphemy, the speaking the good of all things, an not Blasphemy, the speaking their sorrow?"

Which first law of noble song is taught us by the myt that Euphemy was the Nurse of the Muses—(her statue wa still on Parnassus in Pausanias' time[2])—together with tha of Linus, who is the master of true dirge music, used i permitted lamentation.

14. And here, in good time, comes to me a note fro one of my kindest and best teachers, in old time, in th Greek Vase room of the British Museum,* which point

* Mr. A. S. Murray,[3] the first, I believe, of our Greek antiquaries wh distinguished, in the British Museum, the vases executed in imitation o archaic forms by late Roman artists, from real Athenian archaic pottery.

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. pp. 390–392).]

[2] [Ruskin, relying on memory, says Parnassus for Helicon: see Pausanias, ix. 29, 5, where also the story of Linus is told.]

[3] [Alexander Stuart Murray (1841–1904), LL.D., Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, 1886–1904. For another letter from him, see *Love's Meinie*, § 166 *n.* (Vol. XXV. p. 159). Murray advocated the view, published by Heinrich Brunn in "Probleme in der Geschichte der Vasenmalerei," 1871 (*Abhandl. d. K. Bayer, Akad. d. W.*, 1 classe, xii. 2, p. 87), that a very considerable proportion of the black-figured vases found in Etruria were specially made for the Etruscan market, in the third and second centuries A.D., by late Athenian artists working after Etruria had succumbed to Rome.]

out one fact respecting the physical origin of the music-myths, wholly new to me:—

"On reading your last *Fors* I was reminded of what used to seem to me an inconsistency of the Greeks in assigning so much of a harmonizing influence to music for the practical purposes of education, while in their myths they regularly associated it with competition, and cruel punishment of the loser. The Muses competed with the Sirens—won, and plucked their feathers to make crowns of. Apollo competed with Marsyas—won, and had him flayed alive.[1] Apollo and Pan had a dispute about the merits of their favourite instruments; and Midas, because he decided for Pan, had his ears lengthened at the command of Apollo. The Muses competed with the daughters of Pieros, who failed, and lost their life. It looks as if there had been a Greek Eistedfodd! But, seriously, it is not easy to be confident about an explanation of this mythical feature of Music. As regards Apollo and Marsyas, it is to be observed that Marsyas was a river god, who made the first flute from the reeds of his own river, and thus he would represent the music of flowing water, and of wind in the reeds. Apollo was the god of the music of animate nature; the time of his supremacy was summer. The time when Marsyas had it all his own way was winter. In summer his stream was dried up, and, as the myth says, he was flayed alive. The competition was, then, in the first place, between the music of summer and the music of winter; and, in the second place, between the music of animate nature and that of water and wind. This explanation would also apply to the competition of the Muses and Sirens, since the latter represented the music of the seashore, while the Muses were associated with Apollo, and would represent whatever principle he represented. The myth of the daughters of Pieros is probably only a variant of that of the Sirens. As regards the rivalry of Apollo and Pan, I do not see any satisfactory explanation of it. It was comparatively slight, and the consequences to Midas were not so dreadful after all."

15. The interpretation here of the punishment of Marsyas as the drying up of the river, whose "stony channel in the sun"[2] so often, in Greece and Italy, mocks us with memory of sweet waters in the drought of summer, is, as I said, wholly new to me, and, I doubt not, true. And the meaning of the other myths will surely be open enough to the reader who has followed Plato thus far: but one more must be added to complete the cycle of them—the contest of Dionysus with the Tyrrhenian pirates;[3]—and then we

[1] [For the myth of Marsyas, compare Vol. XIX. p. 343.]
[2] [Quoted also in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 174).]
[3] [See the *Homeric Hymn* to Dionysus. The story is the subject of the sculptures on the frieze of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates at Athens, of which casts are in the Elgin Room at the British Museum: see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the Greek and Roman Antiquities*, pp. 199, 200.]

have the three orders of the Deities of music throughou the ages of Man,—the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus,—eacl with their definite adversaries. The Muses, whose office i the teaching of sacred pleasures to childhood, have for ad versaries the Sirens, who teach sinful pleasure; Apollo, wh teaches intellectual, or historic, therefore worded, music, t men of middle age, has for adversary Marsyas, who teache the wordless music of the reeds and rivers; and, finally Dionysus, who teaches the cheerful music which is to b the wine of old age, has for adversary the commercia pirate, who would sell the god for gain, and drink no win but gold. And of these three contests, bearing as the do in their issue on all things festive and pantomimic, reserve discussion for my seventh year's Christmas *Fors;* such discussion being, I hope, likely to prove serviceable t many of my honest friends, who are losing their strengtl in forbidding men to drink, when they should be helpin them to eat;[2] and cannot for the life of them understan what, long since pointed out to them, they will fin irrefragably true, that "the holiness of the parsonage an parson at one end of the village, can only be established i the holiness of the tavern and tapster at the other."[3]

[1] [Letter 84, but the discussion is not there given.]
[2] [Compare Letter 81, § 17, *note* (*a*): p. 214.]
[3] [Compare Letter 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); also 84, § 14, and 93, § (below, pp. 295, 474).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

6. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

My general assertion of our prosperity last month[1] referred principally o the accession of new Companions, whose enrolment much encourages ıe, especially that of one much-regarded friend and Fellow of my college.)n the other hand, I have been greatly concerned by the difficulties which aturally present themselves in the first organization of work at Abbey)ale,—the more that these are for the most part attributable to very ttle and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no ood in publishing. The root of all mischief is of course that the Master out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on y vote of the majority;—it is at any rate to be counted as no small ıccess that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of etting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see ıe when I can get there.

17. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

I have nothing interesting to communicate under this head, except ıat I have been very busy clearing my wood, and chopping up its rotten icks into faggots;—that I am highly satisfied with the material results ' this amusement; and shall be able to keep the smoke from my chimneys ıis winter of purer blue than usual, at less cost.

18. (III.) I think it well, in connection with what is said in the reply Mr. Dixon at the opening of this letter, to print, below, part of the ticle in the *Builder* to which I so gravely recommended my readers' tention last month.[2] If the writer of that article can conceive of any eans by which his sentence, here italicized, could be carried out, short ' revolution, other than the means I propose in the action of the St. eorge's Company,—the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for ıe nation by national subscription,—I should be very thankful to hear ' them. The organization of a Parliament strong enough even to modify ıe existing methods of land tenure would *be* revolution.

"Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland. Another, with tates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex and 300,000 acres Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another

[1] [See p. 248.]
[2] [See Letter 82, § 33 (p. 252).]

duke has estates which the highroad divides for twenty-three miles! A marqu there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line upon his own land! Ther is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An ea draws £200,000 every year from his estates in Lancashire. A duke regularly inves £80,000 a year in buying up lands adjoining his already enormous estates. marquis enjoys £1,000,000 a year from land. An earl lately died leaving to h heirs £1,000,000 sterling and £160,000 a year income from land. The income fro land derived by one ducal family of England is £1,600,000, which is increasin every year by the falling in of leases. One hundred and fifty persons own ha England, seventy-five persons own half Scotland, thirty-five persons own ha Ireland; and all the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owne by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the remaining 32,000,000 of peopl 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of me and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go t work!'

"Now, sir, these noblemen and gentlemen might keep their lands for all cared, provided they would adopt and act upon the old adage, that 'property ha its duties as well as its rights'; but, sir, they will never act upon that motto unt they are compelled by the loud, long, and united voice of the people. *We must g this land system readjusted,* or revolution is bound to come, within the lifetime grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, sir, that a majority the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty,—living in miserabl fever dens, without any of the decencies of life,—scarcely ever getting a good mea and yet they are becoming educated! Cannot others see what this means? Ar the dukes, and lords, and baronets, and squires, so blinded by their wealth, th result in too many cases of sacrilege, that they cannot see what is coming? Educa tion and starvation! What will they produce? Why, sir, as sure as two and tw make four, they will bring revolution. You have well and truly said, 'Such question allowed to remain unanswered in another part of Europe has induce revolution, followed by destruction,' and you said this with regard to the Londo monopolies of property; but, sir, the land monopoly of the provinces must lea to revolution in this part of Europe before very long, and I will attempt to sho you why. The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both tha which is recognized and that which is unrecognized; for that is the dangerou poverty which does not stoop to parish relief, but bears and resolves in silence."—*Builder*, Aug. 25, 1877.

19. (IV.) I meant to have given in this *Fors* the entire speech of th Angel of the Church of Manchester,[1] at the banquet whose deliciousne inspired that superb moral peroration of Mr. Bright, which I hope entere profoundly into the pleased stomachs of the Corporation.[2] But—it ha been the will of Fors that I should mislay the Manchester Angel's speec

[1] [For Ruskin's use of the word "Angel" in this connexion, see Letters 7 § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 721), and 84, § 16 (below, p. 296). For the Bishop Manchester's speech on the occasion in question, see Vol. XXII. p. 515 *n.*]

[2] [In this speech (delivered at the banquet to celebrate the opening of the ne Town Hall, September 13, 1877), Bright reminded his audience that "Great citi have fallen before Manchester was known—

'Venice, lost and won,
Her 1300 years of freedom done,
Sinks like the seaweed out of which she rose.'

Assembled as we are in this gorgeous apartment, partaking of this profuse banque let us not forget the perils which we may meet. Let Manchester, which is, I hol

—and find, instead, among a heap of stored papers this extract respecting Episcopal Revenues, from No. 1 of "Humanitarian Tracts" on "Past and Passing Events, the Church, Modern Jesuitism, Church Lands, and the Rights of Property, published by John Hopper, Bishopwearmouth."[1] Not feeling complete confidence in the Humanitarian and Hopperian account of these things, I sent the subjoined extract to a reverend friend, requesting him to ascertain and let me know the truth. His reply follows the accusation; but it will be seen that the matter requires further probing; and I would fain advise my antiquarian friends that it would be better service to history, at this moment, if any faithful investigator,—Mr. Froude, for instance,—would lay the whole subject clearly before the public, than any labours among the chronicles, or ruins, of St. Albans or any other abbey, are likely to render,[2] unless they were undertaken in a spirit which could read the silence, as well as the utterance, of the great Ages. Thus then, the Humanitarian:—

"On the 1st of August, 1848, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, speaking of Temporalities and Church-leases, said: 'I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made. . . . It is known, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries they did receive them; others indignantly refused.

	Per annum.
The present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester) returned his income at	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was	16,236
Making a difference of	£12,235
The Archbishop of York returned his income at	£13,798
Actual rental	41,030
Making a difference of	£27,232
The then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at . .	£22,216
Actual rental	52,000
Making a difference of	£29,784"

the very foremost of our great cities, as she has done in the past, contribute her share in that wisdom which in all times is the sure foundation of the permanent prosperity and of the true grandeur of States."]

[1] [For an obituary notice of John Hopper, see Letter 57, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. 414).]

[2] [The reference is to Froude's paper entitled "Annals of an English Abbey": see Letter 88 (below, p. 390 and *n.*).]

Next, my clerical friend's letter:—

"*April* 4, 1876.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It is with great disappointment that I return you pamphlet and paper, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to the charg against the Bishops of 1839. I have tried and waited patiently, and tried again but people now know little, and care less, for what then happened, and my nam is not influential enough to get the information from officials who alone ca supply it.

"You must forgive my obstinacy if I still doubt whether the difference wen into the Bishops' pockets! My doubts are the more confirmed by examining othe assertions made in the pamphlet at random. I venture to send you such statistic as I have been able to gather in reply to the main argument of the tract, shoul you think it worth your while to read them."

20. Having no interest in the "general argument" of the pamphlet but only in its very definite and stern charges against the Bishops, I di not trouble myself with their statistics; but wrote to another friend, m most helpful and kind Mr. F. S. Ellis, of New Bond Street, who presentl procured for me the following valuable letter and essential documents but, as it always happens, somehow, we have not got at the main point,— the difference, if any, between the actual and alleged incomes. For decisio of which I again refer myself, humbly, to the historians of this super eminently glorious, pious, and well-informed century.

"THE GROVE, 21*st September*, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—I find, on referring to Hansard, that the report of Mr. Horsman speech on pp. 22, 23 of the pamphlet, is substantially, but *not verbally*, accurat Some only of the figures are quoted by him, but not in the way in which they ar placed in the pamphlet. With this I hand you extracts from printed retur covering the range of the figures on p. 23 of the pamphlet, and also giving th incomes finally assigned to the various Sees.

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"FRED. W. FOSTER.

"F. S. ELLIS, ESQ.,
"New Bond Street, London."

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1839, vol. viii., pp. 237-376.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 6th Ma 1839. No. 247.

Page 40. The total annual value of the property let on leases by the Archbishop of Cante bury—£52,086, 1s.

Return dated 23rd February, 1839.

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug 1838. No. 692.

Page 560. The aggregate net annual value of lands and tithes in Yorkshire and Nottingha shire, held by lease, under the See of York:—

Three leases	£2,546
	6,350
	33,134
Return dated 28th July, 1838.	£42,030

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837–38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 838. No. 692.

Page 566. The annual value of the property belonging to the See of Chester, and which is et on lives, is £15,526; on years, £710. Total, £16,236.

Return dated 25th July, 1838.

Sees.	Total Amount of the average gross Yearly Income of the See, and of the Ecclesiastical Preferments (if any) permanently or accustomably annexed thereto.	Permanent Yearly Payments made out of the Revenues of the See.	Net Yearly Income subject to temporary charges (if any) stated below.
Canterbury . . .	£22,216	£3,034	£19,182 *
York	13,798	1,169	12,629
Chester	3,951	690	3,261
Total of the 27 Sees .	181,631	...	160,292
Average	6,727	..	5,936

By an Order in Council passed 25th August, 1871, and gazetted 19th Sept., 1851, the annual comes assigned to the various Sees was as follows:—

Canterbury	£15,000
York, London	10,000
Durham	8,000
Winchester	7,000
Ely	5,500
Bath and Wells, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Lincoln, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, Worcester	5,000
Carlisle, Chester, St. David's, Lichfield, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon . .	4,500
St. Asaph, Bangor, Chichester, Hereford, Llandaff, Manchester . . .	4,200
Total	£152,200
Average	£5,637

Parliamentary Accounts and Papers, 1837, vol. xli., pp. 223–320.—A return of the clear nual revenue of every Archbishopric, Bishopric, etc., according to the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and ales, on an average of three years, ending 31st Dec., 1831, etc. Ordered by the House of mmons to be printed, 25th April, 1837. No. 240. (1s.)[1]

21. (V.) I can no more vouch for any of the statements in the following newspaper article than I can for those of the pamphleteer of Bishop-earmouth. But that such statements should have been publicly made,

* Temporary charge; repayment of mortgage, the principal by instalments, and terest; making a yearly payment of about £3780. The interest decreases at the te of £60 every year. Final payment to be made in 1873.

[1] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 85, § 10 (p. 327).]

and, so far as I know, without contradiction, is a fact to be noted in *Fors* I have omitted much useless newspaper adornment, and substituted one or two clearer words in the following article, which may be seen in its entirety in *Christian Life* for 1st September, 1877.[1]

"DIZZINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—Kells is in Ireland; and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is at present recreating himself in that country, has been at Kells. In Kells there is a branch of the Protestant Orphan Society, and this branch has held a meeting, presided over by a prelate of Unitarian ancestry, Bishop Plunket, of Meath. The meeting was further dignified by the presence of his Grace.

"However, it seems there was something to get over before Kells could enter with proper rapture into the unwonted delight of welcoming a Primate of All England. A whisper had run abroad that the Archbishop had not been the best of friends to the Episcopalianism of the Green Isle. It was muttered that he had gone for disestablishment—at least, when disestablishment was kept at a safe distance from the State Church of England. It was even alleged by some unscrupulous spirits, that Canterbury's voice had been heard to second Earl Granville's motion for the second reading of the Bill. The right reverend chairman set this calumny at rest. Dr. Plunket assured the Episcopalians of Kells that his Grace had always been a warm lover of their Church, and had never seconded the dreadful Bill. Technically, no doubt, this was perfectly true; Dr. Tait was not Earl Granville's seconder. If the Archbishop had been content to let the disclaimer rest where his disestablished brother had placed it, the occasion would have excited no comment from the critics of the Irish press; but his Grace, still feeling uneasy under the cruel aspersions of rumour, must needs go further, and in a short speech of his own he boldly declared that if he had been accused of murder he could not have been more astonished than to hear it reported that 'he had individually helped to pull down the old Established Church of Ireland.' Of all the public measures carried in his time none did he more deeply deplore than that which removed it from the position it had so long occupied; and he was happy to say that he had endeavoured to do what he could to mitigate the blow when it fell.

"The *Northern Whig* has been at the pains to look up 'Hansard' on the point at issue, and reports the result as follows: 'It is certain that when Lord Granville moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, on 14th June, 1869, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in favour of the Bill, and against an amendment proposed by Lord Harrowby and seconded by the Duke of Rutland. He wanted amendments, all of them with a pecuniary effect introduced into it, and said it could be made a good Bill, for which the people would bless God that they had a House of Lords. He likewise supported Lord Cairns' compromise, which Lord Derby stigmatized as "an unconditional surrender," and a concession of the very principle of the Bill; and he did not sign Lord Derby's protest against it. While thirteen English bishops voted against the Irish Church Bill, his Grace, together with the late Bishop Wilberforce, did not vote at all. This is the true state of the case.'

"We call attention to this discrepancy between the Archiepiscopal acts and the Archiepiscopal account of them with unfeigned sorrow and concern. Nothing presents itself to us as a more melancholy feature of the public *morale* of our time than the indulgence accorded of late years to a scandalously immoral species of public distortion of well-known or well-ascertainable facts. Of this the worst example

[1] [Those who desire to know the truth of this matter (by no means fairly given in this newspaper extract) should refer to ch. xiv. (vol. ii. pp. 1 *seq.*) in the *Life of Archibald Campbell Tait*, by Randall Davidson. Tait's speech on the Second Reading is summarised on pp. 29–31.]

as long been notorious in the most conspicuous place. Mr. Chamberlain once utraged all etiquette in his denunciation of it, but his indignation, however uncouth n form, was universally felt to be neither undeserved nor ill-timed. A pernicious xample is sure sooner or later to tell. Our public men are now being educated in school which easily condones on the ground of personal convenience the most lagrant breaches of the law of truth. The chief minister of the Church follows n the tortuous path which has long been a favourite resort of the chief Minister f the State. It was not always so. English public men were once pre-eminently istinguished for the lofty, open honour of their public speech. The moral scorn nd loathing with which, for example, a quarter of a century ago men regarded ouis Napoleon's worthless word, bids fair to become an extinct sentiment. Straight-orwardness is a foolish old-fashioned habit, a custom we have outgrown. 'We ave made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' We repeat his is the most serious symptom of our times. The newspapers which have been peculating as to the disasters which are to flow, after a thousand years, from ngland's future want of coal, would do better to inquire into the far greater isasters which threaten at our door through England's present lack of supreme everence for truth."

22. (VI.) Part of a letter from a Companion, connected with our present ubject in its illustration of other modes of clerical revenue:—

"Some four or five years ago, I made acquaintance with a girl whom I used to e often at church, and whom I watched and admired, and pitied. She was about ighteen years of age,—always pale,—always very poorly dressed indeed,—always ame to church in a hurry. But her voice was delicious in the psalms; and she as delicate and pretty, with such evident enthusiastic devotion to church-services, nd such an air of modest self-sufficiency, that I could not let her alone, for curiosity. tried to catch her going out of church, but she walked too fast. I tried to waylay r coming in, but her self-possessed air of reserve kept me off. Until at last, one ening, a lingering of people in the porch about some testimonial matter for a ung curate who was going away, kept her a minute or two near me. I was not all interested in the testimonial, but I said to her,—the little crowd and general r of sympathy giving me courage,—'I do not think of subscribing, do you?' Yes; certainly she did,'—with quite a glow of emphatic fervour. I pretended to ed persuasion and conviction about my intention; and we walked along together. nd I learnt,—besides the wonderful perfections of the curate in Sunday-school aching, etc.—that she was a machinist in a large draper's and clothier's shop; at she earned very few shillings a week; that she had a mother dependent on r earnings; that she worked in an upper room with many more—I think about enty—women; that just then they suffered very much from cold, and more om bad air, as they had to keep the windows shut; and that she worked from ven in the morning till seven at night. (Imagine it amid the noise of twenty wing-machines—the dust and disagreeableness of material in the course of being ade—the dismal surroundings—the outside prospect of chimney-pots. What a e!) The proprietor of this paradise—the shopkeeper—was a churchwarden, or mething official, at the same church.

"The remedy in this case might have been found in two ways. The curate—so atefully remembered, but who could not, by reason of the veil of poverty and re she wore, or who dared not, by reason of his goodishness, have rendered her y help as to a sister—might have, in proper parish service, exposed the state of ings at the shop, and asked for subscriptions for the master of it to enable his rvants to have warmth and fresh air at least. Or the man himself, properly eached to, made to give his work-girls three times as much for half their work, d to provide them a work-room, healthy and pretty. I am sure that clergymen very ordinary ones—might, with honesty, do little miracles like these."

23. (VII.) The next two articles I leave without comment. They ar illustrations, needing none, of false and true methods of education.

"*August* 9, 1877.

"DEAR MASTER,—You asked to know more about the 'bondage' in whic Government teachers worked—referring to Miss —— in particular. The enclose (written independently, and more fully than usual, on that point) gives just th illustration I could have wished." (Illustration lost, but the commentary is th essential matter.)

"Now you will let me comment upon the sentence in this letter.—'I canno teach as if I were a machine: I must put life into my work, or let it alone.' Thi comes at once to the special grievance, felt by all those of us (I do not at all kno how many this includes) who *care* for their children. *They* are 'lively,' if they ar anything; and we discover, sooner or later, that our one duty as teachers is t crush life in every form and whenever showing itself. I do not mean to say tha the 'Education Department' *aims* at this result; but it follows inevitably fro the 'pressure' put upon teachers who, crammed, *not* 'trained,' themselves (I spea from painful experience as to the so-called 'Training Colleges'), almost necessaril perpetuate the evil: the better sort groaning under it, and trying to free them selves and their children; the rest, groaning too, but accepting their fate, an tightening the chains of those under them. I believe Miss —— would agree t this as too generally true."

(VIII.) "I paid a visit last week to aged neighbours—known here as th 'Old Shepherd,' and the 'Old Shepherd's Wife.' I only found the old lady a home, and she was exceedingly pleased with a poor little gift I took her, and begai at once to tell me how well both she and he were at present. They look *very* old but that may be their hard life, in this trying climate. But she told me she ha been more than fifty years married, and had been so happy with her kind, goo man; and then she added, so earnestly, 'And I'm happy yet—just as happy a happy can be.' They have never had any children themselves; 'but I've had bairn as much on my knee as if I'd had o' my ain,' she added. For she first brought u a motherless niece of her own; and then, when *she* had married and died, leavin one baby girl, she went to Edinburgh and took baby, and has reared her, thoug 'she put on ten years to my age, she was that fractious and ill to bring thro'! The child is now ten years old, and goes to a Board School near. They are wel off for their position,—have a cottage, which they let in summer, and a garden well cared for. Both have been industrious and economical all their lives. An yet, could many of the idler class declare honestly they are so happy and con tented?"

24. (IX.) In justice to the Manchester Corporation, Rhadamanthus com mands me to print what they have got to say for themselves anent thei proposed speculation in Thirlmere, adding a delightful little note of Mr Anderson's.

"Those who wish to further the scheme answer this charge by the declaratio that they are but using prudent foresight with a view to future needs. The admit the commercial value of fine scenery as a means of bringing tourists to district, but assert that when once this enormous reservoir is made, many mor persons will go to see it than would ever travel in search of any beauty of lake o mountain, and that it will, in point of fact, greatly enhance the charm of th scenery. They kindly, if not judiciously, promise to take the greatest care t 'add to the beautification of the surroundings.' If the little church of Wythbur

hould be submerged, they will build another, of a prettier pattern, a little higher p the hill, and carry the gravestones up to a fresh bit of ground. 'The old road,' hey think, 'may be relegated to the deeps without a murmur, especially as it is he intention of the Waterworks Committee to substitute [*sic*] the present tortuous p-and-down track by a straight road, cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it, the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, ill assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic urroundings.' These lovers of the picturesque regret feelingly that 'the embankent at the north end will not be seen from the highway, in consequence of the ntervention of a wooded hill. This,' they say, 'is a circumstance which may be egretted by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in rt, as the embankment will be of stupendous height and strength, and by attering a few large boulders over its front, and planting a few trees in the idst of them, it will be made to have an exact resemblance to its surroundings indeed it does not approach in grandeur to its proud neighbour the Raven rag,' etc."—*Spectator*.[1]

"I have a translation for 'oestrus' in the connection you use it in *ors*.[2] Mad dogs do not *shun* water, but rush to, and wallow in it, though ey cannot drink. It is a mortal 'hydrophobia' begotten among the uneansed iniquities of Manchester."—(J. Reddie Anderson.)

25. (X.) Farther most precious notes on the real causes of the Indian amine:[3]—

"EXPORTS AND FAMINE.—Some of the former famines of India were famines of oney rather than of corn, as we have pointed out on several previous occasions. ow there is a veritable famine of corn—of money there is always more or less a mine there, so far as the great bulk of the population is concerned. But in the idst of this famine of corn—under the dreadful pressure of which the helpless ople die by hundreds of thousands—there goes on a considerable exportation of rn, and it becomes imperatively necessary to send back a corresponding quantity, largely enhanced prices for the profits of the merchants, and at the cost of British ilanthropy and the national funds. The force of folly can no further go! This emish on our statesmanship will be recorded to the bewilderment of the historians posterity, who will be amazed at our stupidity, and at the weakness of the overnment that, in the face of a famine so dreadful, has neither heart nor power enforce a better 'political economy,' or to restrain the cupidity which, like the iclean vulture, fattens on death and decay.

"During the year 1876 India exported to the ports of the United Kingdom 087,236 cwt. of wheat. The significance of this quantity will be apparent when e consider that importations from Germany were only 2,324,148 cwt., from Egypt 223,238 cwt., and British North America 2,423,183 cwt. Russia, which was at e time our principal granary, exported 8,880,628 cwt., which shows our imports Indian wheat were considerably more than one-third of those from Russia, while e United States sent us 19,323,052 cwt., the supply from India being about oneth; a remarkable result for a trade in the very earliest stages of its development.

"With regard to the growth of wheat, it is important to observe that it has en confined to the last few years, and has been remarkably rapid. It has in fact en during the period in which the modern famines have been rife. Not that we uld argue that the export of wheat and other grain is the cause of famine.

[1] [From an article entitled "Manchester and the Meres," September 8, 1877.]
[2] [See Letter 82, § 6 *n*. (p. 226).]
[3] [See above, p. 208.]

We have already indicated the wretched finance of the country, which keeps t agricultural classes in hopeless bondage to the village usurers, as the fruitful cau *But this export of corn from a famishing land is a phenomenon of political rule and paternal government, which it has been reserved for this Mammon-stricken age to illustra No ancient statesmanship would have been guilty of such cruel maladministration such weakness.* The Great Moguls would have settled the business in a sterner a a better fashion. They would not have been content with administering a few blo with a stick to the unlucky wight who brought tidings of disaster, but would ha peremptorily laid an embargo on the export of corn as a first necessity in times famine, and would have hung up side by side the merchants who dared to s against a law so just and necessary, with the usurers whose exactions paralys agricultural industry, and denuded the fields of the crops. We neither take t preventative measures which the government of our predecessors devised, nor we, when the famines actually come, take the measures of ordinary prudence alleviate their horrors. This is, indeed, the age of Mammon, and its licentio cupidity must not be restrained. Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in t dearest, is its invariable maxim, and with fiendish pertinacity it claims its privile among the dying and the dead. Thus it sweeps off from the famishing crowds t meagre crop which has escaped the ravages of drought and usury, and it brings home to English ports to compete with American importations in our markets, to send it back to India at prices which yield enormous profits to the adventure But this superior wisdom, and this hardened selfishness, is right, for it is sanction by Adam Smith.

"But it is not to England alone that this export is made; to Ceylon, t Mauritius, and the West India Islands, constant shipments are going on, and a cording to statistics that are before us, in the six months 1873–4, nearly 380,0 tons of wheat, grain, etc., were shipped from Bengal alone to the above-nam places—enough to have filled with plenty, for two full months at least, the mout of the wretched creatures who were perishing at that time. It is said that in 18 Ceylon alone imported from the districts that are now famine-stricken 7,000,0 bushels of grain, and yet Ceylon is unsurpassed on this planet as a fruitful garde it contains about 12 or 13 millions of acres, more or less, of fine arable land; has a delicious climate, and abundant rainfall, and yet it has less than a milli of acres under grain crop, and draws its chief supplies from India, while the lan owners refuse to cultivate the land they hold, or to sell the land they will n cultivate."—*Monetary Gazette,* Sept. 1.

26. "What is it that reduces to insensibility in woman this Divine instinct maternal tenderness? It is the hardening influences of Mammon, and the pressu which the accursed domination of the Demon of the Money power brings to be on every order of society. If it be a fact that women, even in the ranks of respect bility, murder their unborn infants, it is because the pressure of the time reduc them to despair, and this fearful strain has its origin in nothing else than t Mammon of unrighteousness, which is a grinding tyranny, and a standing mena to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and the dearest interests of society. hardens every heart, extinguishes every hope, and impels to crime in every directio Nor do the soft influences of womanhood, nor the sanctities of maternity, esca its blighting curse."

"We quote—with our cordial acknowledgment of the diligence that has compil the figures—from a paper read by Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the Manchest Statistical Society:—

"'For the present purpose I commence with 1857, as being just twenty yea back, and the first also of the peaceful era which followed on the termination the Crimean War. In that year the total value of the foreign and colonial goo retained for consumption in this country amounted to £164,000,000, of which was for articles of food, 82 for raw materials for manufacture, and 18 for man factured articles. Last year, these amounts were a total of £319,000,000, of whi

59 was for food, 119 raw materials, and 41 other, from which it will appear that 9 per cent. of the whole in the former year, and 50 per cent. in the latter, went or food. In making this separation of food from other articles, it is not possible be absolutely correct, for so many substances admit of a twofold use; take, for stance, olive oil, which is actually used both as food and in manufactures, or e fat of animals, which may appear on our table at meal-times for food, or in e shape of candles to lighten its darkness. Again, it may be asked, What is od? Meat and tobacco are totally different in their use or abuse, but both enter e mouth and are there consumed; both, therefore, are classed under this head, gether with wines, spirits, etc. . . . As it would be unsafe to take for comparison e amount of either in a single year, an average for the first and last three years s been worked out, showing that whilst the number of consumers had increased om 28⅓ to 32¾ millions, the food furnished from abroad had advanced from 59 153, a growth of the one by 16, of the other by 160 per cent. This means that an average each member of the community now consumes to the value of two d a half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years back, somewhere out £5 for £2.'"—*Monetary Gazette*, Aug. 25.

27. (XI.) The following account of "Talbot village" is sent me in a mphlet without date. I am desirous of knowing the present condition d likelihood of matters there, and of answers to the questions asked notes.

"Talbot Village, which is situate about two miles to the north of Bournemouth, nds on a high and breezy level in Dorset, and on the confines of Hampshire, mmanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"The enclosure of the village comprehends about 465 acres, of which 150 acres open and uncultivated for the cattle of the farmers and recreation of the cottagers the village. There are five farms, (*a*) with suitable houses and outhouses, and neteen cottages, each of which has an acre of ground attached. In the village nds a handsome block of stone buildings, which embraces seven distinct and parate houses, (*b*) all together known as 'Talbot Almshouses.' In addition, there a school-house, in combination with an excellent house and garden for the use the master. Further, the village contains a church, which stands in a church-rd of three acres; in the tower of the church is a clock with chimes.

"There is one house in the village devoted to the purposes of a general shop, t all beer-houses are strictly prohibited.

"So much by way of brief description of a village which attracts the observation all visitors to Bournemouth.

"Previously to 1842, the whole of the country now comprising the village was vild moor, the haunt of smugglers and poachers. About that time the late Miss orgina Talbot, of Grosvenor Square, paid a visit to Bournemouth, then in its ancy. Her attention was drawn to the wretched state of the labouring popula-n of the district, and her first impulse was to encourage industry and afford them ployment. She first rented some land, and set men (who were for the most rt leading vagrant lives) (*c*) to work to improve it. Many of the more influential ople in the neighbourhood of that day thought her views Utopian, and were dis-sed to ridicule them; Miss Talbot, however, had deeply considered the subject,

(*a*) What rent is paid for these farms, and to whom?

(*b*) The "village," as far as I can make it out, consists of nineteen cottages, en poor-houses, a church, a schoolhouse, and a shop. If this be meant for an al of the village of the future, is not the proportion of poor-house to dwelling-use somewhat large?

(*c*) These were not afterwards taken for settlers, I suppose?

and was not to be discouraged; and observing how wretchedly the poor (*d*) we housed, determined to build suitable cottages, to each of which should be attach an acre of land. Steadily progressing, Miss Talbot continued to acquire land, a eventually (in addition to other land in Hampshire) became the possessor of t district which is now known as 'Talbot Village.' The almshouses before referr to were then built for the benefit of the aged (*e*) of the district who had ceased be able to work, and the schoolhouse for the benefit of the young of the villag Having succeeded in laying out the whole village to her satisfaction, Miss Talbot mind began to consider how these benefits should be permanently secured to t objects of her bounty; and, accordingly, the almshouses were endowed by a investment in the Funds, and the village, with the almshouses, vested in Lo Portman, the late Lord Wolverton, and three other gentlemen, and their successor upon trusts in furtherance of the settlor's views. When this had been accomplishe it became necessary to provide a church and place of sepulture, and three acres land were set apart for the purpose; but before the church could be complete and fit for consecration, Miss Talbot's sudden death occurred; and it is a remar able circumstance, that this lady was the first to be interred in the ground she ha appropriated for burials. Those who have visited the spot cannot have failed t see the tomb erected by her sister, the present Miss Talbot.

"This lady completed the church and its various appliances, and supplied a that her sister could have desired. The church itself has been supplied with heating apparatus, an organ, and musical service; a clock with chimes, (*f*) arrange for every day in the week; a pulpit of graceful proportions, and an ancient fo brought from Rome. On the interior walls of the church have been placed tex of Scripture, revised and approved by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, an Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

"Before concluding a brief account of 'Talbot Village,' we must add that th whole is managed by trustees, under the judicious and far-seeing views of th founder. The rent of each cottage and garden is limited to £6 per annum, fre of rates and taxes, and no lodger is allowed, so that there may be no possible ove crowding. The objects of the almshouses are strictly defined, and rules regulatin the inmates are to be found on the walls. To sum up the whole, everything ha been devised by Miss Georgina Talbot, seconded by the present Miss Talbot, t ensure a contented, virtuous, and happy community.

"It is an instance of success attending the self-denying efforts of a most estim able lady, and, it is to be hoped, may prove an incentive to others to 'go and d likewise.'

"M. KEMP-WELCH,
"*One of the Trustees.*"

(*d*) What poor? and what wages are now paid by the farmers to the cottagers?

(*e*) If for the benefit of the *destitute*, it had been well; but the aged are, i right human life, the chief treasure of the household.

(*f*) The triumphant mention of this possession of the village twice over, induce me to hope the chimes are in tune. I see it asserted in a book which seems o good authority that chimes in England are not usually required to possess thi merit.[1] But better things are surely in store for us!—see last article of Corre spondence.

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[1] [Ruskin probably refers to Rev. H. T. Ellacombe's *Practical Remarks o Belfries and Ringers*, 1850, where at p. 10 "miserable work" in jangling bells i spoken of as too frequent in England. It was not a new fault, for the Rev. W C. Lukis, in his *Account of Church Bells*, 1857, p. 40, cites a foreign traveller, Pau Hentzner (1550-1560), who says the "people of England are vastly fond of grea noises that fill the ear, such as firing of cannon, beating of drums, and the ringin of bells."]

I beg that it may be understood that in asking for farther information n these matters, I have no intention whatever of decrying Miss Talbot's esign; and I shall be sincerely glad to know of its ultimate success. But is of extreme importance that a lady's plaything, if it should turn out be nothing more, should not be mistaken for a piece of St. George's ork, nor cast any discredit on that work by its possible failure.

28. (XII.) Fors is evidently in great good-humour with me, just now; e what a lovely bit of illustration of Sirenic Threnodia, brought to final erfection, she sends me to fill the gap in this page with:—

"Here's a good thing for *Fors*.[1] A *tolling*-machine has been erected at the aling cemetery at the cost of £80, and seems to give universal satisfaction. It as calculated that this method of doing things would (at 300 funerals a year), be the long run cheaper than paying a man threepence an hour to ring the bell. hus we mourn for the departed!—L. J. H."[2]

[1] [Ruskin used the "good thing" in his Oxford lectures also: see *Readings in Modern Painters*," § 7 (Vol. XXII. p. 510).]
[2] [Laurence Hilliard; for whom, see Vol. XIII. p. 400, and Vol. XXV. p. xxiv.]

LETTER 84

THE LAST WORDS OF THE VIRGIN

"They have no wine."
"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."[1]

Brantwood, *29th Oct.*, 1877.

1. These, the last recorded words of the Mother of Chris and the only ones recorded during the period of H ministry (the "desiring to see thee"[2] being told Him b a stranger's lips), I will take, with due pardon asked faithful Protestant readers, for the motto, since they a the sum, of all that I have been permitted to speak, i God's name, now these seven years.[3]

The first sentence of these two, contains the appeal the workman's wife, to her son, for the help of the po of all the earth.

The second, the command of the Lord's mother, to th people of all the earth, that they should serve the Lord.

2. This day last year, I was walking with a dear friend and resting long, laid on the dry leaves, in the sunset, und the vineyard-trellises of the little range of hills which, fi miles west of Verona, look down on the Lago di Garda about the distance from its shore that Cana is from th Lake of Galilee;—(the Madonna had walked to the brid some four miles and a half). It was a Sunday evenin golden and calm; all the vine leaves quiet; and the so clouds held at pause in the west, round the mountains th

[1] [John ii. 3, 5.]
[2] [Luke viii. 20.]
[3] [Since the commencement of *Fors.*]
[4] [Perhaps Mr. C. H. Moore (for whom, see Vol. XXIV. p. xli.), as on t envelope containing the MS. of this Letter Ruskin wrote, "MS. of last *Fo Clavigera* of the seven years, kept for Mr. C. Moore."]

/irgil knew so well, blue above the level reeds of Mincio.[1] 3ut we had to get under the crest of the hill, and lie ıown under cover, as if avoiding an enemy's fire, to get ıut of hearing of the discordant practice in fanfaronade, f the military recruits of the village,—modern Italy, under he teaching of the Marsyas[2] of Mincio, delighting herself n the Lord's day in that, doubtless, much civilized, but far :om mellifluous, manner; triumphing that her monasteries /ere now for the most part turned into barracks, and her hapels into stables. We, for our own part, in no wise xultant nor exhilarated, but shrinking down under the ıelter of the hill, and shadows of its fruitful roofs, talked, s the sun went down.

3. We talked of the aspect of the village which had ent out its active life, marching to these new melodies; nd whose declining life we had seen as we drove through , half-an-hour before. An old, far-straggling village, its ıain street following the brow of the hill, with gardens at ıe backs of the houses, looking towards the sacred mounıins and the uncounted towers of purple Verona.

If ever peace, and joy, and sweet life on earth might e possible for men, it is so here, and in such places,—few, ı the wide earth, but many in the bosom of infinitely lessed, infinitely desolate Italy. Its people were sitting at ıeir doors, quietly working—the women at least,—the old ıen at rest behind them. A worthy and gentle race; but tterly poor, utterly untaught the things that in *this* world ıake for their peace.[3] Taught anciently, other things, by ıe steel of Ezzelin;[4] taught anew the same lesson, by the ictor of Arcola, and the vanquished of Solferino,[5]—and the ıpreme evil risen on the ruin of both.

There they sate—the true race of Northern Italy, mere

[1] [Compare Vol. XXIV. p. 456 and *n.*]
[2] [See above, p. 271.]
[3] [See Romans xiv. 19.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 241.]
[5] [For Napoleon's victory at Arcola (1796), see Vol. XVI. p. 67 *n.*; for another ention of the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino (1859), Vol. XXVII. p. 320.]

prey for the vulture,—patient, silent, hopeless, careless: i finitude of accustomed and bewildered sorrow written every line of their faces, unnerving every motion of th hands, slackening the spring in all their limbs. And th blood has been poured out like water, age after age, a risen round the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles.[1] A of the peace on earth, and the goodwill towards me which He who trod the wine-press alone, and of the peop there was none with Him[3]—died to bring them, they ha heard by the hearing of the ear,—their eyes have not see

"They have no wine."

4. But He Himself has been always with them,[4] thou they saw Him not, and they have had the deepest of H blessings. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and y have believed."[5] And in the faith of these, and such these,—in the voiceless religion and uncomplaining duty the peasant races, throughout Europe,—is now that Chur on earth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevai And on the part taken in ministry to them, or in oppres ing them, depends now the judgment between the righteo and the wicked servant, which the Lord, who has so lo delayed His coming, will assuredly now, at no far-off tim require.

"But and if that servant shall say in his heart, 'M Lord delayeth His coming'[7]—

. . . . . .

Shall I go on writing?—We have all read the passa so often that it falls on our thoughts unfelt, as if its wor were dead leaves. We will write and read it more slow to-day—so please you.

5. "Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom h

[1] [See Revelation xiv. 20.]
[2] [Luke ii. 14.]
[3] [Isaiah lxiii. 3.]
[4] [See Matthew xxviii. 20.]
[5] [John xx. 29.]
[6] [Compare Matthew xvi. 18.]
[7] [See Matthew xxiv. 48, though Ruskin here gives St. Luke's version (xii. 45

Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them their meat in due season?"[1]

Over *His* household,—He probably having His eyes upon it, then, whether *you* have or not. But He has made you ruler over it, that you may give it meat, in due season. Meat—literally, first of all. And that seasonably, according to laws of duty, and not of chance. You are not to leave such giving to chance, still less to take advantage of chance, and buy the meat when meat is cheap, that you may "in due season" sell it when meat is dear. You don't see that in the parable? No, you cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.[2] You will find something else is not in the bond too, presently.

But at least this is plain enough, that you are to give meat—when it is due. "Yes, spiritual meat—but not mutton"? Well, then—dine first on spiritual meat yourself. Whatever is on your own table, be it spiritual or fleshly, of *that* you are to distribute; and are made a ruler that you may distribute, and not live only to consume. You say I don't speak plain English, and you don't understand what I mean. It doesn't matter what I mean,—but if Christ hasn't put that plain enough for you—you had better go learn to read.

6. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that He shall make him ruler over all His goods."[3]

A vague hope, you think, to act upon? Well, if you only act on such hope, you will never either know, or get, what it means. No one but Christ can tell what *all* His goods are; and you have no business to mind, yet; for it is not the getting of these, but the doing His work, that you must care for yet awhile. Nevertheless, at spare times, it is no harm that you wonder a little where He has gone to, and what He is doing; and He has given you at least some hint of that, in another place.

"Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning,

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 45.]
[2] [*Merchant of Venice*, Act iv. sc. 1.]
[3] [Matthew xxiv. 46, 47.]

and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord *when He shall return* from the *wedding*."[1] Nor a hint of it merely, but you may even hear, at quiet times, some murmur and syllabling of its music in the distance—"The Spirit, and the Bride, say, Come."[2]

7. "But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart 'My Lord delayeth His coming,' and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken——"

To "smite"—too fine a word: it is, quite simply, to "strike"—that same verb which every Eton boy used to have (and mercifully) smitten into him.—You smite nobody now—boy or man—for their good, and spare the rod of *correction*. But you smite *unto death* with a will. What is the ram of an ironclad for?

"To eat and drink *with* the drunken." Not drunk himself—the upper servant; too well bred, he; but countenancing the drink that does not overcome him,—a goodly public tapster; charging also the poor twenty-two shillings for half-a-crown's worth of the drink he draws for them; boasting also of the prosperity of the house under his management.[5] So many bottles, at least, his chief butlerhood can show emptied out of his Lord's cellar,—"and shall be exalted to honour, and for ever give the cup into Pharaoh's hand," he thinks.[6] Not lascivious, he, but frank in fellowship with all lasciviousness—a goodly speaker after Manchester Banquet,* and cautious not to add, personally drunkenness to Thirlmere thirst.[7]

* Compare description in *Fors*, October, 1871,[8] of the "Entire Clerkly or Learned Company," and the passage in *Munera Pulveris* there referred to [§ 159].

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[1] [Luke xii. 35, 36.] [2] [Revelation xxii. 17.]

[3] [Matthew xxiv. 48, 49.]

[4] [For other references to this calculation (in which Ruskin states the augmentation of price somewhat differently in different places), see Vol. XXVII. p. 498; Vol. XXVIII. p. 644; and above, p. 22.]

[5] [Compare Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]

[6] [See Genesis xl.]

[7] [For the Manchester banquet, see above, p. 274 *n.* For other references to the Manchester Corporation's waterworks at Thirlmere, see Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.*; Vol. XXII. p. 531; and in this volume, pp. 162, 224, 346, 374.]

[8] [Letter 10, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 174).]

"The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of. And shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."[1]

"*Cut him asunder.*"

8. Read now this—mighty among the foundational words of Human Law, showing forth the Divine Law:

"Tum Tullus, . . . Meti Suffeti, inquit, si ipse discere posses fidem ac fœdera servare, vivo tibi ea disciplina a me adhibita esset; nunc, quoniam tuum insanabile ingenium est, tu tuo supplicio doce humanum genus ea sancta credere quæ a te violata sunt. Ut igitur paulo ante, animum inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem gessisti, ita jam corpus passim distrahendum dabis."[2]

9. And after, this:—

"But there brake off; for one had caught mine eye,
Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:
He, when He saw me, writhed Himself throughout
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs His beard.
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
Thus spake: 'That piercèd spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was He who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie
Transverse; nor any passes, but Him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
In straits like this along the foss are placed
The father of His consort, and the rest
Partakers in that counsel, seed of ill
And sorrow to the Jews.' I noted, then,
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon Him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal."[3]

[1] [Matthew xxiv. 50, 51.]

[2] ["Then said Tullus (Hostilius, King of Rome, to the Alban dictator)—Metius Suffetius, if thou thyself couldst learn to keep faith and covenants, that teaching should have given thee, and thou shouldst live. Now, since thy heart is incurably evil, do thou by thy punishment teach the world to hold sacred that which thou hast dishonoured. Whereas, therefore, a while since, thy mind was divided betwixt Fidena and Rome, so now shall thy body be divided and drawn asunder" (Livy, i. 23).—*Translation by W. G. Collingwood in the Small Edition of "Fors,"* Vol. iv. p. 262.]

[3] [Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno*, xxiii. 112–129.]

10. And after, this:—

"Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike. If, in one band
Collected, stood the people all, whoe'er
Pour'd on Apulia's fateful[1] soil their blood,
Slain by the Trojans; and in that long war
When of the rings the measured booty made
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes
Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt
The girding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
And those, the rest, whose bones are gathered yet
At Ceperano, there where treachery
Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms
The old Alardo conquer'd:—and his limbs
One were to show transpierced, another his
Clean lopt away,—a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight
Of the ninth chasm.

. . . . . .

Without doubt,
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,
'Woe's me!' The spirit lighted thus himself;
And two there were in one, and one in two:
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so."[2]

11. I have no time to translate "him who errs not,"* nor to comment on the Dante,—whoso readeth, let him understand,[3]—only this much, that the hypocrisy of the priest who counselled that the King of the Jews should

* "Che non erra." I never till now, in reading this passage for my present purpose, noticed these wonderful words of Dante's, spoken of Livy. True, in the grandest sense.

[1] ["Fortunata terra." Here Ruskin alters Cary's "happy" to "fateful": see Cary's note on the passage.]
[2] [Cary's translation of Dante's *Inferno*, xxviii. 1–21, 113–121.]
[3] [Matthew xxiv. 15.]

die for the people,[1] and the division of heart in the evil statesman who raised up son against father in the earthly kingship of England,* are for ever types of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee and Scribe,—penetrating, through the Church of the nation, and the Scripture or Press of it, into the whole body politic of it; cutting it verily in sunder, as a house divided against itself; and appointing for it, with its rulers, its portion—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.[2]

12. Now, therefore, if there be any God, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any truth, choose ye this day, rulers of men, whom you will serve.[3] Your hypocrisy is not in pretending to be what you are not; but in *being* in the uttermost nature of you—Nothing—but dead bodies in coffins suspended between Heaven and Earth, God and Mammon.

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him.[4] You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub;—and kiss the Master[5] to bid Him good-night. Nay, even my kind and honest friends make, all of them, answer to my message: "I have bought a piece of ground, and I must go and see it.—Suffer me first to bury my father.—I have married a wife—have not I to keep her and my children first of all? Behold, I cannot come."[6]

13. So after this seventh year,[7] I am going out into the highways and hedges:[8] but now no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under

* Read the story of Henry II. in *Fors*, March 1871.[9]

[1] [John xi. 49, 50.]
[2] [Matthew xii. 25; xxiv. 51.]
[3] [Joshua xxiv. 15.]
[4] [1 Kings xviii. 21.]
[5] [See Matthew xxvi. 48, 49.]
[6] [See Luke xiv. 18, 20.]
[7] [Since the commencement of *Fors*.]
[8] [See Matthew xxii. 9.]
[9] [Letter 3, § 9 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 52–53).]

the wild roses and traveller's joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be, in my pilgrimage.

I thought to have finished my blameful work before now,[1] but Fors would not have it so;—now, I am well convinced she will let me follow the peaceful way towards the pleasant hills. Henceforth, the main work of *Fors* will be constructive only; and I shall allow in the text of it no syllable of complaint or scorn.[2] When notable public abuses or sins are brought to my knowledge, I will bear witness against them simply, laying the evidence of them open in my Correspondence, but sifted before it is printed; following up myself, the while, in plain directions, or happy studies, St. George's separate work, and lessoning.

Separate, I say once more, it must be;[3] and cannot become work at all until it is so. It is the work of a world-wide monastery; protesting, by patient, not violent deed, and fearless, yet henceforward unpassionate, word against the evil of this our day, till in its heart and force it be ended.

14. Of which evil I here resume the entire assertion made in *Fors*, up to this time, in few words.

All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the labourer by the idler: the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably*), and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

And this is done, and has from time immemorial been done, in all so-called civilized, but in reality corrupted countries,—first by the landlords; then, under their direction, by the three chief so-called gentlemanly "professions,"

* "Maintain him—yes—but how?"—question asked of me by a working girl, long ago.[4]

[1] [See the Introduction, above, p. xxi.]
[2] [But see later, p. 361.]
[3] [Not by the formation of "separate institutions" (Vol. XXVIII. p. 643), but in separation from "the unfruitful works of darkness" (*ibid.*, p. 542).]
[4] [See *Unto this Last*, § 80 (Vol. XVII. p. 108).]

of soldier, lawyer, and priest; and, lastly, by the merchant and usurer. The landlord pillages by direct force, seizing the land, and saying to the labourer, You shall not live on this earth, but shall here die, unless you give me all the fruit of your labour but your bare living:—the soldier pillages by persuading the peasantry to fight, and then getting himself paid for skill in leading them to death:—the lawyer pillages by prolonging their personal quarrels with marketable ingenuity; and the priest by selling the Gospel, and getting paid for theatrical displays of it.* All this has to cease, inevitably and totally: Peace, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a true Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne of God, and descending, by sacred stair let down from heaven,[1] to bless and keep all the Holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the servants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him,[2] that they may feed His people with food of angels and food of men;[3] teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and in gladness and singleness of heart;[4] the priest's function at the altar and in the tabernacle, at one end of the village, being only holy in the fulfilment of the deacon's function at the table and in the taberna, at the other.[5]

And so, out of the true earthly kingdom, in fulness of time, shall come the heavenly kingdom, when the tabernacle

* Compare *Unto this Last,* § 21.[6] The three professions said there to be "necessary" are the pastor's, physician's, and merchant's. The "pastor" is the Giver of Meat, whose office I now explain in its fulness.

[1] [See Genesis xxviii. 12.]
[2] [Revelation i. 6.]
[3] [Compare Letter 74 (above, p. 35).]
[4] [Acts ii. 46.]
[5] [Compare Letters 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); 83, § 15, and 93, § 9 (pp. 272, 474).]
[6] [Vol. XVII. p. 39.]

of God shall be with men;[1] no priest needed more fo ministry, because all the earth will be Temple; nor breac nor wine needed more for mortal food, or fading memory but the water of life given to him that is athirst,[2] and th fruits of the trees of healing.[3]

15. Into which kingdom that we may enter, let us reac now the last words of the King when He left us for Hi Bridal, in which is the direct and practical warning o which the parable of the Servant was the shadow.

It was given, as you know, to Seven Churches, tha live no more,—they having refused the word of His lips and been consumed by the sword of His lips. Yet to al men the command remains—He that hath an ear, let hin hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.[4]

They lie along the hills, and across the plain, of Lydia sweeping in one wide curve like a flight of birds or a swirl of cloud—(if you draw them by themselves on th map you will see)—all of them either in Lydia itself, o on the frontier of it: in nature, Lydian all—richest in gold delicatest in luxury, softest in music, tenderest in art, o the then world. They unite the capacities and felicities o the Asiatic and the Greek: had the last message of Chris been given to the Churches in Greece, it would have bee to Europe in imperfect age; if to the Churches in Syria to Asia in imperfect age:—written to Lydia, it is writte to the world, and for ever.

16. It is written "to the Angels of the Seven Churches." I have told you what "angels" meant to the Heathen. What do you, a Christian, mean by them? What i meant by them here?

Commonly, the word is interpreted of the Bishops o

[1] [Revelation xxi. 3.]
[2] [See John iv. 14; Revelation xxi. 6.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]
[4] [Revelation ii. 7. The subject of this Letter from § 15 to the end is a commentary on Revelation ii. and iii.]
[5] [Revelation i. 20.]
[6] [See Letter 12, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 202).]

hese Churches; and since, in every living Church, its Bishop, if it have any, must speak with the spirit and in he authority of its angel, there is indeed a lower and teral sense in which the interpretation is true (thus I ave called the Archbishop of Canterbury an angel in *Fors* f October, 1876[1]); but, in the higher and absolutely true ense, each several charge is here given to the Guardian pirit of each several Church, the one appointed of Heaven o guide it. Compare *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i., Preface, § 3–5, closing with the words of Plato which I repeat ere: "For such cities as no angel, but only a mortal, overns, there is no possible avoidance of evil and pain."[2]

Modern Christians, in the beautiful simplicity of their elfishness, think—every mother of them—that it is quite atural and likely that their own baby should have an ngel to take care of it, all to itself: but they cannot ncy such a thing as that an angel should take the liberty f interfering with the actions of a grown-up person,—how uch less that one should meddle or make with a society grown-up persons, or be present, and make any tacit ggestions, in a parliamentary debate. But the address ere to the angel of the capital city, Sardis, marks the nse clearly: "These things saith He which hath the even Stars in His right hand, *and*" (that is to say) "the even Spirits of God."[3]

And the charge is from the Spirit of God to each of ese seven angels, reigning over and in the hearts of the hole body of the believers in every Church; followed ways by the dateless adjuration, "He that hath an ear, t him hear what the *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."

17. The address to each consists of four parts:—

First. The assertion of some special attribute of the ord of the Churches, in virtue of which, and respect

[1] [Letter 70, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 721); and see Letter 83, § 19, where . Fraser is called "the Angel of the Church of Manchester" (above, p. 274).]

[2] [*Laws*, iv. 713.]

[3] [See Revelation i. 16; ii. 1; iii. 1. For the following Bible references, see *id.*, ii. 7, 11, 17, 29; iii. 6, 13, 22.]

to which, He specially addresses that particular body f believers.

Second. The laying bare of the Church's heart, s known to its Lord.

Third. The judgment on that state of the heart, a promise or threat of a future reward or punishment, assign accordingly, in virtue of the Lord's special attribute, befo alleged.

Fourth. The promise, also in virtue of such spec attribute, to all Christians who overcome, as their Lo overcame, in the temptation with which the Church und judgment is contending.

18. That we may better understand this scheme, a its sequence, let us take first the four divisions of char to the Churches in succession, and then read the charg in their detail.[1]

(I.) Ephesus.

The Attribute.—That holdeth the seven stars, a walketh in the midst of the seven golden cand sticks.

The Declaration.—Thou hast left thy first love.

The Judgment.—I will move thy candlestick out his place, except thou repent.

The Promise.—(Always, "to him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life.

(II.) Smyrna.

The Attribute.—The First and the Last, which w dead, and is alive.

The Declaration.—I know thy sorrow,—and t patience.

The Judgment.—Be thou faithful to death, and will give thee a crown of life.

The Promise.—He shall not be hurt of the seco death.

[1] [There are notes, partly used in the following analysis, in Ruskin's diary of 185

(III.) PERGAMOS.

The Attribute.—He which hath the sharp sword with two edges.

The Declaration.—Thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam.

The Judgment.—I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.

The Promise.—I will give him to eat of the hidden manna.

(IV.) THYATIRA.

The Attribute.—That hath His eyes like a flame of fire.

The Declaration.—Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel.

The Judgment.—I will kill her children with death.

The Promise.—I will give him the morning star.

(V.) SARDIS.

The Attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God.

The Declaration.—Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis.

The Judgment.—They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

The Promise.—I will confess his name before my Father and His angels.

(VI.) PHILADELPHIA.

The Attribute.—He that hath the key of David.

The Declaration.—I have set before thee an open door.

The Judgment.—I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.

The Promise.—He shall go out of my temple no more.

(VII.) Laodicea.

The Attribute.—The Beginning of the Creation of God.

The Declaration.—Thou art poor and miserable.

The Judgment.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

The Promise.—I will grant him to sit with Me in My throne.

19. Let us now read the charges in their detail, that we may understand them as they are given to ourselves.

Observe, first, they all begin with the same words, "I know thy *works*."[1]

Not even the maddest and blindest of Antinomian teachers could have eluded the weight of this fact, but that, in the following address to each Church, its "work" is spoken of as the state of its heart.

Of which the interpretation is nevertheless quite simple; namely, that the thing looked at by God first, in every Christian man, is his work;—without that, there is no more talk or thought of him. "Cut him down—why cumbereth he the ground?"[2] But, the work being shown, has next to be tested. In what spirit was this done,—in faith and charity, or in disobedient pride? "You have fed the poor? yes; but did you do it to get a commission on the dishes, or because you loved the poor? You lent to the poor,—was it in true faith that you lent to *me*, or to get money out of my poor by usury in defiance of me? You thought it a good work—did you? Had you never heard then—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent"?[3]

20. And now we take the separate charges, one by one, in their fulness:—

(I.) Ephesus.—The attribute is essentially the spiritual

[1] [Revelation ii. 2, 9, 13, 19; iii. 1, 8, 15.]
[2] [See Luke xiii. 7.]
[3] [John vi. 29.]

ower of Christ, in His people,—the "lamp" of the virgins,[1] e "light of the world"[2] of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Declaration praises the intensity of this in the hurch, and—which is the notablest thing for *us* in the hole series of the charges—it asserts the burning of the pirit of Christ in the Church to be especially shown beuse it "cannot bear them which are evil."[3] This fierceess against sin, which we are so proud of being well quit , is the very life of a Church;—the toleration of sin is e dying of its lamp. How indeed should it shine before en,[4] if it mixed itself in the soot and fog of sin?

So again, although the Spirit is beginning to burn dim, d thou hast left thy first love, yet, *this* "thou hast, that ou hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes."[5] (See note low on Pergamos.)

The promise is of fullest life in the midst of the Parase and garden of God. Compare all the prophetic descripns of living persons, or states, as the trees in the garden God;[6] and the blessing of the first Psalm.

21. (II.) Smyrna.—The attribute is that of Christ's enrance of death. The declaration, that the faithful Church now dying, with Him, the noble death of the righteous, d shall live for evermore. The promise, that over those o so endure the slow pain of death in grief, for Christ's e, the second death hath no power.

22. (III.) Pergamos.—The attribute is of Christ the dge, visiting for sin; the declaration, that the Church s in it the sin of the Nicolaitanes, or of Balaam,—using grace and inspiration to forward its worldly interest, and eved at heart because it *has* the Holy Ghost;—the darkest blasphemies. Against this, "Behold, I come quickly, and ll fight against thee with the sword of my mouth."[7]

[1] [Matthew xxv. 1.]
[2] [Matthew v. 14.]
[3] [Revelation ii. 2.]
[4] [Matthew v. 16.]
[5] [Revelation ii. 6. Compare Vol. XIV. p. 415.]
[6] [Revelation ii. 7.]
[7] [Revelation ii. 16.]

The promise, that he who has kept his lips from bla phemy shall eat of the hidden manna: the word, not tl sword, of the lips of Christ. "How sweet is Thy wo unto my lips."[1]

The metaphor of the stone,[2] and the new name, I c not yet securely understand.

23. (IV.) Thyatira.—The attribute: "That hath his ey like a flame of fire" (searching the heart), "his feet lil fine brass"[3] (treading the earth, yet in purity, the type all Christian practical life, unsoiled, whatever it treads on but remember, lest you should think this in any wi opposed to the sense of the charge to Ephesus, that yc may *tread* on foulness, yet remain undefiled; but not l down in it and remain so.

The praise is for charity and active labour,—and tl labour more than the charity.

The woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess,[4] i I believe, the teacher of labour for lascivious purpos beginning by the adornment of sacred things, not veri for the honour of God, but for our own delight (as mo or less in all modern Ritualism). It is of all manner sins the most difficult to search out, and detect the absolu root or secret danger of. It is the "depth of Satan"[5]- the most secret of his temptations, and the punishment it, death in torture. For if our *charity* and *labour* a poisoned, what is there more to save us?

The reward of resistance is, to rule the nations with rod of iron—(true work, against painted clay); and I w

[1] [Psalms cxix. 103.]

[2] ["To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and w give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written which no m knoweth saving he that receiveth it" (Revelation ii. 17). In his notes of 18 Ruskin says:—

> "This holding the name in the white stone is very suggestive well as mysterious. In one sense the White Stone may be the Heart always a stone, compared to what it ought to be; yet a white o when it holds Christ ('Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall s God')."]

[3] [Revelation ii. 18.]

[4] [Revelation ii. 20.]

[5] [Revelation ii. 24.]

ve him the morning star (light of heaven, and morning-me for labour).[1]

24. (V.) Sardis.—The attribute: "That hath the seven pirits of God, and the seven stars."[2]

Again, the Lord of Life itself—the Giver of the Holy host. ("Having said thus, he breathed on them.") He uestions, not of the poison or misuse of life, but of its *istence.* Strengthen the things that are left—that are ady to *die.* The white raiment is the transfiguration of e earthly frame by the inner life, even to the robe of it, so as no fuller on earth can white them."

The judgment: I will come unto thee as a thief (in y darkness, to take away even that thou hast).

The promise: I will not blot his name out of the Book Life.

25. (VI.) Philadelphia.—The attribute: He that is holy eparate from sin)—He that is true (separate from false-ood)—that hath the key of David (of the city of David hich is Zion, renewed and pure; conf. verse 12); that eneth, and no man shutteth (by *me* if any man enter i[3]); and shutteth, and no man openeth,[4]—(for without, are nicators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie[5]).

The praise, for faithfulness with a little strength, as of soldier holding a little fortress in the midst of assaulting nies. Therefore the blessing, after that captivity of the ait siege—the lifting up of the heads of the gates, and tting wide of the everlasting doors by the Lord, mighty battle.[6]

The promise: Him that overcometh will I make, not erely safe within my fortress temple, but a pillar of it—ilt on its rock, and bearing its vaults for ever.[7]

[1] [Revelation ii. 27, 28.]
[2] [Revelation iii. 1. The other Bible references in § 24 are John xx. 22; Revela-n iii. 2, 5; Mark ix. 3; Revelation iii. 3; Mark iv. 25; and Revelation iii. 5.]
[3] [John x. 9.]
[4] [Revelation iii. 7.]
[5] [Revelation xxii. 15.]
[6] [See Psalms xxiv. 7, 8.]
[7] [Revelation iii. 12.]

26. (VII.) Laodicea.—The attribute: the Faithful witne —the Word—the Beginning of Creation.[1]

The sin, chaos of heart,—useless disorder of half-shape life. Darkness on the face of the deep,[2] and rejoicing i darkness,—as in these days of ours to the uttermost. Chac in all things—dross for gold—slime for mortar[3]—nakedne for glory—pathless morass for path—and the proud blin for guides.

The command, to try the gold, and purge the raimen and anoint the eyes,—this order given as to the almo helpless—as men waked in the night, not girding thei loins for journey, but in vague wonder at uncertain nois who may turn again to their slumber, or, in wistful listen ing, hear the voice calling—"Behold, I stand at the door!"

It is the last of the temptations, bringing back th throne of Annihilation; and the victory over it is the fina victory, giving rule, with the Son of God, over the recreat and never to be dissolved order of the perfect earth.

In which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, "for the former things are passed away."[5]

"Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you, faultless, before the Presence of Hi glory with exceeding joy;

"To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory an majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

The first seven years' Letters of Fors Clavigera were ende in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 21st Nov., 1877.

[1] [Revelation iii. 14.]
[2] [Genesis i. 2.]
[3] [Genesis xi. 3.]
[4] [Revelation iii. 17-20.]
[5] [Revelation xxi. 4.]
[6] [Jude 24, 25.]

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

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VOL. VIII.

GEORGE ALLEN,
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FORS CLAVIGERA

"YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS, ESTABLISH THOU IT"[1]

LETTER 85

UNIQUE DOGMATISM[2]

. THE series of letters which closed last year were always ritten, as from the first they were intended to be, on any iatter which *chanced* to interest me, and in any humour hich *chance* threw me into. By the adoption of the title Fors," I meant (among other meanings) to indicate this esultory and accidental character of the work; and to nply, besides, my feeling, that, since I wrote wholly in ie interests of others, it might justifiably be hoped that ie chance to which I thus submitted myself would direct ie better than any choice or method of my own.

So far as regards the subjects of this second series of tters, I shall retain my unfettered method, in reliance on ie direction of better wisdom than mine. But in my rmer letters, I also allowed myself to write on each subct, whatever came into my mind, wishing the reader, like friend, to know exactly what my mind was. But as no ndour will explain this to persons who have no feelings common with me,—and as I think, by this time, enough as been shown to serve all purposes of such frankness, to

[1] [Psalms xc. 17.]
[2] [See below, § 4.]

those who can receive it,—henceforward, I shall endeavour to write, so far as I can judge, what may be serviceable to the reader, or acceptable by him; and only in some occasional and minor way, what may explain, or indulge, my own feelings.

2. Such change in my method of address is farther rendered necessary, because I perceive the address must be made to a wider circle of readers.

This book was begun in the limited effort to gather a society together for the cultivation of ground in a particular way;—a society having this special business, and no concern with the other work of the world. But the book has now become a call to all whom it can reach, to choose between being honest or dishonest; and if they choose to be honest, also to join together in a brotherhood separated, visibly and distinctly, from cheats and liars. And as I felt more and more led into this wider appeal, it has also been shown to me that, in this country of England, it must be made under obedience to the Angel of England;—the Spirit which taught our fathers their Faith, and which is still striving with us in our Atheism. And since this was shown to me, I have taken all that I understand of the Book which our fathers believed to be divine, not, as in former times, only to enforce, on those who still believed it, obedience to its orders; but indeed for help and guidance to the whole body of our society.

The exposition of this broader law mingling more and more frequently in my past letters with that of the narrow action of St. George's Guild for the present help of our British peasantry, has much obscured the simplicity of that present aim, and raised up crowds of collateral questions in debate of which the reader becomes doubtful of the rightness of even what might otherwise have been willingly approved by him: while, to retard his consent yet farther, I am compelled, by the accidents of the time, to allege certain principles of work which only my own long study of the results of the Art of Man upon his mind enable

ıe to know for surety; and these are peculiarly offensive ı an epoch which has long made—not only all its Arts ıercenary, but even those mercenary forms of them subrdinate to yet more servile occupations.

3. For example; I might perhaps, with some success, ave urged the purchase and cultivation of waste land, and he orderly and kindly distribution of the food produced pon it, had not this advice been coupled with the disussion of the nature of Rent, and the assertion of the Godorbidden guilt of that Usury, of which Rent is the fatallest orm. And even if, in subtlety, I had withheld, or disuised, these deeper underlying laws, I should still have lienated the greater number of my possible adherents by he refusal to employ steam machinery, which may well ear, to the minds of persons educated in the midst of uch mechanism, the aspect of an artist's idle and unrealizble prejudice. And this all the more, because the greater umber of business-men, finding that their own opinions ave been adopted without reflection, yet being perfectly ontent with the opinions so acquired, naturally suppose hat mine have been as confidently collected where they ould be found with least pains:—with the farther equally ational conclusion, that the opinions they have thus accientally picked up themselves are more valuable and better elected than the by no means obviously preferable faggot f mine.

And, indeed, the thoughts of a man who from his youth p, and during a life persistently literary, has never written word either for money or for vanity,[1] nor even in the areless incontinence of the instinct for self-expression, but esolutely spoken only to teach or to praise others, must ecessarily be incomprehensible in an age when Christian reaching itself has become merely a polite and convenient rofession,—when the most noble and living literary faculties, ke those of Scott and Dickens, are perverted by the will

[1] [Compare the Preface to the fifth volume of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. pp. -10).]

of the multitude, and perish in the struggle for its gold and when the conceit even of the gravest men of scienc provokes them to the competitive exhibition of their con jectural ingenuity,[1] in fields where argument is impossible and respecting matters on which even certainty would b profitless.

4. I believe, therefore, that it will be satisfactory to no a few of my readers, and generally serviceable, if I repro duce, and reply to, a portion of a not unfriendly critiqu which, appearing in the *Spectator* for 22nd September 1877, sufficiently expressed this general notion of my work necessarily held by men who are themselves writing an talking merely for profit or amusement, and have neve taken the slightest pains to ascertain whether any singl thing they say is true: nor are under any concern to know whether, after it has been sold in the permanent form o print, it will do harm or good to the buyer of it.

"MR. RUSKIN'S UNIQUE DOGMATISM[2]

"As we have often had occasion, if not exactly to remark, yet to imply in what we have said of him, Mr. Ruskin is a very curious study. Fo simplicity, quaintness, and candour, his confidences to 'the workmen an labourers of Great Britain' in *Fors Clavigera* are quite without example For delicate irony of style, when he gets a subject that he fully under stands, and intends to expose the ignorance, or, what is much worse, th affectation of knowledge which is not knowledge, of others, no man is hi equal. But then as curious as anything else, in that strange medley o sparkling jewels, delicate spider-webs, and tangles of exquisite fronds whic makes" (the writer should be on his guard against the letter *s* in future passages of this descriptive character) "up Mr. Ruskin's mind, is the high-handed arrogance which is so strangely blended with his imperious modesty and that, too, often when it is most grotesque. It is not, indeed, his arro gance, but his modest self-knowledge which speaks, when he says in thi new number of the *Fors* that though there are thousands of men in Englan able to conduct the business affairs of his Society better than he can, '] do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our ele mentary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholl occupied in examining the growth of Anagallis tenella, and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice.'[3] And no doubt he is quite right

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 124, 642.]
[2] [On the charge of dogmatism, compare Vol. XIX. p. 60.]
[3] [See Letter 81, § 15 (above, p. 208).]

obably no one could watch the growth of Anagallis tenella to equal pur-
se, and no one else could complete his notes on St. George's Chapel
thout spoiling them. We are equally sure that he is wise, when he tells
s readers that he must entirely decline any manner of political action
hich might hinder him 'from drawing leaves and flowers.' But what does
tonish us is the supreme confidence,—or say, rather, hurricane of dicta-
rial passion,—though we do not use the word 'passion' in the sense of
ger or irritation, but in the higher sense of mental white-heat, which has
vexation in it, (*a*)—with which this humble student of leaves and flowers,
the Anagallis tenella and the beauties of St. George's Chapel at Venice,
sses judgment on the whole structure of human society, from its earliest
its latest convolutions, and not only judgment, but the sweeping judg-
ent of one who knows all its laws of structure and all its misshapen
owths with a sort of assurance which Mr. Ruskin would certainly never
el in relation to the true form, or the distortions of the true form, of the
st minute fibre of one of his favourite leaves or flowers. Curiously
ough, the humble learner of Nature speaking through plants and trees,
the most absolute scorner of Nature speaking through the organization
great societies and centuries of social experience. (*b*) We know well what
. Ruskin would say,—that the difference is great between the growth
at is without moral freedom and the growth which has been for century
er century distorted by the reckless abuse of moral freedom. And we
ite admit the radical difference. But what strikes us as so strange is
at this central difficulty of all,—how much is really due to the structural
owth of a great society, and quite independent of any voluntary abuse
hich might be amended by voluntary effort, and how much is due to the
se direction of individual wills,—*never strikes Mr. Ruskin as a difficulty at*
(*c*) On the contrary, he generalizes in his sweeping way, on social ten-
ncies which appear to be (*d*) far more deeply ingrained in the very
ucture of human life than the veins of a leaf in the structure of a plant,
h a confidence with which he would never for a moment dream of
neralizing as to the true and normal growth of a favourite plant. Thus
tells us in the last number of *Fors* that '*Fors Clavigera* is not in any
y intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind,
it is the assertor of the code of eternal laws which the public mind
st eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do
h the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the

(*a*) I don't understand. Probably there is not another so much vexed
son as I at present extant of his grave.

(*b*) It *would* be curious, and much more, if it only *were* so.

(*c*—Italics mine.) On what grounds did the writer suppose this? When
Christison[1] analyzes a poison, and simply states his result, is it to be
cluded he was struck by no difficulties in arriving at it, because he
s not advise the public of his embarrassments?

(*d*) What does it matter what they *appear* to be?

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[1] [Sir Robert Christison, M.D. (1797–1882); medical adviser to the Crown,
9–1866; author of a *Treatise on Poisons*.]

modern England, which I have to warn of the accelerated approach eith of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifyi amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthr he was ordered to foretell in forty days.'[1] But the curious part of the matt is that Mr. Ruskin, far from keeping to simple moral laws, denounces the most vehement manner social arrangements which seem to most men (as little connected with them as they would have seemed to 'poor Jona We are not aware, for instance, that Jonah denounced the use of machine in Nineveh. Indeed, he seems to have availed himself of a ship, whi is a great complication of machines, and to have 'paid his fare' from Jop to Tyre, without supposing himself to have been accessory to anythi evil in so doing. We are not aware, too, that Jonah held it to be wron as Mr. Ruskin holds it to be wrong, to charge for the use of a thing wh you do not want to part with it altogether. These are practices which a so essentially interwoven alike with the most fundamental as also with t most superficial principles of social growth, that any one who assumes th they are rooted in moral evil is bound to be very careful to discrimina where the evil begins, and show that it can be avoided,—just as a natural who should reproach the trees on a hill-side for sloping away from t blast they have to meet, should certainly first ask himself how the tre are to avoid the blast, or how, if they cannot avoid it, they are to help altering their growth as to accommodate themselves to it. But Mr. Ruski though in relation to nature he is a true naturalist, in relation to hum nature has in him nothing at all of the human naturalist. It never occu to him apparently that here, too, are innumerable principles of grow which are quite independent of the will of man, and that it becomes t highest moralist to study humbly where the influence of the human w begins and where it ends, instead of rashly and sweepingly condemnin as due to a perverted morality, what is in innumerable cases a mere i evitable result of social structure. (*f*)

"Consider only how curiously different in spirit is the humility wi which the great student of the laws of beauty watches the growth of t Anagallis tenella, and that with which he watches the growth of the form tion of human opinion. A correspondent had objected to him that speaks so contemptuously of some of the most trusted leaders of Engli workmen, of Goldwin Smith, for instance, and of John Stuart Mill. D ciples of such leaders, the writer had said, 'are hurt and made angry, wh

(*e*) What does it matter what they "seem to most men"?

(*f*) To this somewhat lengthily metaphorical paragraph, the needf answer may be brief, and without metaphor. To every "social structure which has rendered either wide national crime or wide national fol "inevitable"—ruin is also "inevitable." Which is all I have necessari to say; and which has been by me, now, very sorrowfully,—enough sai Nevertheless, somewhat more may be observed of England at this time, namely, that she has no "social structure" whatsoever; but is a me heap of agonizing human maggots, scrambling and sprawling over ea other for any manner of rotten eatable thing they can get a bite of.

[1] [See Letter 81, § 7 (above, p. 198).]

ames which they do not like are used of their leaders.' Mr. Ruskin's eply is quite a study in its way:—

'Well, my dear sir, I solemnly declare,' etc., down to 'ditches for ever.' -See *Fors*, September, 1877.[1]

ow observe that here Mr. Ruskin, who would follow the lines of a ossamer thread sparkling in the morning dew with reverent wonder and onscientious accuracy, arraigns, first, the tendency of man to express im- ature and tentative views of passing events, (*g*) as if that were wholly due, ot to a law of human nature, ! ! (*h*) but to those voluntary abuses of human eedom which might as effectually be arrested as murder or theft could e arrested by moral effort; next arraigns, if not the discovery of the inting-press (of which any one would suppose that he entertained a stern sapprobation), at least the inevitable (*i*) results of that discovery, precisely he would arraign a general prevalence of positive vice; and last of all, at he actually claims the power, as an old littérateur, to discern at sight hat is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly at is worthless and venomous.' On the first two heads, as it seems to , Mr. Ruskin arraigns laws of nature as practically unchangeable as any which the sap rises in the tree and the blossom forms upon the flower. the last head, he assumes a tremendous power in relation to subjects ry far removed from these which he has made his own,——"

—I have lost the next leaf of the article, and may as ell, it seems to me, close my extract here, for I do not now what subject the writer conceives me to have made y own, if *not* the quality of literature! If I am ever owed, by public estimate, to know anything whatever,

(*g*) I have never recognized any such tendency in persons moderately ll educated. What is their education for—if it cannot prevent their ex- essing immature views about *any*thing?

(*h*) I insert two notes of admiration. What "law of human nature" ll we hear of next? If it cannot keep its thoughts in its mind, till y are digested,—I suppose we shall next hear it cannot keep its dinner its stomach.

(*i*) There is nothing whatever of inevitable in the "universal gabble of ls," which is the lamentable fact I have alleged of the present times, ether they gabble with or without the help of printing-press. The ver of saying a very foolish thing to a very large number of people at e, is of course a greater temptation to a foolish person than he was merly liable to; but when the national mind, such as it is, becomes e aware of the mischief of all this, it is evitable enough—else there re an end to popular intelligence in the world.

[1] [Letter 81, § 12 (p. 205).]

it is—how to write.[1] My knowledge of painting is entirel denied by ninety-nine out of a hundred painters of the day but the literary men are great hypocrites if they don really think me, as they profess to do, fairly up to my wor in that line. And what would an old littérateur be goo for, if he did not know good writing from bad, and tha without tasting more than a half page? And for the mora tendency of books—no such practised sagacity is needed t determine that. The sense, to a healthy mind, of bein strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definit and unmistakable as the sense, to a healthy body, of bein in fresh or foul air: and no more arrogance is involved i perceiving the stench, and forbidding the reading of an un wholesome book, than in a physician's ordering the window to be opened in a sick room. There is no question what ever concerning these matters, with any person who honestl desires to be informed about them;—the real arrogance i only in expressing judgments, either of books or anythin else, respecting which we have taken no trouble to be in formed. Here is my friend of the *Spectator*, for instance commenting complacently on the vulgar gossip about m opinions of machinery, without even taking the trouble t look at what I said, else he would have found that, instea of condemning machinery, there is the widest and mos daring plan in *Fors* for the adaptation of tide-mills to th British coasts that has yet been dreamt of in engineering: and that, so far from condemning ships, half the physica education of British youth is proposed by *Fors* to be con ducted in them.[3]

5. What the contents of *Fors* really are, however, it i little wonder that even my most studious friends do no at present know, broken up as these materials have bee into a mere moraine of separate and seemingly jointles stones, out of which I must now build such Cyclopea

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. pp. 400, 616; and Vol. XXVIII. p. 425.]
[2] [See Letter 51, § 26 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 293).]
[3] [See Letter 8, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. p. 143).]

vall as I shall have time and strength for. Therefore, uring some time at least, the main business of this second eries of letters will be only the arrangement for use, and learer illustration, of the scattered contents of the first.

And I cannot begin with a more important subject, r one of closer immediate interest, than that of the collec- on of rain, and management of streams. On this subject, expect a series of papers from my friend Mr. Henry Villett,[1] containing absolutely verified data: in the mean- me I beg the reader to give his closest attention to the dmirable statements by M. Viollet-le-Duc, given from the ew English translation of his book on Mont Blanc, in ie seventh article of our Correspondence. I have before ad occasion to speak with extreme sorrow of the errors the theoretical parts of this work:[2] but its practical telligence is admirable.

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6. Just in time, I get Mr. Willett's first sheet. His eface is too valuable to be given without some farther mment,[3] but this following bit may serve us for this onth:—

"The increased frequency in modern days of upland floods appears to due mainly to the increased want of the retention of the rainfall. Now is true of all drainage matters that man has complete power over them the beginning, where they are widely disseminated, and it is only when the uniting ramifications over large areas a great accumulation is pro- ced, that man becomes powerless to deal satisfactorily with it. Nothing er is more senseless than the direct contravention of Nature's laws by e modern system of gathering together into one huge polluted stream e sewage of large towns. The waste and expense incurred, first in col- ting, and then in attempting to separate and to apply to the land the inage of large towns, seems a standing instance of the folly and per- sity of human arrangements, and *it can only be accounted for by the interest ich attaches to the spending of large sums of money.*" (Italics mine.)

[1] [For Mr. Willett, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 576; the series of papers, suggested by . Willett, were however not given (see below, p. 349).]
[2] [See *Deucalion*, i. ch. x. §§ 13, 18, Vol. XXVI. pp. 228, 230.]
[3] [See below, pp. 345, 347–349.]

"It may be desirable at some future time to revert to this part of tl subject, and to suggest the natural, simple, and inexpensive alternati plan.

"To return to the question of floods caused by rainfall only. The fir and completely remunerating expenditure should be for providing tanks filtered water for human drinking, etc., and reservoirs for cattle and man facturing purposes, in the upland valleys and moorland glens which for the great collecting grounds of all the water which is now wasteful permitted to flow either into underground crevices and natural reservoi that it may be pumped up again at an enormous waste of time, labour, ar money, or neglectfully permitted to deluge the habitations of which tl improper erection on sites liable to flooding has been allowed.

"To turn for a moment to the distress and incurred expense in summ from want of the very same water which has been wasted in winter, I w give three or four instances which have come under my own knowledg In the summer of 1876 I was put on shore from a yacht a few miles we of Swanage Bay, in Dorsetshire, and then, walking to the nearest village, wanted to hire a pony-chaise from the landlady of the only inn, but sl was obliged absolutely to refuse me because the pony was already ove worked by having to drag water for the cows a perpendicular distance from two hundred to three hundred feet from the valley beneath. Hard a rain-shoot, and no reservoir, could be seen. A highly intelligent gentl man in Sussex, the year before, remarked, 'I should not regret the ra coming and spoiling the remainder of my harvest, as it would therel put an end to the great expense I am at in drawing water from the riv for my flock of sheep.' In the village of Farnborough, Kent, there a two wells: one at the Hall, 160 feet deep, and a public one at the nort west of the village. In summer a man gets a good living by carting tl water for the poor people, charging 1d. for six gallons, and earning fro 2s. 6d. to 3s. a day. One agricultural labourer pays 5d. a week for h family supply in summer. 'He could catch more off his own cottage, b the spouts are out of order, and the landlord won't put them right.' know a farmer in Sussex who, having a seven-years' lease of some dow land, at his own expense built a small tank which cost him £30. He tol me at the end of his lease the farm would be worth £30 per annum mor because of the tank. The Earl of Chichester, who has most wisely ar successfully grappled with the subject, says that £100 per annum is n an unfrequent expenditure by individual farmers for the carting of wat in summer-time.

"In my next I will give, by his lordship's kind permission, a detaile account and plan of his admirable method of water supply, supersedin wells and pumping."

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

. (I.) Affairs of the Company.

I never was less able to give any account of these, for the last month as been entirely occupied with work in Oxford;[1] the Bank accounts cannot e in my hands till the year's end; the business at Abbeydale[2] can in o wise be put on clear footing till our Guild is registered;[3] and I have just een warned of some farther modifications needful in our memorandum for egistry.

But I was completely convinced last year that, fit or unfit, I must take ll these things in hand myself; and I do not think the leading article of ur Correspondence will remain, after the present month, so wholly unsatis- ictory.

8. (II.) Affairs of the Master. (12th December, 1877.)

Since I last gave definite statements of these,[4] showing that in cash I ad only some twelve thousand pounds left, the sale of Turner's drawings, ut of the former collection of Mr. Munro, of Novar, took place; and I onsidered it my duty, for various reasons, to possess myself of Caernarvon astle, Leicester Abbey, and the Bridge of Narni;[5] the purchase of which, ith a minor acquisition or two besides, reduced my available cash, by my anker's account yesterday, to £10,223, that being the market value of y remaining £4000 Bank Stock. I have directed them to sell this stock, nd buy me £9000 New Threes instead; by which operation I at once se about sixty pounds a year of interest (in conformity with my views ready enough expressed on that subject[6]), and I put a balance of some- ing over £1500 in the Bank, to serve St. George and me till we can ok about us a little.

Both the St. George's and my private account will henceforward be ndered by myself, with all clearness possible to me; but they will no nger be allowed to waste the space of *Fors*. They will be forwarded on parate sheets to the Companions, and be annually purchasable by the ublic.[7]

[1] [Ruskin is writing in December 1877. During preceding weeks he had been livering the course of lectures entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (Vol. XXII. . 508 *seq.*).]

[2] [See above, p. 273.]

[3] [This was ultimately done in October 1878: see Vol. XXX.]

[4] [See above, pp. 98–104.]

[5] [For these purchases, see Vol. XXV. p. xix.; and for the drawings themselves, ol. XIII. pp. 442, 444, 424.]

[6] [See Letters 76, § 20; 80, §§ 15–17 (above, pp. 103, 185–187).]

[7] [See Vol. XXX.]

I further stated, in last year's letters, that at the close of 1877 should present my Marylebone property to St. George for a Christmas gif without interfering with Miss Octavia Hill's management of it.[1] But thi piece of business, like everything else I try to do just now, has its ow hitches; the nature of which will be partly understood on reading som recent correspondence between Miss Hill and myself, which I trust ma be closed, and in form presentable, next month.[2] The transference of th property will take place all the same; but it will be seen to have becom questionable how far Miss Hill may now consent to retain her control ove the tenants.

9. (III.) We cannot begin the New Year under better auspices tha are implied in the two following letters.

To Mr. John Ruskin, LL.D.

"Honoured Sir,—I send ten shillings, which I beg you to accept as a gift fo your St. George's Fund. The sum is small, but I have been thinking that as yo are now bringing some plots of land into cultivation, that even so small a sum if spent in the purchase of two or three apple or other fruit trees suitable to th locality, they might be pointed to, in a few years' time, to show what had bee the result of a small sum, when wisely deposited in the Bank of Nature.

"Yours very Respectfully,
"A Garden Workman,
"This day 80 years old,
"Joseph Stapleton.

"*November* 28*th*, 1877."

(The apple-trees will be planted in Worcestershire,[3] and kept separat note of.)

"Cloughton Moor, near Scarborough,
"*November* 15, 1877.

"Dear Master,—We have delayed answering your very kind letter, for whic we were very grateful, thinking that soon we should be hearing again fro Mr. Bagshawe, because we had a letter from him the same day that we got yours asking for particulars of the agreement between myself and Dr. Rooke. I answere him by return of post, requesting him likewise to get the affair settled as soon a convenient; but we have not heard anything since. But we keep working away and have got the house and some of the land a bit shapely. We are clearing and intend closing, about sixteen hundred yards of what we think the most suit able and best land for a garden, and shall plant a few currant and gooseberr bushes in, I hope directly, if the weather keeps favourable. In wet weather w repair the cottage indoors, and all seems to go on very nicely. The childre enjoy it very much, and so do we too, for you see we are all together—'father' always at home.' I shall never be afraid of being out of work again, there is s much to do; and I think it will pay, too. Of course it will be some time befor it returns anything, excepting tired limbs, and the satisfaction that it is, and looks

[1] [See Letter 76, § 20 (p. 102).]
[2] [See below, pp. 354–360.]
[3] [This, however, was not done.]

etter. We intend rearing poultry and have a cow, perhaps, when we get some-
ing to grow to feed them with; and to that intent I purpose preparing stone
is winter to build an outbuilding for them in the spring-time. I can do it all
yself—the working part; but should require help to purchase lime and timber,
ut not yet. We shall try our best to work and make our arrangements suit your
ews as far as we understand them, and anything you could like us to do, we
all be glad to perform.

"Yours truly,
"JOHN GUY.

"Our gross earnings for the year is £54, 18s. 3½d. Our expenses this year have
een heavy, with two removals, but we have a balance of £11 after paying tenth,
r which we enclose Post Office order for £5, 9s. 10d. We have plenty of clothing
d shoes and fuel to serve us the winter through; so Mary says we can do very
ell until spring."[1]

10. (IV.) The following important letters set the question raised about
e Bishops' returns of income at rest. I need scarcely point out how
esirable it would be for these matters to be put on so simple footing as
leave no ground for misapprehension by the common people. "Disin-
enuousness" which the writer suspects in the "Humanitarian" is not
sually a fault of the lower orders; nor do they ever fail in respect to a
ood and active clergyman.

"*November* 28, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I see from the November *Fors*[2] that you ask for further
xplanation of some figures published by a 'Humanitarian,' of Bishopwearmouth,
uching the Bishops' incomes of thirty-nine years ago. 'The apparent discrepancy
etween the actual and alleged incomes' is very easily explained. The larger
gures are not, and are not said to be, the incomes *of the Bishops* at all. The
tates were then let on 'beneficial' leases; and the people who held these leases,
enerally country squires, were the real owners of the lands, paying to the Bishops
ncient nominal rents, and occasional lump sums ('fines'), when the leases were
newed. The big sums, therefore, are the estimated rental *of the lands*—that is,
., in the case of York the £41,030 represent the rents paid *to the country gentle-
en* by their tenants, and the £13,798 is the average, one year with another, of
hat the squires paid to the Archbishop in rents and fines. The difference, of
urse, represents the value of the lands to the squires. What the figures really
ow, therefore, is the amount of Church property which, little by little, in the
urse of centuries, through a bad system of tenure, had got into the hands of
ymen. This bad system has been long abolished, under the operation of divers
ws passed in 1841, and later; and the Bishops have now, as your other table
ows, much-reduced and unvarying income."

"It may help you to see how the proportions (in the case of different Bishops)
the Bishops' receipts to value of lands, vary so much, when I explain that the
erage episcopal income was required, in the forms issued by the Royal Commission,
be made out from the actual receipts of a specified period—seven years, I think.*

* The term had necessarily to be moderate, as it would have been useless to
k a Bishop as to the receipts of his predecessor.

[1] [For a previous letter from John Guy, see Letter 78, § 23 (p. 144).]
[2] [Letter 83, § 19 (p. 275).]

Now the separate leaseholds were of very various values, some big and some littl and it would often happen that several years elapsed without any big 'fine' fallin in; and then there might come, in quick succession, the renewals of three or fo very valuable estates, thus raising immensely the average for those particul years. Hence every Bishop's return, though accurately given as required, was very rough average, though the return, taken as a whole—that is, as regards a the sees together—gave a fair view of the facts. The ins and outs of the affai you see, can only be understood by people familiar with the working of the no obsolete system. I therefore in my last note abstained from saying more than wa just sufficient to indicate the blunder, or disingenuousness, of the pamphletee knowing that it would be useless to burden your pages with farther details. T any one who knows the facts, the large figures given as the *apparent* incomes o Bishops are simply ludicrous. No Bishop ever had any income approaching t £50,000. That of the late Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, was always quoted a exorbitantly vast, and it was about £19,000. I know privately that the late Arch bishop of Canterbury, with his £15,000 a year, left his family the noble fortun of £600 per annum!"

11. (V.) "The Fate of Cyfarthfa.—Mr. Crawshay has put a summary end t all rumours as to the possibility of a start at Cyfarthfa. One of his old servants says the *Western Mail*, wrote to him lately on matters apart from the iron works; but in the course of his letter he asked his old master whether ther were any hopes of the works being again started. The reply from Mr. Crawsha was as follows: 'Trade is worse than ever it was, and I see not the slightes chance of Cyfarthfa starting again; and I believe if it ever does start it will b under different circumstances to the present, as it will require a large sum to b laid out in improvements, such as making steel-works, etc. I am too near m grave to think of doing anything of the sort; and I think so badly of trad altogether that I have no wish to see my sons remain in it. I am feeling ver poorly, and do not think I can possibly live very long, and if I am able shall sell the works before I die. There is nothing now to bind me to them, fo I have been estranged from them by the conduct of the men. I always hope and expected to die with the works going, and the same feeling among the me for their employers; but things have changed, and all is different, and I go t my grave feeling I am a perfect stranger, as all my old men are gone, o nearly so.'"[1]

"9, Stevenson Square, Manchester,
"*9th October*, 1877.

"My dear Sir,—Could you have thought, did you expect, that such an utte vindication of your words would embody itself in this form?

"T. W. P.

"J. Ruskin, Esq."

12. Yes, my friend, I not only expected, but knew positively that such vindication, not of my words only, but of the words of all the servants of God, from the beginning of days, would assuredly come, alike in this, and in other yet more terrible, forms. But it is to be noted that there are four quite distinct causes operating in the depression of English,—especially iron,—trade, of which two are our own fault; and the other two, being inevitable, should have been foreseen long since, by even the vulgar sagacity of self-interest.

The first great cause is the separation between masters and men, which is wholly the masters' fault, and the necessary result of the defiance of every moral law of human relation by modern political economy.

[1] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 86, § 17 (p. 353).]

The second is the loss of custom, in consequence of bad work—also a esult of the teaching of modern political economy.

The third, affecting especially the iron trade, is that the funds which ıe fools of Europe had at their disposal, with which to build iron bridges ıstead of wooden ones, put up spike railings instead of palings, and make ıachines in substitution for their arms and legs, are now in a great egree exhausted; and by the time the rails are all rusty, the bridges ıapped, and the machines found to reap and thresh no more corn than ms did, the fools of Europe will have learned a lesson or two which will ot be soon forgotten, even by *them;* and the iron trade will be slack nough, thereafter.

The fourth cause of trade depression, — bitter to the hearts of the ersons whom Mr. Herbert Spencer calls patriots,[1]—is, that the inhabitants f other countries have begun to perceive that they have got hands as ell as we—and possibly, in some businesses, even better hands; and that ıey may just as well make their own wares as buy them of us. Which holesome discovery of theirs will in due time mercifully put an end to ıe British ideal of life in the National Shop; and make it at last plain to e British mind that the cliffs of Dover were not constructed by Providence erely to be made a large counter.

13. (VI.) The following paper by Professor W. J. Beal is sent me by a ›rrespondent from a New York journal. The reader is free to attach ch weight to it as he thinks proper. The passage about the Canada ıistle is very grand.

"Interest money is a heavy tax on many people of the United States. There no other burden in the shape of money which weighs down like interest, unless be money spent for intoxicating liquors. Men complain of high State taxes, of ıool-taxes, and taxes for bridges, sewers (? grading), and for building churches. ›r some of these they are able to see an equivalent, but for money paid as terest—for the use of money, few realize or gain (? guess) what it costs. It is expensive luxury to pay for the mere privilege of handling what does not long to you. People are likely to overestimate your wealth, and (make you ?) y more taxes than you ought to.

"In most parts of our new country, ten per cent. per annum, or more, is paid the use of money. A shrewd business man may reasonably make it pay to e at this rate for a short time, but even such men often fail to make it profitable. is an uncommon thing for any business to pay a sure and safe return of ten r cent. for any length of time. The profits of great enterprises, like railroads, ınufactories of iron, cloth, farm-implements, etc., etc., are so variable, so ctuating, that it is difficult to tell their average profit, or the average profit any one of them. We know it is not uncommon for railroads to go into the nds of a receiver, because they cannot pay the interest on their debts. Factories ›p, and often go to decay, because they cannot pay running expenses. Often ›y cannot continue without losing money, to say nothing about the interest on › capital. Merchants seldom can pay ten per cent. on large amounts for any ıgth of time. Even six per cent. is a heavy tax on any kind of business.

"But it was not of these classes that I intended to speak at this time. The ıiter has been most of his life among farmers, and has had unusual opportunities studying their management of finances. It may be worse in a new country

[1] [See Vol. XVII. p. 556.]

than in an old one, but so far as my knowledge extends, a large majority of th farms of Michigan are covered by a mortgage. The farmer needs capital to bu sheep, cattle, tools; to build houses and barns, and to clear and prepare lan for crops. He is very likely to underestimate the cost of a farm, and what i takes to stock it properly. He invests all his money, and perhaps runs in debt for his land alone, leaving nothing with which to furnish it. Quite often he buy more land before he has money to pay for it, or even before he has paid off th mortgage on his present farm. Times may be easy; crops may be good, and higl in price, for a few years. He overestimates his ability to make money, and run in debt. Fortune changes. He has 'bad luck,' and the debt grows larger instea of smaller.

"Farming is a safe business, but even this has its dark side. Good crops ar by no means sure, even with good culture. Blight, drought, insects, fire, sickness and other calamities may come when least expected, and with a large debt over whelm the hopeful farmer.

"I have never seen a farm that for several years together paid ten per cent interest on the capital invested. In an old scrap-book I find the following: 'N blister draws sharper than does the interest. Of all industries, none is comparabl to that of interest. It works all day and night, in fair weather and in foul It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substanc with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in the spider' web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and lettin him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. Ther is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarm with new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, an every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like a armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet, a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than to be at ease upo interest.'

"There are some exceptions to the general rule, that no man should run in debt. It may be better for one to owe something on a house and lot than t move from house to house every year or so and pay a high rent. It may do fo a farmer to incur a small debt on a new piece of land, or on some improvement, bu be cautious. A small debt will sometimes stimulate to industry and economy but a large one will often weary, and finally come off victorious.

"A farmer wishes to save his extra lot for his son, and so pays ten per cent. His sons and daughters cannot go to a good school or college because of that mortgage. The son sees the privations of a farmer's life under unfavourable circumstances. The father dies, and leaves the farm to his son with a heavy debt on it, which he in vain attempts to remove, or he sells the farm and leaves that kind of drudgery. Very often a farmer is keeping more land than he is able to work or manage well. He does not know how to get value received, and more out of his hired help. Such a one is unwise not to sell a part, clear the debt, and work the remainder better."

14. (VII.) The passage referred to in the text,[1] from Mr. Bucknall's translation of M. Viollet-le-Duc's essay on Mont Blanc:—

"But what is man in presence of the great phenomena which geology reveals? What can he do to utilize or to counteract their consequences? How can such diminutive beings, whose most numerous army would be barely noticed on the slopes of these mountains, in any degree modify the laws which govern the distribution of watercourses, alluvial deposits, denudations, and the accumulation

[1] [See above, § 5. For particulars of the book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 221. Ruskin's extracts are from its last chapter ("Influence of the Labours of Man in the Distribution of Watercourses"), pp. 337-340, 353-356, 375-378.]

nd melting of snows on such vast mountain masses? Is not their impotence ıanifest?

"No; the most terrible and powerful phenomena of Nature are only the result f the multiplication of infinitesimal appliances or forces. The blade of grass or ıe fibre of moss performs a scarcely appreciable function, but which, when multilied, conducts to a result of considerable importance. The drop of water which enetrates by degrees into the fissures of the hardest rocks, when crystallized as ıe result of a lowering of the temperature, ultimately causes mountains to crumble. n Nature there are no insignificant appliances, or, rather, the action of Nature only the result of insignificant appliances. Man, therefore, can act in his turn, nce these small means are not beyond the reach of his influence, and his intellience enables him to calculate their effects. Yet owing to his neglect of the study f Nature—his parent and great nurturer, and thus ignorant of her procedure, ıan is suddenly surprised by one of the phases of her incessant work, and sees his rops and habitations swept away by an inundation. Does he proceed to examine ıe cause of what he calls a cataclysm, but which is only the consequence of an ccumulation of phenomena? No; he attributes it to Providence, restores his dykes, ›ws his fields, and rebuilds his dwellings; and then . . . waits for the disaster -which is a consequence of laws he has neglected to study—to occur again. Is not thus that things have been taking place for centuries?—while Nature, subject) her own laws, is incessantly pursuing her work with an inflexible logical persis-ency. The periodical inundations which lay waste vast districts are only a conseuence of the action of these laws; it is for us, therefore, to become acquainted ith them, and to direct them to our advantage.

"We have seen in the preceding investigations that Nature had, at the epoch f the great glacial débacles, contrived reservoirs at successive stages, in which the ›rrent waters deposited the materials of all dimensions that were brought down -first in the form of drift, whence sifting them, they caused them to descend ›wer down; the most bulky being deposited first, and the lightest, in the form f silt, being carried as far as the low plains. We have seen that, in filling up ›ost of these reservoirs by the deposit of material, the torrents tended to make ıeir course more and more sinuous—to lengthen it, and thus to diminish the opes, and consequently render their flow less rapid. We have seen that in the igher regions the torrents found points of rest—levels prepared by the disintegıtion of the slopes; and that from these levels they incessantly cause *débris* to e precipitated, which ultimately formed cones of dejection, often permeable, and the base of which the waters, retarded in their course and filtered, spread in vulets through the valleys.

"Not only have men misunderstood the laws of which we mention here only ›rtain salient points, but they have for the most part run counter to them, and ıve thus been paving the way for the most formidable disasters. Ascending the ılleys, man has endeavoured to make the great laboratories of the mountains subervient to his requirements. To obtain pastures on the slopes, he has destroyed ıst forests; to obtain fields suitable for agriculture in the valleys, he has emınked the torrents, or has obliterated their sinuosities, thus precipitating their ›urse towards the lower regions; or, again, bringing the mud-charged waters into ıe marshes, he has dried up the latter by suppressing a great many accidental ›serves. The mountaineer has had but one object in view—to get rid as quickly possible of the waters with which he is too abundantly supplied, without conerning himself with what may happen in the lower grounds. Soon, however, he ›comes himself the first victim of his imprudence or ignorance. The forests having ›en destroyed, avalanches have rolled down in enormous masses along the slopes. hese periodical avalanches have swept down in their course the humus produced y large vegetable growths; and in place of the pastures which the mountaineer ıought he was providing for his flocks, he has found nothing more than the enuded rock, allowing the water produced by rain or thawing to flow in a few oments down to the lower parts, which are then rapidly submerged and desolated. o obtain a few acres by drying up a marsh or a small lake, he has often lost

double the space lower down in consequence of the more rapid discharge of pebbles and sand. As soon as vegetation has attempted to grow on the cones of dejection—the products of avalanches, and which consist entirely of *débris*—he will send his herds of goats there, which will destroy in a few hours the work of several years. At the terminal point of the elevated combes—where the winter causes the snows to accumulate—far from encouraging the larger vegetable growths, which would mitigate the destructive effects of the avalanches, he has been in the habit of cutting down the trees, the approach to such points being easy, and the cones of dejection favouring the sliding down of the trunks into the valley.

"This destruction of the forests appears to entail consequences vastly more disastrous than are generally supposed. Forests protect forests, and the more the work of destruction advances, the more do they incline to abandon the altitudes in which they once flourished. At the present day, around the *massif* of Mont Blanc, the larch, which formerly grew vigorously at an elevation of six thousand feet, and marked the limit of the larger vegetable growths, is quitting those heights, leaving isolated witnesses in the shape of venerable trunks which are not replaced by young trees.

. . . . . .

"Having frequently entered into conversation with mountaineers on those elevated plateaux, I have taken occasion to explain to them these simple problems, to point out to them the foresight of Nature and the improvidence of man, and to show how by trifling efforts it was easy to restore a small lake, to render a stream less rapid, and to stop the fall of materials in those terrible couloirs. They would listen attentively, and the next day would anticipate me in remarking, 'Here is a good place to make a reservoir. By moving a few large stones here, an avalanche might be arrested.'

"The herdsmen are the enemies of the forests; what they want is pasturage. As far as they can, therefore, they destroy the forests, without suspecting that their destruction is sure to entail that of the greater part of the pastures.

"We saw in the last chapter that the lowering* of the limit of the woods appears to be directly proportioned to the diminution of the glaciers; in fact, that the smaller the volume of the glaciers, the more do the forests approach the lower (? higher[1]) regions. We have found stumps of enormous larches on the beds of the ancient glaciers that surmounted La Flégère, beneath the Aiguilles Pourries and the Aiguilles Rouges—*i.e.*, more than three hundred feet above the level of the modern Châlet de La Flégère, whereas at present the last trees are some yards below this hotel, and maintain but a feeble existence. These deserts are now covered only with stone *débris*, rhododendrons, and scanty pasturage. Even in summer, water is absent at many points, so that to supply their cattle the herdsmen of La Flégère have been obliged to conduct the waters of the Lacs Blancs into reservoirs by means of a small dyke which follows the slopes of the ancient moraines. Yet the bottoms of the trough-shaped hollows are sheltered, and contain a thick layer of humus, so that it would appear easy, in spite of the altitude (6600 feet), to raise larches there. But the larch is favoured by the neighbourhood of snows or ice. And on this plateau, whose summits reach an average of 8500 feet, scarcely a few patches of snow are now to be seen in August.

"Formerly these ancient glacier beds were dotted with small tarns, which have been drained off for the most part by the herdsmen themselves, who hoped thus to gain a few square yards of pasture. Such tarns, frozen from October to May, preserve the snow and form small glaciers, while their number caused

* "Raising," I think the author must have meant.[1]

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[1] [But see Letter 86, § 12, note by Mr. Willett (p. 348).]

ese solitudes to preserve permanent névés, which, covering the rocky beds, tarded their disintegration. It was then also that the larches, whose stumps ill remain, covered the hollows and sheltered parts of the combes. The area pasturage was evidently limited; but the pasturage itself was good, well ıtered, and could not be encroached upon. Now both tarns and névés have sappeared, and larches likewise, while we see inroads constantly made on the adows by stony *débris* and sand.

"If care be not taken, the valley from Nant-Borant to Bonhomme, which still joys such fine pastures, protected by some remains of forests, will be invaded *débris;* for these forests are already being cleared in consequence of a complete isunderstanding of the conditions imposed by the nature of the locality.

"Conifers would seem to have been created with a view to the purpose they rve on the slopes of the mountains. Their branches, which exhibit a constant rdure, arrest the snows, and are strongly enough attached to their trunk to able them to support the load they have to carry. In winter we may see yers of snow eight inches or a foot thick on the palmated branches of the firs, t which scarcely make them bend. Thus every fir is a shelf which receives the ow and hinders it from accumulating as a compact mass on the slopes. Under ese conditions avalanches are impossible. When the thaws come, these small parate stores crumble successively into powder. The trunk of the conifer clings the rocks by the help of its roots, which, like wide-spread talons, go far to ek their nourishment, binding together among them all the rolling stones. In t, the conifer prefers a rock, settles on it, and envelops it with its strong ots as with a net, which, stretching far and wide, go in search of neighuring stones, and attach them to the first as if to prevent all chance of their pping down.* In the interstices *débris* of leaves and branches accumulate, d a humus is formed which retains the waters and promotes the growth of rbaceous vegetation.

"It is wonderful to see how, in a few years, slopes, composed of materials of shapes, without any appearance of vegetation, become covered with thick and gorous fir plantations—*i.e.*, if the goats do not tear off the young shoots, and a little rest is left to the heaps on which they grow. Then the sterile ground clothed, and if an avalanche occurs, it may prostrate some of the young trees d make itself a passage, but vegetation is eager to repair the damage. Does ın ever aid in this work? No; he is its most dangerous enemy. Among these ung conifers he sends his herds of goats, which in a few days make sad havoc, ır off the shoots, or hinder them from growing; moreover, he will cut down the nder trunks for firewood, whereas the great neighbouring forest would furnish n, in the shape of dead wood and fallen branches, with abundance of fuel.

"We have observed this struggle between man and vegetation for several ars in succession. Sometimes, but rarely, the rising forest gains the victory, d, having reached a certain development, can defend itself. But most frequently is atrophied, and presents a mass of stunted trunks, which an avalanche crushes d buries in a few moments.

. . . . . .

"Reservoirs in steps at successive heights are the only means for preventing e destructive effects of floods, for regulating the streams, and supplying the ins during the dry seasons. If, when Nature is left to herself, she gradually s up those she had formed, she is incessantly forming fresh ones; but here ın interferes and prevents the work. He is the first to suffer from his ignorance d cupidity; and what he considers his right to the possession of the soil is too en the cause of injury to his neighbours and to himself.

* Compare the chapter on the offices of the Root, in *Proserpina.*[1]

[1] [Vol. XXV. p. 221.]

"Civilized nations are aware that in the towns they build it is necessary to institute sanitary regulations—that is, regulations for the public welfare, which are a restriction imposed on the absolute rights of property. These civilized nations have also established analogous regulations respecting highways, the watercourses in the plains, the chase, and fishing; but they have scarcely troubled themselves about mountain districts, *which are the sources of all the wealth of the country* (Italics mine; but the statement needs qualification.—J. R.); for where there are no mountains there are no rivers, consequently no cultivated lands, nothing but *steppes*, furnishing, at best, pasturage for a few cattle distributed over immense areas.

"On the pretext that mountain regions are difficult of access, those among us who are entrusted by destiny, ambition, or ability, with the management of the national interests, find it easier to concern themselves with the plains than with the heights. (I don't find any governments, nowadays, concerning themselves even with the *plains*, except as convenient fields for massacre.—J. R.)

"We allow that in those elevated solitudes Nature is inclement, and is stronger than we are; but it so happens that an inconsiderable number of shepherds and poor ignorant mountaineers are free to do in those altitudes what their immediate interests suggest to them. What do those good people care about that which happens in the plains? They have timber, for which the sawmill is ready, and they fell it where the transport to that sawmill is least laborious. Is not the incline of the couloir formed expressly for sliding the trunks directly to the mill?

"They have water in too great abundance, and they get rid of it as fast as they can. They have young fir-plants, of which the goats are fond; and to make a cheese which they sell for fifty centimes, they destroy a hundred francs' worth of timber, thereby exposing their slopes to be denuded of soil, and their own fields to be destroyed. They have infertile marshes, and they drain them by digging a ditch requiring two days' work. These marshes were filled with accumulations of peat, which, like a sponge, retained a considerable quantity of water at the time of the melting of the snows. They dry up the turf for fuel, and the rock, being denuded, sends in a few minutes into the torrents the water which that turf held in reserve for several weeks. Now and then an observer raises a cry of alarm, and calls attention to the reckless waste of territorial wealth. Who listens to what he says? who reads what he writes? (*Punch* read my notes on the inundations at Rome, and did his best to render them useless.—J. R.[1])

"Rigorously faithful to her laws, Nature does not carry up again the pebble which a traveller's foot has rolled down the slope—does not replant the forests which your thoughtless hands have cut down, when the naked rock appears, and the soil has been carried away by the melted snows and the rain—does not restore the meadow to the disappearance of whose soil our want of precaution has contributed. Far from comprehending the marvellous logic of these laws, you contravene their beneficent control, or at least impede their action. So much the worse for you, poor mortal! Do not, however, complain if your lowlands are devastated, and your habitations swept away; and do not vainly impute these disasters to a vengeance or a warning on the part of Providence. For these disasters are mainly owing to your ignorance, your prejudices, and your cupidity."

[1] [See *Punch*, February 4, 1871, vol. 60, p. 52: "Ruskin's Remedy for Inundation." For his reply to *Punch*, see below, Letter 86, § 10 (p. 345); for the Letters on Roman Inundations, see Letter 33, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 622), and Vol. XVII. pp. 547 *seq.* The article in *Punch*—a serio-comic criticism of Ruskin's schemes—was founded more particularly on the second of the letters given in Vol. XVII.]

LETTER 86

LET US (ALL) EAT AND DRINK[1]

In assuming that the English Bible may yet be made e rule of faith and conduct to the English people; and placing in the Sheffield Library, for its first volume, a S. of that Bible in its perfect form,[2] much more is of urse accepted as the basis of our future education than e reader will find taken for the ground either of argument appeal, in any of my writings on political economy evious to the year 1875. It may partly account for the ant of success of those writings, that they pleaded for nesty without praise, and for charity without reward;—at they entirely rejected, as any motive of moral action, e fear of future judgment; and—taking St. Paul in his ny at his bitterest word,—"Let us eat and drink, for -morrow we die,"—they merely expanded that worldly solution into its just terms: "Yes, let us eat and drink" -what else?—but let us *all* eat and drink, and not a w only, enjoining fast to the rest.

Nor do I, in the least item, now retract the assertion, often made in my former works,* that human probity d virtue are indeed entirely independent of any hope in

* Most carefully wrought out in the preface to the *Crown of Wild Olive* ol. XVIII. pp. 392–399.]

[1] [1 Corinthians xv. 32.]
[2] [See Letters 69, § 18 *n.*, and 70, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 703, 727).]

futurity; and that it is precisely in accepting death a the end of all, and in laying down, on that sorrowful con dition, his life for his friends, that the hero and patric of all time has become the glory and safety of his country The highest ideals of manhood given for types of conduc in *Unto this Last*,[1] and the assertions that the merchan and common labourer must be ready, in the discharge o their duty, to die rather than fail, assume nothing mor than this; and all the proper laws of human society may b perfectly developed and obeyed, and must be so whereve such society is constituted with prudence, though none o them be sanctioned by any other Divinity than that of ou own souls, nor their violation punished by any other penalt than perfect death. There is no reason that we shoul drink foul water in London, because we never hope t drink of the stream of the City of God;[2] nor that w should spend most of our income in making machines fo the slaughter of innocent nations, because we never expec to gather the leaves of the tree for their healing.[3]

2. Without, therefore, ceasing to press the works of pru dence even on Infidelity, and expect deeds and thought of honour even from Mortality, I yet take henceforwar happier, if not nobler, ground of appeal, and write as a Christian to Christians; that is to say, to persons wh rejoice in the hope of a literal, personal, perpetual life, wit a literal, personal, and eternal God.

To all readers holding such faith, I now appeal, urgin them to confess Christ before men; which they will find on self-examination, they are most of them afraid to do.

For going to church is only a compliance with th fashion of the day; not in the least a confession of Christ but only the expression of a desire to be thought as respectable as other people. Staying to sacrament is usually not much more; though it *may* become superstitious, an

[1] [See §§ 21–24 (Vol. XVII. pp. 39–42).]
[2] [Psalms xlvi. 4.]
[3] [Revelation xxii. 2.]

mere service done to obtain dispensation from other ser-
ices. Violent combativeness for particular sects, as Evan-
elical, Roman Catholic, High Church, Broad Church—or
ne like, is merely a form of party-egotism, and a defiance
f Christ, not confession of Him.

But to confess Christ is, first, to behave righteously,
uthfully, and continently; and then, to separate ourselves
om those who are manifestly or by profession rogues, liars,
nd fornicators. Which it is terribly difficult to do; and
hich the Christian Church has at present entirely ceased
attempt doing.

3. And, accordingly, beside me, as I write, to-day
hortest day, 1877), lies the (on the whole) honestest journal
London,[1]—*Punch*,—with a moral piece of Christian art
cupying two of its pages, representing the Turk in a
man form, as a wounded and all but dying victim—sur-
unded by the Christian nations, under the forms of bear
nd vultures.[2]

"This witness is true"[3] as against themselves, namely,
at hitherto the action of the Christian nation to the infidel
s always been one of rapine, in the broad sense. The
urk *is* what he is because we—have been only Christians
name. And another witness is true, which is a very
rious one; never, so far as I know, yet received from
st history.

Wherever the Christian Church, or any section of it,
s indeed resolved to live a Christian life, and keep God's
ws in God's name,—there, instantly, manifest approval of
eaven is given by accession of *worldly prosperity* and
ctory. This witness has only been unheard, because every
ct of Christians refuses to believe that the religion of
y other sect can be sincere, or accepted of Heaven: while
e truth is that it does not matter a burnt stick's end

[1] [Compare Letter 42, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 98).]
[2] [A double-page cartoon by Tenniel, entitled "The Gathering of the Eagles" Austria and Germany on the one side, the Russian Bear on the other.]
[3] [Titus i. 13.]

from the altar, in Heaven's sight, whether you are Cathol or Protestant, Eastern, Western, Byzantine, or Norman, bu only whether you are true. So that the moment Veni is true to St. Mark, her flag flies over all the Easter islands; and the moment Florence is true to the Lady o Lilies, her flag flies over all the Apennines; and the momer Switzerland is true to Notre Dame des Neiges, her pin club beats down the Austrian lances; and the momer England is true to her Protestant virtue, all the sea-winc ally themselves with her against the Armada: and thoug after-shame and infidel failure follow upon every natio yet the glory of their great religious day remains unsullie and in that, they live for ever.[1]

4. This is the Temporal lesson of all history, and wit that there is another Spiritual lesson,—namely, that in th ages of faith, conditions of prophecy and seer-ship exis among the faithful nations, in painting and scripture, whic are also immortal and divine;—of which it has been m own special mission to speak for the most part of my life but only of late I have understood completely the mear ing of what had been taught me,—in beginning to lear somewhat more, of which I must not speak to-day; Fo appointing that I should rather say final word respectin our present state of spiritual fellowship, exemplified in th strikes of our workmen, the misery that accompanies then and the articles of our current literature thereupon.

The said current literature, on this subject, being almos entirely under the command of the masters, has consiste chiefly in lectures on the guilt and folly of strikes, withou in any wise addressing itself to point out to the me any other way of settling the question. "You can't hav three shillings a day in such times; but we will give yo two and sixpence; you had better take it—and, both o religious and commercial grounds, make no fuss. Ho much better is two-and-sixpence than nothing! and if onc

[1] [On sincerity as the essential element in creeds, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 19.]

ıe mill stop—think—where shall we be all then?" "Yes," ıe men answer, "but if to-day we take two and sixpence, 'hat is to hinder you, to-morrow, from observing to us ıat two shillings are better than nothing, and we had better ıke *that* sum on religious and commercial principles, with-ıt fuss. And the day after, may not the same pious and ıoral instructors recommend to us the contented acceptance ? eighteenpence? A stand must clearly be made some-here, and we choose to make it here, and now."

The masters again have reason to rejoin: "True, but we give you three shillings to-day, how are we to know ɔu will not stand for three and sixpence to-morrow, and r four shillings next week? A stand must be made some-here, and we choose to make it here, and now."

5. What solution is there, then? and of what use are ıy quantity of homilies either to man or master, on their anner of debate, that show them no possible solution in ıother way? As things are at present, the quarrel can ıly be practically closed by imminence of starvation on ıe side, or of bankruptcy on the other: even so, closed ıly for a moment,—never ended, burning presently forth ain, to sink silent only in death;—while, year after year, e agonies of conflict and truces of exhaustion produce, r reward of the total labour, and fiat of the total council the people, the minimum of gain for the maximum of ıisery.

Scattered up and down, through every page I have ritten on political economy for the last twenty years,[1] the ıader will find unfailing reference to a principle of solu-ɔn in such dispute, which is rarely so much as named by her arbitrators;—or if named, never believed in: yet, this ling indeed the only principle of decision, the conscience it, however repressed, stealthily modifies every arbitrative ɔrd.

The men are rebuked, in the magistral homilies, for

[1] [See, for the "law of Grace," *Munera Pulveris*, § 100 (Vol. XVII. p. 224).]

their ingratitude in striking. Then there must be a law o *Grace*, which at least the masters recognize. The men a mocked in the magistral homilies for their folly in strikin Then there must be a law of *Wisdom*, which at least th masters recognize.

Appeal to *these*, then, for their entire verdict, mo virtuous masters, all-gracious and all-wise. These reproba ones, graceless and senseless, cannot find their way fo themselves; you must guide them. That much I told yo years and years ago.[1] You will have to do it, in spite o all your liberty-mongers. Masters, in fact, you must be not in name.

6. But, as yet blind; and drivers—not leaders—of th blind,[2] you must pull the beams out of your own eyes now; and that bravely. Preach your homily to yourselve first. Let me hear once more how it runs, to the me "Oh foolish and ungrateful ones," you say, "did we no once on a time give you high wages—even so high tha you contentedly drank yourselves to death; and now, o foolish and forgetful ones, that the time has come fo us to give you low wages, will you not contentedly als starve yourselves to death?"

Alas, wolf-shepherds—this is St. George's word to you:-

"In your prosperity you gave these men high wage not in any kindness to *them*, but in contention for busines among yourselves. You allowed the men to spend thei wage in drunkenness, and you boasted of that drunken ness by the mouth of your Chancellor of the Exchequer and in the columns of your leading journal, as a principa sign of the country's prosperity.[4] You have declared agai and again, by vociferation of all your orators, that you hav wealth so overflowing that you do not know what to d with it.[5] These men who dug the wealth for you, now li

[1] [In *Unto this Last* (1860) and *Time and Tide* (1867): see Vol. XVII. pp. 2 *seq.*, 319–320.]
[2] [Matthew xv. 14.]
[3] [Luke vi. 42.]
[4] [See Letter 12, § 24 (Vol. XXVII. p. 215).]
[5] [See Letters 22, § 7 (*ibid.*, p. 376), and 48, § 21 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 220-221)

tarving at the mouths of the hell-pits you made them ig; yea, their bones lie scattered at the grave's mouth, ke as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the arth.[1] Your boasted wealth—where is it? Is the war etween these and you, because you now mercilessly refuse nem food, or because all your boasts of wealth were lies, nd you have none to give?

"Your boasts of wealth *were* lies. You were working om hand to mouth in your best times; now your work stopped, and you have nothing in the country to pay r food with; still less any store of food laid by. And ow much distress and wrath you will have to bear before u learn the lesson of justice, God only knows. But this the lesson you *have* to learn."

7. Every workman in any craft* must pass his examinaon (crucial, not competitive) when he comes of age, and then registered as capable of his profession; those who nnot pass in the higher crafts being remitted to the wer, until they find their level. Then every registered orkman must be employed where his work is needed—ou interrupt me to say that his work is needed nowhere? hen, what do you want with machinery, if already you ve more hands than enough, to do everything that needs be done?)—by direction of the guild he belongs to, and id by that guild his appointed wages, constant and unterable by any chance or phenomenon whatsoever. His ages must be given him day by day, from the hour of s entering the guild, to the hour of his death, never

* Ultimately, as often before stated, every male child born in England ust learn some manner of skilled work by which he may earn his bread. afterwards his fellow-workers choose that he shall sing, or make eeches to them instead, and that they will give him his turnip a day, or newhat more, for Parliamentary advice, at their pleasure be it. I heard the 7th of January this year that many of the men in Wales were luced to that literal nourishment. Compare *Fors*, Nov. 1871.[2]

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[1] [Psalms cxli. 7.]
[2] [Letter 11, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 185).]

raised, nor lowered, nor interrupted; admitting, therefo no temptation by covetousness, no wringing of anxiety, doubt or fear of the future.

8. *That* is the literal fulfilment of what we are to pr for—"Give us each day—our daily *bread*,"[1]—observe—n our daily money. For, that wages may be constant, th must be in kind, not in money. So much bread, so mu woollen cloth, or so much fuel, as the workman chooses; in lieu of these, *if* he choose, the order for such quanti at the government stores; order to be engraved, as chooses, on gold, or silver, or paper: but the "penny" day[2] to be always and everywhere convertible, on the instan into its known measure of bread, cloth, or fuel, and to the standard, therefore, eternal and invariable, of all val of things, and wealth of men. That is the lesson you ha to learn from St. George's lips, inevitably, against a quantity of shriek, whine, or sneer, from the swindler, t adulterator, and the fool. Whether St. George will let n teach it you before I die, is his business, not mine; but surely as *I* shall die, these words of his shall *not*.

And "to-day" (which is my own shield motto[3]) I se to a London goldsmith, whose address was written for n (so Fors appointed it) by the Prince Leopold, with his ow hand,—the weight of pure gold which I mean to be o golden standard, (defined by Fors, as I will explain another place,[4]) to be beaten to the diameter of our o English "Angel," and to bear the image and superscri tions above told (*Fors*, Oct. 1875).[5]

9. And now, in due relation to this purpose of fixi the standard of bread, we continue our inquiry into t second part of the Deacon's service—in not only breaki bread, but also pouring wine, from house to house; th so making all food one sacrament, all Christian men m

[1] [Matthew vi. 11.]
[2] [Matthew xx. 2.]
[3] [See Vol. I. p. xi.]
[4] [Ruskin did not, however, revert to this subject.]
[5] [Letter 58, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 430).]

eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people, their Lord adding to their assembly daily such as shall be saved.[1]

Read first this piece of a friend's recent letter:[2]—

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—In reading over again the December *Fors*,[3] I have been struck with your question quoted, 'They have no wine?' and the command is 'Fill the water-pots with WATER.' I am greatly averse to what is called improving, spiritualizing—*i.e.*, applying the sacred text in a manner other than the simple and literal one; but Christ's words had doubtless in them a germ of thoughtful wisdom applicable to other aims and ends besides the original circumstances; and it is a singular coincidence that Fors should have induced you to close your last year with your quotation from the Cana miracle, and that the next number should propose to deal with 'filling the water-pots (*cisterna*) with water.' One thing is certain, viz., that in many parts of the world, and even in England in summer, the human obedience to the command precedent to the miracle would be impossible. Did you ever read Kingsley's Sermon on Cana? If you think it well to give a few of the extracts of him 'who being dead yet speaketh,' I shall be delighted to make them, and send them; * they are different from what one hears in ordinary churches, and are *vital* for St. George."[4]

"It is, I think in the first place, an important, as well as a pleasant thing, to know that the Lord's glory, as St. John says, was first shown forth at a wedding,—at a feast. . . . Not by helping some great philosopher to think more deeply, or some great saint to perform more wonderful acts of holiness; but in giving the simple pleasure of wine to simple, commonplace people of whom we neither read that they were rich, nor righteous. . . .

"Though no one else cares for the poor, He cares for them. With their hearts He begins His work, even as He did in England sixty years ago, by the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. Do you wish to know if anything is the Lord's work? See if it is a work among the poor. . . .

"But again, the Lord is a giver, and not a taskmaster. He does not demand from us: He gives to us. He had been giving from the foundation of the world. Corn and wine, rain and sunshine, and fruitful seasons

* From *Sermons on National Subjects.* Parker and Son. 1860.

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[1] [Acts ii. 46, 47.]
[2] [The letter was from Mr. Willett.]
[3] [Letter 84. See pp. 285, 288.]
[4] [Mr. Willett did send the extracts, and the following passages are from pp. 312–320 of *Sermons on National Subjects*, by Charles Kingsley, Second Series. London and Glasgow, Richard Griffin and Company, 1854. Dots have now been inserted where passages are omitted.]

had been His sending. And now He has come to show it. He has com to show men who it was who had been filling their heart with joy an gladness, who had been bringing out of the earth and air, by His unsee chemistry, the wine which maketh glad the heart of man.

"In every grape that hangs upon the vine, water is changed into win as the sap ripens into rich juice. He had been doing that all along, i every vineyard and orchard; and that was His glory. Now He was com to prove that; to draw back the veil of custom and carnal sense, an manifest Himself. Men had seen the grapes ripen on the tree; and the were tempted to say, as every one of us is tempted now, 'It is the su and the air, the nature of the vine and the nature of the climate, whic make the wine.' Jesus comes and answers, 'Not so; I make the wine I have been making it all along. The vines, the sun, the weather, ar only my tools, wherewith I worked, turning rain and sap into wine: an I am greater than they. I made them; I do not depend on them; I ca make wine from water without vines, or sunshine. Behold, and drink, an see my glory *without* the vineyard, since you had forgotten how to see i *in* the vineyard!' . . .

"We, as well as they, are in danger of forgetting who it is that send us corn and wine, and fruitful seasons, love, and marriage, and all th blessings of this life.

"We are now continually fancying that these outward earthly things, a we call them, in our shallow carnal conceits, have nothing to do wit Jesus or His kingdom, but that we may compete, and scrape, even cheat and lie, to get *them*,* and when we have them, misuse them selfishly, a if they belonged to no one but ourselves, as if we had no duty to perforn about them, as if we owed God no service for them.

"And again, we are in danger of spiritual pride; in danger of fancyin that because we are religious, and have, or fancy we have, deep experi ences, and beautiful thoughts about God and Christ, and our own souls therefore we can afford to despise those who do not know as much a ourselves; to despise the common pleasures and petty sorrows of poo creatures, whose souls and bodies are grovelling in the dust, busied wit the cares of this world, at their wits' end to get their daily bread; t despise the merriment of young people, the play of children, and all thos everyday happinesses which, though we may turn from them with a sneer are precious in the sight of Him who made heaven and earth.

"All such proud thoughts—all such contempt of those who do not seem as spiritual as we fancy ourselves—is evil. . . .

"See, in the epistle for the second Sunday after the Epiphany, St. Paul makes no distinction between rich and poor. This epistle is joined with the gospel of that day to show us what ought to be the conduct o Christians who believe in the miracle of Cana; what men should do who believe that they have a Lord in heaven, by whose command suns shine, fruits ripen, men enjoy the blessings of harvest, of marriage, of the comforts which the heathen and the savage, as well as the Christian, man partake. . . .

* Italics mine. The whole sentence might well have them; it is supremely important.

"My friends, these commands are not to one class, but to all. . . . Poor as well as rich may minister to others with earnestness, and condescend to those of low estate. Not a word in this whole epistle which does not apply equally to every rank, and sex, and age. Neither are these commands to each of us by ourselves, but to all of us together, as members of a family. If you will look through them, they are not things to be done to ourselves, but to our neighbours; not experiences to be felt about our own souls, but rules of conduct to our fellow-men. They are all different branches and flowers from that one root, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'

"Do we live thus, rich and poor? Can we look each other in the face this afternoon and say, each man to his neighbour, 'I have behaved like a brother to you. I have rejoiced at your good fortune, and grieved at your sorrow. I have preferred you to myself'?"

Seldom shall you read more accurate or more noble words. How is it that clergymen who can speak thus, do not see the need of gathering together, into one "*little*" flock,[1] those who will obey them?

10. I close our *Fors* this month with Mr. Willett's admirable prefatory remarks on water-distribution,[2] and a few words of his from a private letter received at the same time; noting only farther a point or two of my own mountain experience. When *Punch* threw what ridicule he could* on my proposal to form field and glen

* It is a grotesque example of the evil fortune which continually waits upon the best efforts for *essential* good made in this unlucky nineteenth century, that a journal usually so right in its judgment, and sympathetic in its temper (I speak in entire seriousness), and fearless besides in expressing both (see, for instance, the splendid article on the Prince Christian's sport in the number for the 12th of this month[3]), should have taken the wrong side, and that merely for the sake of a jest, on the most important economical question in physics now at issue in the world!

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[1] [Luke xii. 32.]

[2] [As promised above, Letter 85, § 6 (p. 323).

[3] [An article in the number for January 12, 1878 (vol. 74, p. 3), headed "A Royal Eagle and a Royal Sportsman," in which Prince Christian was rated very severely for the following exploit recorded in the *Times* of January 1, 1878: "For several days past an eagle of great size and beauty has been seen hovering about Windsor Great Park, and on Wednesday it was observed to settle itself on the castle. Information of this fact having been forwarded to Prince Christian, His Royal Highness, accompanied by several keepers, tried to shoot it, but failed. In order to capture it, a trap was laid, into which the bird subsequently entangled itself; but it tore itself away, leaving one of its toes in the mesh."]

reservoirs on the Apennines to stay the storm-waters;[1] anc calculating ironically the quantity that fell per acre in a hour's storm, challenged me to stay it, he did not know that all had actually been done to the required extent b the engineers of three hundred years since, in the ravin above Agubbio[2] (the Agubbio of Dante's Oderigi[3]),—thei rampart standing, from cliff to cliff, unshaken, to this day and he as little foresaw that precisely what I had require to be done to give constancy of sweet waters to the storm blanched ravines of Italy, I should be called on in a fev years more to prevent the mob of England from doing that they may take them away from the fair pastures o the valley of St. John.[4]

11. The only real difficulty in managing the mountai waters is when one cannot get hold of them,—when th limestones are so cavernous, or the sands so porous, tha the surface drainage at once disappears, as on the marbl flanks of hill above Lucca; but I am always amazed myself, at the extreme docility of streams when they ca be fairly caught and broken, like good horses, from thei

[1] [See note at end of Letter 85 (p. 334). The passage from the jocose articl in *Punch* is as follows: "Now, really, my dear Oracle! Do you know that rai has fallen over London at the rate of four inches in the hour? That about Rom such falls may take place for several hours, and at not distant intervals? Tha thirty inches of rain in twenty-four hours have been recorded at Geneva? . . Where would your two-foot dykes and conduits and tanks be, in a storm lik *that?* As John Thomas would say, 'Gone to everlasting smash.' Seriously, ar you aware what an inch depth of rain means? It means 22,400 gallons, or on hundred tons, of water on every square acre of land," etc., etc.]

[2] [Gubbio, or Agubbio, the ancient Umbrian city of *Iguvium* or *Engubium* The reference is to the Bottaccione, a remarkable specimen of mediæval engineerin constructed much earlier than Ruskin says, the probable date being the middl of the fourteenth century. It lies outside the Porta Metauro, about a mile an a half along the road that leads to Scheggia and the Flaminian Way. It is " reservoir, formed near the source of the Camignano, by uniting the slopes c Monte Ingino and Monte Calvo by a huge wall, or dam, 30 yards wide, thu forming a basin 126 yards long, 75 wide, and 26 in depth, which, when full c water, looks like a miniature lake. The supply is regulated by a door throug which the water is allowed to pass at will, for the use of the numerous mill which formerly existed in connexion with the woollen manufacture" (*Gubbio Pa and Present*, by Laura M'Cracken, 1905, p. 305).]

[3] [*Purgatorio*, xi. 79, 80: see Vol. XII. p. 477, and Vol. XXVII. p. 355.]

[4] [The reference is to the conversion of Thirlmere into a reservoir, the lak being fed by the beck which flows through the Vale of St. John: see abov p. 162.]

outh, and with a tender bridle-hand. I have been playing ately with a little one on my own rocks,[1]—now as tame s Mrs. Buckland's leopard,*—and all I have to complain f in its behaviour is, that when I set it to undermine or lear away rubbish, it takes a month to do what I expected to finish with a morning's work on a wet day; and even hat, not without perpetual encouragement, approbation, and ssistance.

On the other hand, to my extreme discomfiture, I have ntirely failed in inveigling the water to come down at all, hen it chooses to stay on the hill-side in places where I on't want it: but I suppose modern scientific drainage can ccomplish this, though in my rough way I can do nothing ut peel the piece of pertinacious bog right off the rock,— beneficently faithful are the great Powers of the Moss, nd the Earth, to their mountain duty of preserving, for an's comfort, the sources of the summer stream.

12. Now hear Mr. Willett:

"Three or four times every year the newspapers tell us of discomfort, ffering, disease, and death, caused by floods. Every summer, unnecessary ms are expended by farmers and labourers for water carted from a stance, to supply daily needs of man and beast. Outbreaks of fever m drinking polluted and infected water are of daily occurrence, causing rture and bereavement to thousands.

"All these evils are traceable mainly to our wicked, wasteful, and ignont *neglect;* all this while, money is idly accumulating in useless hoards; ople able and willing to work are getting hungry for want of employent; and the wealth of agricultural produce of all kinds is greatly rtailed for want of a wise, systematic, and simple application of the *tual law* of *supply and demand* † in the storage of *rain-water.*

* See the *World,* January 9th of this year.[2]

† Somewhere (I think in *Munera Pulveris*[3]), I illustrated the law of pply and Demand in commerce, and the madness of leaving it to its natul consequences without interference, by the laws of drought and rain.

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[1] [See Vol. XXV. pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii.]

[2] [The animal was, in fact, a jaguar. See "Celebrities at Home: Mr. Frank ckland in Albany Street": "Hearing the cries of her pet, Mrs. Buckland came the rescue; and it was amusing to see this child of the forest, with gleaming es and frantic yelps, cast itself at her feet and nestle meekly in the folds of r dress."]

[3] [See *Munera Pulveris,* §§ 141–144 (Vol. XVII. pp. 265–268).]

"I can only now briefly introduce the subject, which if you consider of sufficient importance I will follow up in future letters.

"While the flooding of the districts south of the Thames at London mainly owing to the contraction of the channel by the embankmer thereby causing the flood-tide to form a sort of *bore*, or advancing tid wave, as in the Severn and Wye, the periodic winter floods near Oxfor and in all our upland valleys, are admittedly more frequent and mo severe than formerly; and this *not* on account of the increased rainfall The causes are to be found rather in—

I. The destruction of woods, heaths, and moorlands.
II. The paving and improved road-making in cities and towns.
III. The surface drainage of arable and pasture lands.
IV. The draining of morasses and fens; and,
V. The straightening and embanking of rivers and water-courses.

"All these operations have a tendency to *throw* the *rainfall* rapidly fro higher to lower levels.

"This wilful winter waste is followed by woeful summer want.

"'The people perish for lack of knowledge.' The remedy is in our ow hands.

"Lord Beaconsfield once wisely said, 'Every cottage should have i porch, its oven, and its TANK.'

* On the Continent, however, there *has* been an increased rainfall i the plains, caused by the destruction of the woods on the mountains, an by the coldness of the summers, which cannot lift the clouds high enoug to lay snow on the high summits. The following note by Mr. Willett o my queries on this matter in last *Fors*,[1] will be found of extreme value:-

"I am delighted with 'Viollet-le-Duc's' Extracts. Yet is it not strange th he calls man 'impotent'? The same hands that can cut down the forests, ca plant them; that can drain the morass, can dam up and form a lake; the sam child that could lead the goats to crop off the young fir-tree shoots, could he them away from them. I think you may have missed Le Duc's idea about low glaciers causing higher forests, and *vice versâ*. 'Forests collect snow, retard i rapid thaw, and its collection into denuding slides of snow by this lower temper ture, and retard the melting of the glacier, which therefore grows—*i.e.*, accum lates,—and pushes lower and lower down the valley. The reduction in temperatu condenses more of the warm vapour, and favours growth of conifers, which grad ally spread up so that destruction of forests in higher regions causes melting ar retraction of glaciers.' I will send you shortly an old essay of mine in whic the storage of water and the destructive avalanche were used as illustrating th right and wrong use of accumulated wealth. Lord Chichester's agent is at wor with the plans and details for us, and you shall have them early in the ne year (*D.V.*), and for it may I say—

'With patient mind, thy path of duty run:
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou thyself wouldst do, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He.'"

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[1] [Letter 85, § 5 (p. 322).]

"And every farm-house, farm-building, and every mansion, should have s reservoir; every village its series of reservoirs; and every town and ity its multiplied series of reservoirs, at different levels, and for the eparate storage of water for drinking, for washing, and for streets, and ess important purposes.

"I propose in my next[1] to give more in detail the operations of the rinciples here hinted at, and to show from what has been done in a ew isolated instances, what would follow from a wider and more general pplication of them."

[1] [After the next letter the monthly publication of *Fors* was stopped by the uthor's illness referred to in Letter 88, and no more of Mr. Willett's papers ppeared.]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

13. (I.) Affairs of the Guild.

I am happy to be able at last to state that the memorandum of ou constitution, drawn up for us by Mr. Barber, and already published in th 55th number of the first series of *Fors*,[1] has been approved by the Boar of Trade, with some few, but imperative, modifications, to which I bot respectfully and gladly submit, seeing them to be calculated in every wa to increase both our own usefulness, and public confidence in us.

The organization of the Guild, thus modified, will be, by the time thi letter is published, announced, as required by the Board, in the publi journals; and, if not objected to on the ground of some unforeseen injuri ousness to existing interests, ratified, I believe, during the current month or at all events within a few weeks. I have prepared a brief abstract o our constitution and aims,[2] to be issued with this letter, and sent generall in answer to inquiry.

I stated in my last letter[3] that I meant to take our accounts int my own hands;—that is to say, while they will always be printed i their properly formal arrangement, as furnished by our kind accountants Mr. Rydings and Mr. Walker, I shall also give my own abstract of the in the form most intelligible to myself, and I should think also to som of my readers. This abstract of mine will be the only one given in *Fors* the detailed accounts will be sent only to the members of the Guild. Until the registration of the Guild, I am still obliged to hold the Abbe Dale estate in my own name; and as we cannot appoint our new trustee till we are sure of our own official existence, I am obliged to order th payment of subscriptions to my own account at the Union Bank, to mee the calls of current expenses, for which I have no authority to draw o the account of the Guild but by cheque from its trustees.

I shall only farther in the present article acknowledge the sums have myself received since the last statement of our accounts. The twent days since the beginning of the year have melted into their long night without sufficing for half the work they had been charged to do; an have had farther to meet claims of unexpected duty,[5] not profitless to th Guild, assuredly; but leaving me still unable to give the somewhat length

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 376 for the first draft. For the final form of th document, see Vol. XXX.]

[2] [Also printed in Vol. XXX.]

[3] [See above, p. 325.]

[4] [See, again, Vol. XXX.]

[5] [Probably in connexion with the Turner Exhibition in the early part o 1878: see Vol. XIII. p. liv.]

xplanations of our year's doings, without which our accounts would be nintelligible.

			£	s.	d.
1877.					
Nov.	1.	Joseph Stapleton	0	10	0
	7.	Mr. Talbot (Tithe)	100	0	0
	15.	John Guy	5	9	10
"		Frances M. Henderson	3	3	0
"		Sale of Mr. Sillar's pamphlets on Usury	0	17	0
Dec.	17.	Louisa A. Keighley	5	0	0
	28.	Helen J. Ormerod	1	1	0
	31.	Elizabeth Green	0	10	9
1878.					
Jan.	1.	Margaret Cox	5	0	0
	4.	R. B. Litchfield	20	0	0
	10.	William Hall	2	2	0
	20.	Ada Hartnell	5	0	0
			£148	13	7

14. (II.) Affairs of the Master.

The lengthy correspondence given in our last article leaves me no rther space for talk of myself. People say I invite their attention to the bject too often: but I must have a long gossip in March.[1]

15. (III.)

"8, KINGSGATE STREET, WINCHESTER,
23*rd Nov.*, 1877.

"DEAR SIR,—If you will not help us, I do not know who will.

"One of the loveliest parts of the meadows close to the town is going to be tirely and irremediably spoiled: an engine-house is to be built, and all the ains are to be brought into a field in the middle of the Itchen valley, so that e buildings will be a blot in the landscape, an eyesore from every point, ether looking towards Saint Cross or back from there to the Cathedral and llege; or almost worse than these, from every hill round the town they will be e most conspicuous objects. I think you know the town; but do you know at this is its prettiest part? You can have some idea what it would be to ve a spot which has been dear to you all your life, and which you see day day in all its aspects, utterly ruined; and besides, it seems so wrong that is generation should spoil that which is not theirs, but in which none have ally more than a life interest, but which God has given us to enjoy and leave in its loveliness for those after us. I wish I could speak as strongly I feel, if it would induce you to speak for us, or rather that I could show u the real need for speaking, as I know you would not keep silence for any t good reasons. Surely destroying beauty to save a little money *is* doing the vil's work, though I am told that it is wrong to say so.

"Yours respectfully and gratefully,
"A. H. W.

"There is another place where the works might be, where they could be nted out, and where the trees would be an improvement; some engineers say at the soil too is better suited to the purpose. Do help us if you can! It is haunting misery to me—both what we shall lose, and the sin of it."

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

Alas, my poor friend, no mortal can help you.[1] England has bred up a race of doggish and vile persons, for the last fifty years. And they will do their doggish work, be sure of that, whatever you or I can say, until, verily, him that dieth of them the dogs shall eat.[2]

16. (IV.) The following admirable letter is enough for its work. I have no room for the article it enclosed:—

"ARNOLD HOUSE, 16*th Dec.*, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It is very singular that the day after I wrote to you on the evils of drainage as adopted by modern engineers,[3] such an article as the enclosed should appear in the *Times*.[4] The time must come when most of the expenditure on these drains will prove useless. But the evil continues, viz. of adding daily more streets to the present system, often choking the drains and converting them into stagnant elongated cesspools, ten times more injurious than the old ones, because of the risk of contagious and infectious germs being introduced from some house to multiply and infect a number. The remedy I think should be, 1st, to prevent additions to the present system; 2ndly, to enact that instead of fresh constructive works, bearing interest to be paid in rates, each house above a certain rental, say above £20 a year, shall be compelled to deodorize and remove its own sewage—*i.e.*, fæcal matter in its original concentrated form; and that all smaller houses should be done by the municipality or local board, who should employ a staff of labourers to do it by districts, weekly, the material being very valuable to agriculturists if kept concentrated and deodorized by the charcoal of peat or of tan, of sawdust, and of rubbish of all sorts. Labour of this kind would employ a great many now burdensome to the rates, unemployed; land would be fertilized instead of impoverished; and eventually perhaps districts now infested with drains that don't drain might be gradually won from the senseless system of accumulating streams, to the natural order of distribution and deposit under earth for fertilizing objects.

"Just as 'dirt is something in its wrong place,'[5] so social evils are mainly wrong applications of right powers; nay, even sin itself is but the misuse of Divine gifts,—the use at wrong times and places of right instincts and powers.

"Pardon these scribblings; but when I see and feel deeply, I think perhaps if I put the thoughts on paper to you, they may perhaps take a better form and be sown in places where they may take root and spring up and bear fruit to man's benefit, and therefore to the glory of the Great Father.

"Ever most faithfully and gratefully,

"HENRY WILLETT."

[1] [The fears of Ruskin and his correspondent (the late Miss Williams) were well justified. The sewage works (on the road between Kingsgate Road and St. Catherine's Hill), though now to some extent planted out, are a bad eyesore. A yet worse disfigurement was committed some years later by the cuttings on the side of the Hill for the little-used Didcot and Southampton Railway.]

[2] [1 Kings xiv. 11.]

[3] [See above, p. 323.]

[4] [A leading article in the *Times* of December 15, 1877, dealing with the Metropolitan Sewage question—discussing the evils and difficulties of various systems, and arriving at "the plain truth that the problem of disposing of the sewage of great cities is as yet unsolved."]

[5] [The saying "Dirt is only matter in its wrong place" is attributed to Lord Palmerston.]

17. (V.) The following "word about the notice which appeared in last ors[1] about the Cyfarthfa Iron Works" deserves the reader's best attention; e writer's name and position, which I am not at liberty to give, being me sufficient guarantee of its trustworthiness.

"Their owner has lately passed as a martyr to unreasonable demands from his orkmen, in more than one publication. But what are the facts? Mr. Crawshay ld himself aloof from the Ironmasters' combination which in 1873 locked out e workmen. When the works of the combined masters were reopened, it was on an agreed reduction. Mr. Crawshay's workmen sent a deputation to him, fering to work on the terms agreed upon at the other works of the district; t Mr. Crawshay would not accede unless his men accepted *ten per cent. below* e rate that was to be paid by his rivals in trade, and received by his men's llow-workmen in the same town and district![2] In a month or two the Asso-ated Masters obtained another reduction of ten per cent. from their men. Mr. awshay's workmen waited upon him, and offered to go in at *these* terms. But ; they must still accept ten per cent. below their neighbours, or be shut out. another couple of months wages fell another ten per cent. Mr. Crawshay's en made the same offer, and met with the same rebuff. This was repeated, I ink, a fourth time—(wages certainly fell forty per cent. in less than a twelve-onth)—but Mr. Crawshay had nailed his colours to the mast for ten per cent. low anybody else.

"It is quite true, as Lord Aberdare says,[3] 'that the Cyfarthfa Works are osed because the men would not work at the wages offered them.' But what se is true? The following:—

"1. The works presumably could have been worked at a profit, with wages at e same rate as was paid at rival works.

"2. The demand that his men should work at ten per cent. less wages than as given in the same market, was the unjustifiable act of an unscrupulous mpetition, and the heartless act of an unreasonable and selfish master.

"3. Had the men submitted to his terms, it would have been the immediate casion of reducing the whole of their fellow-workmen in the Associated works. ence,

"4. What has been called the unreasonable conduct of infatuated workmen, n be clearly traced to conduct on their master's part flagrantly unreasonable; d the stand they made was recommended alike by justice, by regard for the her employers, and by unselfish solicitude for their fellows in the trade.

"I may add—Had the men quietly submitted, the works would have run ly a short time. Iron-workers are now suffering from one of those stages in e march of civilization which always produces suffering to a few. Steel rails ve supplanted iron rails, and capitalists who have not adapted their plant cordingly must needs stand. Some may perhaps feel that a great capitalist ho, having amassed an enormous fortune, has neither built market, hall, foun-in, nor museum for the town where he made it, might be expected, at all ents, to acknowledge his responsibility by adapting his works to meet the nes, so that a little population of wealth producers might be kept in bread. owever that may be, Cyfarthfa Works standing has no more to do with strikes d unreason of workmen than 'Tenterden steeple has to do with Goodwin

[1] [Letter 85, § 11 (p. 328).]

[2] [Mr. Robert Crawshay, of the Cyfarthfa Iron Works, stated his side of the se in a letter in the *Times* of January 13, 1873, under the heading "The Strike South Wales" (p. 7 *a*).]

[3] [See Lord Aberdare's letter in the *Times* of January 10, 1878, under the ading "The Distress in South Wales" (p. 6 *d*).]

Sands.'[1] The iron-workers—poor creatures!—had nothing to do with puttin the knife to their throats by helping Mr. Bessemer to his invention of chea steel; but of course they have long since got the blame of the collapse of th iron trade. All the capitalists in all the journals have said so. They migh exclaim with Trotty Veck, 'We must be born bad—that's how it is.'"

18. (VI.) The following correspondence requires a few, and but a few words of preliminary information.[2]

For the last three or four years it has been matter of continuall increasing surprise to me that I never received the smallest contributio to St. George's Fund from any friend or disciple of Miss Octavia Hill's.

I had originally calculated largely on the support I was likely to fin among persons who had been satisfied with the result of the experimen made at Marylebone under my friend's superintendence. But this hop was utterly disappointed; and to my more acute astonishment, becaus Miss Hill was wont to reply to any more or less direct inquiries on th subject, with epistles proclaiming my faith, charity, and patience, in lan guage so laudatory, that, on the last occasion of my receiving such answe to a request for a general sketch of the Marylebone work, it became im possible for me, in any human modesty, to print the reply.

The increasing mystery was suddenly cleared, a month or two ago, b a St. George's Companion of healthily sound and impatient temper, wh informed me of a case known to herself, in which a man of great kindnes of disposition, who was well inclined to give aid to St. George, had bee diverted from such intention by hearing doubts expressed by Miss Hill o my ability to conduct any practical enterprise successfully.

I requested the lady who gave me this information to ascertain fro Miss Hill herself what she had really said on the occasion in questio To her letter of inquiry, Miss Hill replied in the following terms:—

"MADAM,—In justice to Mr. Ruskin, I write to say that there has evidentl been some misapprehension respecting my words.

"Excuse me if I add that beyond stating this fact I do not feel called upo to enter into correspondence with a stranger about my friend Mr. Ruskin, or t explain a private conversation of my own.

"I am, Madam, yours truly,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

19. Now it would have been very difficult for Miss Hill to hav returned a reply less satisfactory to her correspondent, or more irritatin to a temper like mine. For in the first place, I considered it her bounde

[1] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 51 *n.*]

[2] [In connexion with the correspondence, reference may be made to th following passages in which Ruskin refers to his association with Miss Octavi Hill: *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 8 *n.*)—a reference to the assistanc rendered by her in preparing illustrations for that work; she was also the mean of introducing Ruskin to his much-valued assistant, Arthur Burgess (Vol. XI p. xxxii.). See also in a similar connexion Vol. XV. p. 134 *n.* To her admirabl social work in Marylebone Ruskin refers in *Time and Tide*, § 148 (Vol. XVI p. 437); "Modern Art," § 21 (Vol. XIX. p. 213: compare *ibid.*, p. xxiv.); and i *Fors*, Letters 10, 21 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 175, 364), 40, 41, 46 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 6 81, 173). See also the Introduction, above, p. xxi.]

duty to enter into correspondence with all strangers whom she could possibly reach, concerning her friend Mr. Ruskin, and to say to *them*, what she was in the habit of saying to me: and, in the second place, I considered it entirely contrary to her duty to say anything of me in private conversation which she did not "feel called upon to explain" to whomsoever it interested. I wrote, therefore, at once myself to Miss Hill, requesting to know why she had not replied to Mrs. ——'s question more explicitly: and received the following reply:—

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, *Oct. 7th*, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I wrote instantly on receiving Mrs. ——'s letter to say that my words had been misunderstood. I could not enter with a stranger, and such a stranger! ! (*a*) into anything more concerning a friend, or a private conversation.

"But if *you* like to know anything I ever said, or thought, about you for the twenty-four years I have known you, 'most explicitly' shall you know; and you will find no trace of any thought, much less word, that was not utterly loyal, and even reverently tender towards you" (my best thanks!—had I been more roughly handled, who knows what might have come of it?) "Carlyle, who never saw me, told you I was faithful. Faithful—I should think so! I could not be anything else. Ask those who have watched my life. I have not courted you by flattery; I have not feigned agreement where I differed or did not understand; I have not sought you among those I did not trust or respect" (thanks, again, in the name of my acquaintance generally); "I have not worried you with intrusive questions or letters. I have lived very far away from you, but has there been thought or deed of mine uncoloured by the influence of the early, the abiding, and the continuous teaching you gave me? Have I not striven to carry out what you have taught in the place where I have been called to live? Was there a moment when I would not have served you joyfully at any cost? Ask those who know, if, when you have failed or pained me, (*b*) I have not invariably said, if I said anything, that you might have good reasons of which I knew nothing, or might have difficulties I could not understand; or that you had had so much sorrow in your life, that if it was easier to you to act thus or thus in ways affecting me, so far as I was concerned I was glad you should freely choose the easier. You have seen nothing of me; (*c*) but ask those who have, whether for twenty-four years I have been capable of any treasonable thought or word about you. It matters *nothing* to me; (*d*) but it is sad for you for babbling tongues to make you think any one who ought to know you, chattered, and chattered falsely, about you.

"I remember nothing of what I *said*, (*e*) but distinctly what I *thought*, and think, and will write that to you if you care. Or if you feel there is more that

(*a*) I have no conception what Miss Hill meant by this admiring parenthesis, as she knew nothing whatever of the person who wrote to her, except her curiosity respecting *me*.

(*b*) I should have been glad to have known the occasion on which I did either, before being excused.

(*c*) This statement appears to me a singular one; and the rather that Miss Hill, in subsequent letters, implies, as I understand them, that she has seen a good deal of *me*.

(*d*) It seems to me that it ought, on the contrary, to matter much.

(*e*) I greatly regret, and somehow blame, this shortness of memory. The time is not a distant one,—seven or eight weeks. Anything I say, myself, earnestly, to my friends, I can remember for at least as many years.

I can do to set the rumour at rest than the strong positive assertion I have made that I have been misunderstood, tell me. (*f*) But my own experience of character and of the world makes me *resolutely adhere to my belief* that though Mrs. —— would vastly *like* to get behind that, (*g*) that, and nothing else, is the right, true, and wise position as far as you and as far as I (*h*) am concerned. Shall I not leave it there, then?

"I am sorry to write in pencil; I hope you will not find it difficult to read. I am ill, and not able to be up.

"I have tried to answer both points. First, to show that I *have* contradicted the statement, and that explanations of what I did say (*i*) (unless to yourself) seem to me most unwise and uncalled-for.

"And, secondly, to assure you, so far as words will, that however inadequate you may feel the response the world has given, an old friend has not failed you in thought, nor intentionally, though she seems to have made a confusion, by some clumsy words. Hoping you may feel both things,

"I am, yours as always,

"Octavia Hill."

20. To this letter I replied, that it was very pretty; but that I wanted to know, as far as possible, exactly what Miss Hill *had* said, or was in the habit of saying.

I received the following reply. The portions omitted are irrelevant to the matter in hand, but shall be supplied if Miss Hill wishes.

"14, Nottingham Place, W., *Nov. 3rd*, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I offered immediately, on October 6th, on receiving your first letter, to tell you anything I had ever said about you. Whatever needed explanation seemed to me best said to you.

. . . . . .

"I have spoken to you, I think, and certainly to others, of what appears to me an incapacity in you for management of great practical work,—due, in my opinion, partly to an ideal standard of perfection, which finds it hard to accept *any* limitations in perfection, even temporarily; partly to a strange power of gathering round you, and trusting, the wrong people, which I never could understand in you, as it mingles so strangely with rare powers of perception of character, and which always seemed to me therefore rather a deliberate ignoring of disqualifications, in hope that that would stimulate to better action, but which hope was not realized.

"In Mr. ——'s case, and so far as I can recollect in every case in which I have spoken of this, it has been when I have found people puzzled themselves by not finding they can take you as a practical guide in their own lives, yet feeling that you must mean practical result to follow on your teaching, and inclined to think you cannot help them. Mr. —— and I were great friends: when I was a girl, and he a young man, we read and talked over your books together

(*f*) The only thing to be done, when people have been misunderstood, is to state what they said—which in this case Miss Hill has just declared impossible for her to do.

(*g*) She certainly would—and so should I.

(*h*) "As far as I"—am concerned, probably.

(*i*) Partly remembered then? but with a vague sense of danger in explaining the same, except to myself! I do not think the *explanation* would have been "unwise," as it was certainly not "uncalled-for." But I suspect the sayings *themselves* to have been both.

I had not seen him for many years till he asked me to come and see him and his wife and children. He is a manufacturer, face to face with difficult problems, full of desire to do right, with memories of ideals and resolutions, building his house, managing his mills, with a distinct desire to do well. I found him inclined to think perhaps after all he had been wrong, and that you could teach him nothing, because he could not apply your definite directions to his own life. The object of my words was just this: 'Oh, do not think so. All the nobility of standard and aim, all the conscience and clear sight of right principles, is there, and means distinct action. Do not look to Mr. Ruskin for definite direction about practical things: he is not the best judge of them. You, near to the necessities of this tangible world and of action, must make your own life, and apply principles to it. Necessity is God's, rightly estimated, and cannot be inconsistent with right. But listen to the teacher who sees nearer to perfection than almost any of us: never lose sight or memory of what he sets before you, and resolutely apply it, cost what it may, to your own life.'

"I do think you most incapable of carrying out any great practical scheme. I do not the less think you have influenced, and will influence, action deeply and rightly.

. . . . . .

"I have never said, or implied, that I was unable to answer any question. I did think, and do think, the explanation of what I might have said, *except to yourself*, likely to do you more harm than good; partly because I do strongly think, and cannot be sure that I might not have said, that I do feel you to have a certain incapacity for practical work; and all the other side it is difficult for the world to see. It is different to say it to a friend who reverences you, and one says more completely what one means. I was glad when you said, 'Let the thing be while you are ill.' God knows I am ill, but remember your proposal to leave it was in answer to one offering to tell you all. And I never have to any other single creature made my health any reason whatsoever for not answering any question, or fulfilling indeed any other duty of my not very easy life. Clearly, some one has received an impression from what I said to Mr. ——, very different from what I had intended to convey, but he seemed in tune with your spirit and mine towards you when I spoke.

"For any pain my action may have given you, I earnestly desire to apologize—yes, to ask you to forgive me. I never wronged or injured you or your work in thought or word intentionally; and I am, whatever you may think, or seem to say,

"Faithfully yours,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

21. To this letter I replied as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, *November* 4, 1877.

"MY DEAR OCTAVIA,—I am glad to have at last your letter, though it was to Mrs. ——, and not to me, that it ought at once to have been addressed, without forcing me to all the trouble of getting at it. Your opinions of me are perhaps of little moment to *me*, but of immense moment to others. But for this particular opinion, that I trust the wrong people, I wish you to give me *two* sufficient examples of the error you have imagined. You yourself will be a notable third; and at the mouth of two or three witnesses, the word will be established.[1]

"But as I have never yet, to my own knowledge, 'trusted' any one

[1] [Deuteronomy xix. 15.]

who has failed me, *except* yourself, and one other person of whom I do not suppose you are thinking, I shall be greatly instructed if you will give me the two instances I ask for. I never *trusted* even my father's man of business; but took my father's word as the wisest I could get. And I know not a single piece of business I have ever undertaken, which has failed by the fault of any person chosen by me to conduct it.

"Tell me, therefore, of two at least. Then I will request one or two more things of you; being always

"Affectionately yours,
"J. R.

P.S.—Of all injuries you could have done—not me—but the cause I have in hand, the giving the slightest countenance to the vulgar mob's cry of 'unpractical'[1] was the fatallest."

22. The reader may perhaps, at first, think this reply to Miss Hill's sentimental letter somewhat hard. He will see by the following answer that I knew the ground:—

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *Nov.* 5, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—You say that I am a notable instance of your having trusted the wrong people. Whether you have been right hitherto, or are right now, the instance is equally one of failure to understand character. It is the only one I have a right to give. I absolutely refuse to give other instances, or to discuss the characters of third parties. My opinion of your power to judge character is, and must remain, a matter of opinion. Discussions about it would be useless and endless; besides, after your letters to me, you will hardly be astonished that I decline to continue this correspondence.

"I remain, yours faithfully,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

23. I *was*, however, a little astonished, though it takes a good deal to astonish me nowadays, at the suddenness of the change in tone; but it rendered my next reply easier:—

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
"*7th November*, 1877.

"MY DEAR OCTAVIA,—You err singularly in imagining I invited you to a 'discussion.' I am not apt to discuss *any*thing with persons of your sentimental volubility; and those with whom I enter on discussion do not, therefore, find it either useless or endless.

"I required of you an answer to a perfectly simple question. That answer I require again. Your most prudent friends will, I believe, if you consult them, recommend your rendering it; for they will probably perceive—what it is strange should have escaped a mind so logical and delicate as yours—that you have a better right to express your 'opinions' of my discarded servants, to myself, who know them, and after the time is long past when your frankness could have injured them, than to express your 'opinions' of your discarded master, to persons who know nothing

[1] [On this point, compare Letter 11, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 193).]

of him, at the precise time when such expression of opinion is calculated to do him the most fatal injury.

"In the event of your final refusal, you will oblige me by sending me a copy of my last letter for publication,—your own being visibly prepared for the press.

"J. R."

"Should you inadvertently have destroyed my last letter, a short abstract of its contents, as apprehended by you, will be all that is needful."

24.

14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., *8th Nov.*, 1877.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I did consult friends whom I consider both prudent and generous before I declined to make myself the accuser of third persons.

"I send you at your request a copy of your last letter; but I disapprove of the publication of this correspondence. Such a publication obviously could not be complete,* and if incomplete must be misleading. Neither do I see what good object it could serve.

"I feel it due to our old friendship to add the expression of my conviction that the publication would injure you, and could not injure me.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

25. I saw no occasion for continuing the correspondence farther, and closed it on the receipt of this last letter, in a private note, which Miss Hill is welcome to make public, if she has retained it.

Respecting the general tenor of her letters, I have only now to observe that she is perfectly right in supposing me unfit to conduct, myself, the operations with which I entrusted *her;* but that she has no means of estimating the success of other operations with which I did *not* entrust her,—such as the organization of the Oxford Schools of Art; and that she has become unfortunately of late confirmed in the impression, too common among reformatory labourers, that no work can be practical which is prospective. The real relations of her effort to that of the St. George's Guild have already been stated (*Fors,* Oct. 1871[1]); and the estimate which I had formed of it is shown not to have been unkind, by her acknowledgment of it in the following letter,—justifying me, I think, in the disappointment expressed in the beginning of this article.

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, *Oct. 3rd,* 1875.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I send you accounts of both blocks of buildings, and have paid in to your bank the second cheque,—that for Paradise Place, £20, 8s. 8d. I think neither account requires explanation.

"But I have to thank you, more than words will achieve doing, in silent gratitude, for your last letter, which I shall treasure as one of my best possessions. I had no idea you could have honestly spoken so of work which I have

* This is not at all obvious to me. I can complete it to the last syllable, if Miss Hill wishes.

[1] [Letter 10, § 15 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 175–176).]

always thought had impressed you more with its imperfections, than as contributing to any good end. That it actually was in large measure derived from you, there can be no doubt. I have been reading during my holidays, for the first time since before I knew you, the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which Mr. Bond was good enough to lend me these holidays; and I was much impressed, not only with the distinct recollection I had of paragraph after paragraph when once the subject was recalled,—not only with the memory of how the passages had struck me when a girl,—but how even the individual words had been new to me then, and the quotations,—notably that from George Herbert about the not fooling,[1]—had first sent me to read the authors quoted from. I could not help recalling, and seeing distinctly, how the whole tone and teaching of the book, striking on the imagination at an impressionable age, had biassed, not only this public work, but all my life. I always knew it, but I traced the distinct lines of influence. Like all derived work, it has been, as I said, built out of material my own experience has furnished, and built very differently to anything others would have done; but I know something of how much it owes to you, and in as far as it has been in any way successful, I wish you would put it among the achievements of your life. You sometimes seem to see so few of these. Mine is indeed poor and imperfect and small; but it is in this *kind of way* that the best influence tells, going right down into the people, and coming out in a variety of forms, not easily recognized, yet distinctly known by those who know best; and hundreds of people, whose powers are tenfold my own, have received, —will receive,—their direction from your teaching, and will do work better worth your caring to have influenced.

"I am, yours always affectionately,
"OCTAVIA HILL."

With this letter the notice of its immediate subject in *Fors* will cease, though I have yet a word to say for my other acquaintances and fellow-labourers.[2] Miss Hill will, I hope, retain the administration of the Marylebone houses as long as she is inclined, making them, by her zealous and disinterested service, as desirable and profitable a possession to the Guild as hitherto to me.[3] It is always to be remembered that she has acted as the administrator of this property, and paid me five per cent. upon it regularly,—entirely without salary, and in pure kindness to the tenants. My own part in the work was in taking five instead of ten per cent., which the houses would have been made to pay to another landlord; and in pledging myself neither to sell the property nor raise the rents, thus enabling Miss Hill to assure the tenants of peace in their homes, and encourage every effort at the improvement of them.

[1] [For the quotation, see Vol. III. p. 174.]
[2] [This, however, was not done.]
[3] [Ultimately Ruskin parted with the Marylebone property to Miss Hill; "nor did he care," says Mr. Collingwood, "to spend upon himself the £3500, which I believe was the price. It went right and left in gifts: till one day he cheerfully remarked

'It's a' gane awa'
Like snaw aff a wa'.'

'Is there really nothing to show for it?' he was asked. 'Nothing,' he said, 'except this new silk umbrella'" (*Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 291).]

LETTER 87[1]

THE SNOW MANGER[2]

By my promise that, in the text of this series of *Fors*, ıere shall be "no syllable of complaint, or of scorn,"[3] I ray the reader to understand that I in no wise intimate ıy change of feeling on my own part. I never felt more fficulty in my life than I do, at this instant, in not menting certain things with more than common lament, ıd in not speaking of certain people with more than ɔmmon scorn.

Nor is it possible to fulfil the rightly warning functions *Fors* without implying *some* measure of scorn. For stance, in the matter of choice of books, it is impossible warn my scholars against a book, without implying a rtain kind of contempt for it. For I never would warn em against any writer whom I had complete respect r,—however adverse to me, or my work. There are few ronger adversaries to St. George than Voltaire. But my holars are welcome to read as much of Voltaire as they ke. His voice is mighty among the ages. Whereas they e entirely forbidden Miss Martineau,—not because she is ı infidel, but because she is a vulgar and foolish one.*

* I use the word vulgar, here, in its first sense of egoism, not of fishness, but of not seeing one's own relations to the universe. Miss ırtineau plans a book—afterwards popular—and goes to breakfast, "not

[1] [With this Letter was issued a Publisher's Notice, recording the suspension *Fors*, owing to the author's serious illness: see p. xxx.]
[2] [For the title, see § 7.]
[3] [See Letter 84, § 13 (p. 294).]

2. Do not say, or think, I am breaking my word i asserting, once for all, with reference to example, thi necessary principle. This very vow and law that I hav set myself, *must* be honoured sometimes in the breach o it,[1] so only that the transgression be visibly not wanto or incontinent. Nay, in this very instance it is because am not speaking in *pure* contempt, but have lately bee as much surprised by the beauty of a piece of Mis Martineau's writings, as I have been grieved by the deadl effect of her writings generally on the mind of one of m best pupils, who had read them without telling me, that make her a definite example. In future, it will be ordi narily enough for me to say to my pupils privately tha they are not to read such and such books; while, fo general order to my *Fors* readers, they may be wel content, it seems to me, with the list of the books I wan them to read constantly;[2] and with such casual recommen dation as I may be able to give of current literature. Fo instance, there is a quite lovely little book just come ou about Irish children, *Castle Blair*,[3]—(which, let me state a once, I have strong personal, though stronger impersona reasons for recommending, the writer being a very dea friend; and some Irish children, for many and many year, much more than that[4]). But the *im*personal reason are—first, that the book is good and lovely, and true

knowing what a great thing had been done."[5] So Mr. Buckle, dying thinks only—he shall not finish *his* book.[6] Not at all whether God wil ever make up *His*.

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[1] [*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 4.]

[2] [Ruskin does not give any such list of books, though he gives one of author (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 500–501 : see also *ibid.*, pp. 20, 407, 434).]

[3] [*Castle Blair: a Story of Youthful Days*, by Flora L. Shaw (now Lady Lugard 2 vols., 1878.]

[4] [Miss Rose La Touche and her sister: see *Præterita*, iii. § 51.]

[5] [The reference is to Miss Martineau's account (in her *Autobiography*, 187 vol. i. p. 139) of the inception of her *Illustrations of Political Economy*. She unfolde her scheme in the family circle: "Brother James nodded assent; my mothe said, 'Do it'; and we went to tea, unconscious what a great thing we had don since dinner."]

[6] [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 523. Froude related the incident in his lecture o "The Science of History" (the first of the *Short Studies*).]

ıving the best description of a noble child in it (Winnie) ıat I ever read; and nearly the best description of the ext best thing—a noble dog; and reason second is that, 'ter Miss Edgeworth's *Ormond* and *Absentee*,[1] this little ɔok will give more true insight into the proper way of anaging Irish people than any other I know.*

3. Wherewith I have some more serious recommenda-ɔns to give; and the first shall be of this most beautiful ıssage of Miss Martineau, which is quoted from *Deer-'ook*[2] in the review of her autobiography:—

"In the house of every wise parent, may then be seen an epitome of e—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps, by all. Which the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering o his parents' pursuits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the dy and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he ı only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the ırse of his parents' thought or achievement? Which of them conceives the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its ng and its rest—having been different before its birth, or that it would altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—t he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for ı. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the t gay, with the one difference of *his* † not being there. This he ieves, and has no other trust than in his shriek of terror, for being r remembered more. Yet, all the while, from day to day, from year to r, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent und him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its sions, nourishing its affections—now *troubling it with salutary pain*, now

* Also, I have had it long on my mind to name the [*Strange*] *Adventures a Phaeton*[3] as a very delightful and wise book of its kind; very full of asant play, and deep and pure feeling; much interpretation of some the best points of German character; and, last and least, with pieces of cription in it which I should be glad, selfishly, to think inferior to what public praise in *Modern Painters*,—I can only say, they seem to *me* te as good.

† Italics mine.

[1] [For another reference to *Ormond*, see Vol. XXV. p. 282; to the *Absentee*, *terita*, i. § 145, and below, p. 444 *n.*]

[2] [Chapter xxxiii., pp. 359, 360 (1860 edition). The passage is cited in a ew of the *Autobiography*, by Henry S. Richardson, in the *Contemporary Review*, 7 1877, vol. 29, pp. 1115–1116.]

[3] [By William Black; first published in 1872.]

animating it with even more wholesome delight. All the while, is the ord of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and profit of these low little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot compr hend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends ov their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheede and records every sob of infant grief, hails every brightening gleam of reas and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because the could not understand it aright, and each little heart would be inflated wi pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconsciou ness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant, and tender f its being unrecognized by its objects."

This passage is of especial value to me just now, be cause I have presently to speak about faith, and its power; and I have never myself thought of the innocent *faithles ness* of children, but only of their faith. The idea give here by Miss Martineau is entirely new to me, and mo beautiful. And had she gone on thus, expressing her ow feelings modestly, she would have been a most noble perso and a verily "great" writer. She became a vulgar perso and a little writer, in her conceit;—of which I can say n more, else I should break my vow unnecessarily.

4. And by way of atonement for even this involuntar disobedience to it, I have to express great shame for son words spoken, in one of the letters of the first series, i total misunderstanding of Mr. Gladstone's character.[2]

I know so little of public life, and see so little of th men who are engaged in it, that it has become impo sible for me to understand their conduct or speech, as is reported in journals.

There are reserves, references, difficulties, limits, excit ments, in all their words and ways, which are inscrutab to me; and at this moment I am unable to say a wo about the personal conduct of any one, respecting th Turkish[3] or any other national question,—remaining myse perfectly clear as to what was always needed, and st

[1] [See below, pp. 370–373.]

[2] [See Letter 57, § 2 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 403). Ruskin, at the time of wr ing the present letter, had just returned from staying with Mr. Gladstone Hawarden.]

[3] [Then at a very critical stage: see below, p. 375 *n.*]

eeds, to be *done*, but utterly unable to conceive *why* people alk, or do, or do not, as hitherto they have spoken, done, nd left undone. But as to the actual need, it is now early two years since Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and several ther men of "creditable" (shall we say?) name, gathered ogether at call of Mr. Gladstone, as for a great national eed, together with a few other men of more retired and tudious mind, Edward Burne-Jones for one, and myself or another, and did then plainly and to the best of their culty tell the English nation what it had to do.[1]

The people of England answered, by the mouths of their urnals, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude knew nothing of istory, that Mr. Gladstone was a dishonest leader of a arty, and that the rest of us were insignificant, or insane, ersons.[2]

5. Whereupon the significant and sagacious persons, guid-g the opinions of the public, through its press, set them-lves diligently to that solemn task.

And I will take some pains to calculate for you,[3] my ow doubtless well-informed and soundly purposed readers, hat expenditure of type there has been on your educa-on, guidance, and exhortation by those significant persons, these last two years.

I am getting into that Cathedra Pestilentiæ[4] again!—y good reader, I mean, truly and simply, that I hope get, for next month,[5] some approximate measure of the ace in heaven which would be occupied by the unfolded ssue or web of all the columns of the British newspapers hich have during these last two years discussed, in your y, the Turkish question. All that counsel, you observe, u have bought with a price. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. roude gave you theirs gratis, as all the best things are

[1] [For the allusions here to the Conference at the St. James's Hall on the stern Question, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.]
[2] [See Letter 74, § 16 *n.* (p. 45).]
[3] [This, however, was not done.]
[4] ["The seat of the scornful" (Vulgate, Psalms i. 1): compare the preface (15) to *Rock Honeycomb* (Vol. XXXI.).]
[5] [His illness, however, stopped the publication of *Fors.*]

given;[1] I put nearly a prohibitory tax upon mine, that you might not merely travel with your boots on it;[2] but here was an article of counsel made up for your consumption at *market* price. You have paid for it, I can tell you *that* approximately, just now, one million nine hundred and four thousand nine hundred and eighteen pounds.[3] You have voted also in your beautiful modern manner, and daily directed your governors what they were to do for British interests and honour. And your result is——well, you shall tell me your opinions of that next month; but—whatever your opinions may be—here is the result for you, in words which are not of the newest, certainly, and yet are in a most accurate sense "This Evening's News":—

"Quare fremuerunt Gentes, et Populi meditati sunt inania?

"Astiterunt Reges terræ, et Principes convenerunt in unum, adversus Dominum et adversus Christum ejus.

"Disrumpamus vincula eorum, et projiciamus a nobis jugum ipsorum.

"Qui habitat in celis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos.

"Tunc loquetur ad eos in ira sua, et in furore suo conturbabit eos."

6. If you can read that bit of David and St. Jerome as it stands, so be it. If not, this translation is closer than the one you, I suppose, *don't* know:—

"Why have the nations foamed as the sea; and the people meditated emptiness?

"The Kings of the earth stood, and the First Ministers met together in conference, against the Lord, and against His Christ.

"Let us break, they said, the chains of the Lord and Christ. Let us cast away from us the yoke of the Lord and Christ.

"He that inhabits heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall mock them.

"Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and torment them with His strength."[4]

[1] [For Carlyle's letter on the Eastern Question, see above, p. 61 *n.* Froude's views were given in *Is Russia Wrong? A Series of Letters*, by a Russian Lady (Madame Olga Novikoff), with a Preface by J. A. Froude, 1878; and, later, in *Russia and England from 1876 to 1880: a Protest and an Appeal*, by O. K. (Madame Novikoff), with a Preface by J. A. Froude, 1880.]

[2] [See Letter 69, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 695–696).]

[3] [If Ruskin had in his mind the "72 newspapers" spoken of in Letter 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 182), his calculation seems to be very much short; it would only allow for an average daily circulation for each of little more than 10,000.]

[4] [Psalms ii. 1–5.]

7. There are one or two of the points of difference in is version which I wish you to note. Our "why do the eathen rage" is unintelligible to us, because we don't ink of *ourselves* as "heathen" usually. But we are; and e nations spoken of are—the British public,—and the All-ublics of our day, and of all days.

Nor is the word "rage" the right one, in the least. It eans to "fret idly," like useless sea,—incapable of *real* ge, or of *any* sense,—foaming out only its own shame. The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot st, whose waters cast up mire and dirt;"[1]—and even just w—the purest and best of public men spitting out empti-ss only and mischief. "Fluctibus et *fremitu* assurgens, *enace*, MARINO."[2] In the Septuagint, the word is to neigh e a horse—("They were as fed horses in the morning; ery one neighed after his neighbour's wife."[3])

Then, I have put the full words "of the Lord and rist" in the third verse, instead of "their," because else ople don't see who "they" are.

And in the fourth verse, observe that the "anger" of the rd is the *mind* in which He speaks to the kings; but His ury" is the *practical* stress of the thunder of His power, d of the hail and death with which He "troubles" them d torments. Read *this* following piece of evening's news, instance. It is one of thousands such. That is what meant by "He shall vex them in his sore displeasure,"[4] ich words you have chanted to your pipes and bellows sweetly and so long,—"His so-o-o-ore dis-plea-a-sure."

But here is the *thing*, nearly at your doors, reckoning railway distance. "The mother got impatient, thrust the ild into the snow, and hurried on—not looking back."[5]

8. But *you* are not "vexed," you say? No,—perhaps

[1] [Isaiah lvii. 20.]
[2] [Virgil, *Georgics*, ii. 160 (Benacus, *i.e.*, Lago di Garda): compare Vol. XX. p. 259.]
[3] [Jeremiah v. 8. The word is ἐχρεμέτιζον.]
[4] [Psalms ii. 5.]
[5] [Hence the title of the Letter. For a reference to this passage, see ter 93, § 4 (p. 469).]

that is because you are so very good. And perhaps th muffins will be as cold as the snow, too, soon, if you don eat them. Yet if, after breakfast, you look out of windo westward, you may see some "vexation," even in Englan and Wales, of which more, presently,[1] and if you read th second Psalm again, and make some effort to understan it, it may be provisionally useful to you,—provisionally o your recognizing that there is a God at all, and that it a *Lord* that *reigneth*, and not merely a *Law* that reigneth according to the latter-day divinity of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. George Dawson.[3] Have patience with me. I'm not speaking as I didn't mean to.[4] I want you to rea and attentively, some things that the Duke of Argyll an Mr. Dawson have said; but you must have the caterpill washed out of the cabbage, first.

9. I want you to read,—ever so many things. Fir of all, and nothing else till you have well mastered tha the history of Montenegro given by Mr. Gladstone in th *Nineteenth Century* for May 1877, p. 360. After tha "Some Current Fallacies about Turks," etc., by the Re Malcolm MacColl, *Nineteenth Century*, December 187 p. 831. After that, the Duke of Argyll's *Morality i Politics*. And after that, the obituary of "George Dawso Politician, Lecturer, and Preacher," by the Rev. R. W. Dal *Nineteenth Century*, August 1877, p. 44.[5]

[1] [See below, pp. 375, 378.]

[2] [For other references to the Duke of Argyll's *Reign of Law*, see Vol. XXVI p. 85 *n.*]

[3] [George Dawson (1821–1876) one of the most popular lecturers of the da minister of "The Chapel of the Saviour," Birmingham, a chapel founded on eclectic basis, and on the principle that neither teacher nor congregation shou be pledged to any form of theological belief. He was the companion of Carly on his first visit to Germany.]

[4] [A reference to his promise not to sit any longer in the seat of the scornfu see above, pp. 294, 361, 365.]

[5] [Mr. Gladstone's article, "Montenegro: a Sketch," appeared in vol. i. of th *Nineteenth Century*, pp. 360–379. It is reprinted in the fourth volume of h *Gleanings* (pp. 305–339). Canon MacColl's article, "Some Current Fallacies abo Turks, Bulgarians, and Russians," is in the *Nineteenth Century*, vol. ii. pp. 831–84 That by the Duke of Argyll (who had been a fellow-visitor with Ruskin Hawarden), on "Morality in Politics," is in the *Contemporary Review*, July 187 vol. 30, pp. 319–333. Mr. Dale's critique of Dawson occupies pp. 44–61 in vol. of the *Nineteenth Century*.]

It is an entirely kind and earnest review of one of the ıief enemies of Evangelicalism, by an Evangelical clergy-ıan. The closing passages of it (pp. 59 to 61) are entirely eautiful and wise,—the last sentence, let me thankfully ace for an abiding comfort and power in St. George's chools:[1]—

"To despise the creeds in which the noblest intellects of Christendom past times found rest, is presumptuous folly; to suppose that these eeds are a final and exact statement of all that the Church can ever ow, is to forget that in every creed there are two elements,—the divine bstance, and the human form. The form must change with the chang-g thoughts of men; and even the substance may come to shine with arer light, and to reveal unsuspected glories, as God and man come arer together."

10. And the whole of the piece of biography thus nobly osed is full of instruction; but, in the course of it, there a statement (pp. 49–51) respecting which I have some-ıat contradictory to say, and that very gravely. I am rry to leave out any of the piece I refer to: but those my readers who have not access to the book, will find e gist of what I must contradict, qualifiedly, in these lowing fragments:—

A. "The strength of his (George Dawson's) moral teaching was largely ived from the firmness of his own conviction that the laws which ern human life are not to be evaded; that they assert their authority h relentless severity; that it is of no use to try to cheat them; that y have no pity; that we must obey them, or else suffer the conse-nces of our disobedience. He insisted, with a frequency, an earnest-s, and an energy which showed the depth of his own sense of the portance of this part of his teaching, that what a man sows he must reap,—no matter though he has sown ignorantly or carelessly; that facts of the physical and moral universe have a stern reality; and t, if we refuse to learn and to recognize the facts, the best intentions unavailing. The iron girder must be strong enough to bear the ght that is put upon it, or else it will give way,—no matter whether girder is meant to support the roof of a railway station, or the floor a church, or the gallery of a theatre. Hard work is necessary for ess in business; and the man who works hardest—other things being al—is most likely to succeed, whether he is a saint or a sinner."

[The sentiment in the extract from Dale closely resembles a passage in kin's *Ethics of the Dust*, § 118: see Vol. XVIII. pp. 355–356.]

B. "The facts of the universe are steadfast, and not to be changed b human fancies or follies; the laws of the universe are relentless, and wi not relax in the presence of human weakness, or give way under th pressure of human passion and force."

C. "No matter though you have a most devout and conscientiou belief that by mere praying you can save a town from typhoid fever; the drainage is bad and the water foul, praying will never save the tow from typhoid."

11. Thus far, Mr. Dale has been stating the substanc of Mr. Dawson's teaching; he now, as accepting that sub stance, so far as it reaches, himself proceeds to carry i farther, and to apply the same truths—admitting them t be truths—to spiritual things. And now, from *him* we hav this following most important and noble passage, which accept for wholly true, and place in St. George's schools:—

D. "It would be strange if these truths became false as soon as the are applied to the religious side of the life of man. The spiritual univers is no more to be made out of a man's own head, than the material univers or the moral universe. *There*, too, the conditions of human life are fixe *There*, too, we have to respect the facts; and, whether we respect the or not, the facts remain. *There*, too, we have to confess the authority the actual laws; and, whether we confess it or not, we shall suffer f breaking them. To suppose that, in relation to the spiritual universe, is safe or right to believe what we think it pleasant to believe,—to suppos that, because we think it is eminently desirable that the spiritual univers should be ordered in a particular way, therefore we are at liberty to act though this were certainly the way in which it is ordered, and that, thoug we happen to be wrong, it will make no difference,—is preposterous. N water drowns, fire burns, whether we believe it or not. No belief of ou will change the facts, or reverse the laws of the spiritual universe. It our first business to discover the laws, and to learn how the facts stand."

12. I accept this passage—observe, totally,—but I accep it for itself. The basis of it—the preceding Dawsonia statements, A, B, and C,—I wholly deny, so far as I am Christian. If the Word of Christ be true, the facts of th physical universe are *not* steadfast. They are steadfast onl for the infidel. But these signs shall evermore follow the that believe. "They shall take up serpents, and if the drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."[1] N matter how bad the drainage of the town, how foul th

[1] [Mark xvi. 18.]

vater, "He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; nd though a thousand fall at thy right hand, it shall not ome nigh *thee*."[1] This, as a Christian, I am bound to elieve. This, speaking as a Christian, I am bound to proaim, whatever the consequences may be to the town, or he opinion of me formed by the Common Council; as a hristian, I believe prayer to be, in the last sense, sufficient or the salvation of the town; and drainage, in the last ense, insufficient for its salvation. Not that you will find e, looking back through the pages of *Fors*, unconcerned out drainage.[2] But if, of the two, I must choose between ains and prayer—why, "look you"—whatever you may ink of my wild and whirling words, I will go pray.[3]

And now, therefore, for St. George's schools, I most lemnly reverse the statement B, and tell my scholars, with l the force that is in me, that the facts of the universe e NOT steadfast, that they ARE changed by human fancies, d by human follies (much more by human wisdoms),—that e laws of the universe are no more relentless than the od who wrote them,—that they WILL relax in the presce of human weakness, and DO give way under the pres-re of human passion and force, and give way so totally, fore so little passion and force, that if you have but aith" as a grain of mustard seed, *nothing* shall be impos-le unto you.[4]

13. "Are these merely fine phrases, or is he mad, as ople say?" one of my polite readers asks of another.

Neither, oh polite and pitying friend. Observe, in the st place, that I simply speak *as* a Christian, and express you accurately what Christian doctrine is. I am myself nearly as you are,—so grievously faithless to less than least grain of—Colman's—mustard, that *I* can take up serpents, and raise no dead.

[Psalms xci. 3, 7.]
[See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. pp. 92, 296, 326; Vol. XXVIII. pp. 176, 204, 301, 689; and above, pp. 323-324.]
[*Hamlet*, Act i. sc. 5: "Look you, I'll go pray."]
[Matthew xvii. 20.]

But I don't say, therefore, that the dead are not raised, nor that Christ is not risen,[1] nor the head of the serpent bowed under the foot of the Seed of the Woman.[2] I say only,—*if* my faith is vain, it is because I am yet in my sins.[3] And to others I say—what Christ bids me say. That, simply,—that, literally,—that, positively; and no more. "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the salvation of God."[4]

If thou *wilt* (wouldest)—Faith being essentially a matter of will, after some other conditions are met. For how shall they believe on whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher?[5] Yea; but—asks St. George, murmuring behind his visor,—much more, how shall they hear without—ears.

He that *hath* ears (it is written),—let him hear;[6]—but how of him that hath none?

For observe, far the greater multitude of men *cannot* hear of Christ at all. You can't tell an unloving person what love is, preach you till his doomsday. What is to become of them, God knows, who is their Judge; but since they cannot hear of Christ, they cannot believe in Him; and for them, the Laws of the Universe are unchangeable enough. But for those who *can* hear—comes the farther question whether they *will*. And then, if they do, whether they will be steadfast in the faith,[7]—steadfast behind the shield, point in earth, cross of iron—(compare *Laws of Fésole*, chapter iii., and the old heraldic word "restrial," of bearings, first written in blood[8]),—else, having begun in

[1] [See 1 Corinthians xv. 16.]
[2] [See Genesis iii. 15.]
[3] [See 1 Corinthians xv. 17.]
[4] [John xi. 40.]
[5] [Romans x. 14.]
[6] [Matthew xi. 15.]
[7] [See 1 Peter v. 9.]
[8] [Chapter iii. in the *Laws of Fésole* has for its subject "The Quartering of St. George's Shield": see Vol. XV. p. 365. For "restrial" bearings—said of those which "in respect of their strength and solid substance" are "able to abide the stresse and force of any triall they shall be put unto"—see *Val d'Arno*, § 10 (Vol. XXIII. p. 64); for the cross, as the first restrial bearing "drawn by dying fingers dipped in blood," see *ibid.*, § 115, p. 70.]

he spirit, they may only be "made perfect in the flesh." Gal. iii. 3.) But if, having begun in the Spirit, they grieve not,[1] there will be assuredly among them the chorus-eader. He that "leads forth the choir of the Spirit," and vorketh MIRACLES among you. (Gal. iii. 5.[2])

14. Now, lastly, read in the ninth chapter of Froude's *Iistory of England*, the passage beginning, "Here, there-ore, we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of istory,"* down to, "He desired us each to choose our onfessor, and to confess our sins one to another;" and the est, I give here, for end of this *Fors*:—

"The day after, he preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th salm:[3] 'O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us;' con-uding with the words, 'It is better that we should suffer here a short enance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell here-ter;'—and so ending, he turned to us, and bade us all do as we saw m do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the ethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and kneeling before him, egged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed he ight have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, nd said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him, nd saying as he did,—each from each imploring pardon.

"Thus, with unobtrusive nobleness, did these poor men prepare them-lves for the end; not less beautiful in their resolution, not less deserving e everlasting remembrance of mankind, than those three hundred who the summer morning sate combing their golden hair in the passes of hermopylæ. We will not regret their cause; there is no cause for which y man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to e than to speak words which he does not mean. Nor, in this their ur of trial, were they left without higher comfort.

"'The third day after,' the story goes on, 'was the mass of the Holy host, and God made known His presence among us. For when the host as lifted up, there came as it were a whisper of air, which breathed upon r faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus

* Octavo edition of 1858, vol. ii., p. 341.[4]

[1] [Ephesians iv. 30.]

[2] [ὁ οὖν ἐπιχορηγῶν ἡμῖν τὸ Πνεῦμα: translated in the English version, "He there-e that ministereth to you the Spirit."]

[3] [An error for Psalm lx.]

[4] [Vol. ii. pp. 235–245, in the small edition; from the account of the execu-n of the brethren of the London Charterhouse (1535). The preacher was the or. For another reference to the incident, see below, p. 389.]

abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a lon time could not continue the service—we all remaining stupefied, hearin the melody, and feeling the marvellous effects of it upon our spirits, bu knowing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hear rejoiced as we perceived that God was with us indeed.'"

15. It can't be the end of this *Fors*, however, I fin (15th February, half-past seven morning), for I have for gotten twenty things I meant to say; and this instant, i my morning's reading, opened and read, being in a drear state, and not knowing well what I was doing,—of a things to find a new message!—in the first chapter c Proverbs.

I was in a dreamy state, because I had got a lette about the Thirlmere debate,[1] which was to me, in m purposed quietness, like one of the voices on the hi behind the Princess Parizade.[2] And *she* could not hol without cotton in her ears, dear wise sweet thing. Bu luckily for me, I have just had help from the Beat Vigri at Venice, who sent me her own picture and S Catherine's, yesterday, for a Valentine;[3] and so I *ca* hold on:—only just read this first of Proverbs with m please.

"The Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king c Israel.

"To *know* wisdom and instruction."

(Not to "opine" them.[4])

[1] [The Manchester Corporation's Thirlmere Bill had been read a second tir on February 13: compare Vol. XIII. p. 517 *n.*]

[2] [*Arabian Nights* ("Story of the Sisters who envied their Younger Sister See Jonathan Scott's translation, 1811, vol. v. pp. 379–381. The Princess Per zadeh, in her search for the speaking bird, the singing tree, and yellow wat stopped her ears with cotton-wool against the terrifying voices on the mounta "I mind not, said she to herself, all that can be said, were it worse; I only lau at them, and shall pursue my way." It was from this story, by the way, th the incident of the black stones, utilised by Ruskin in his *King of the Golden Riv* is derived.]

[3] [So Ruskin notes in his diary. Presumably some one had sent him a stu or a photograph, of a favourite picture in the Academy at Venice—"the Bea Catherine Vigri's St. Ursula; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her see Vol. XXIV. p. 185.]

[4] [Compare Letter 11, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 195); and below, Letter 89, § (p. 399).]

"To *perceive* the words of understanding."

(He that hath eyes, let him read—he that hath ears, ear. And for the Blind and the Deaf,—if patient and lent by the right road-side,[1]—there may also be some one) say "He is coming.")

"To receive the instruction of WISDOM, JUSTICE, and UDGMENT, and EQUITY."

Four things,—oh friends,—which you have not only to *er*ceive, but to *re*ceive. And the species of these four ings, and the origin of their species,—you know them, oubtless, well,—in these scientific days?

"To give subtlety to the simple; to the *young* man, nowledge and discretion."

(Did ever one hear, lately, of a young man's wanting ther? Or of a simple person who wished to be subtle? re not we all subtle—even to the total defeat of our ted antagonists, the Prooshians and Rooshians?[2])

"A wise man will hear and will increase learning."

(*e.g.*, "A stormy meeting took place in the Birmingham Town Hall last ght. It was convened by the Conservative Association for the purpose passing a vote of confidence in the Government; but the Liberal Asso- tion also issued placards calling upon Liberals to attend. The chair was ken by Mr. Stone, the President of the Conservative Association, but the eater part of his speech was inaudible even upon the platform, owing to frequent bursts of applause, groans, and Kentish fire, intermingled with nic songs. Flags bearing the words 'Vote for Bright' and 'Vote for adstone' were hoisted, and were torn to pieces by the supporters of the vernment. Dr. Sebastian Evans moved, and Alderman Brinsley seconded, resolution expressing confidence in Her Majesty's Government. Mr. J. S. right moved, and Mr. R. W. Dale seconded, an amendment, but neither aker could make himself heard; and on the resolution being put to the eting it was declared carried, but the Liberal speakers disputed the cision of the chairman, and asserted that two-thirds of the meeting were ainst the resolution."—*Pall Mall Gazette,* February 13th, 1878.)

[1] [See Matthew xx. 30: "two blind men, sitting by the wayside, when they rd that Jesus passed by," etc.]

[2] [The reference is to the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and to the vements of the British Fleet at this time, which were directed to preventing a ssian occupation of Constantinople—a contingency to which the German Govern- nt was supposed not to object. Ruskin attunes his words to the Cockneyism in the popular music-hall ditty of the time: "The Rooshians shall not have stantinople"; or as W. S. Gilbert has it, "He might have been a Roosian, French, or Turk, or Proosian."]

"And a man of understanding shall *attain unto* wise counsels."

(Yes, in due time; but oh me—over what burning marle, and by what sifting of wheat![1])

"To understand a proverb, and the interpretation."

(Yes, truly—all this chapter I have known from my mother's knee—and never understood it till this very hour.)

"The words of the wise and their *dark* sayings."

(Behold this dreamer cometh,[2]—and this is his dream.)

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction."

(*e.g.*, "Herr ——, one of the Socialist leaders, declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, same date.*)

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

The father is to teach the boy's reason; and the mother, his will. He is to take his father's word, and to obey his mother's—look, even to the death.

(Therefore it is that all laws of holy life are called "mother-laws" in Venice.—*Fors*, Letter 74, § 12.[3])

* I take this passage out of an important piece of intelligence of a quite contrary and greatly encouraging kind. "A new political party has just been added to the many parties which already existed in Germany. It calls itself 'the Christian Social party.' It is headed by several prominent Court preachers of Berlin, who, alarmed at the progress made by the Socialists, have taken this means of resisting their subversive doctrines. The object of the party is to convince the people that there can be no true system of government which is not based upon Christianity; and this principle is being elaborately set forth in large and enthusiastic meetings. Herr Most, one of the Socialist leaders, has given the political pastors an excellent text for their orations by declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind. Branches of the Christian Socialist party have been formed in several of the most important German towns; and they confidently expect to be able to secure a definite position in the next Imperial Parliament."

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[1] ["Sift you as wheat" (Luke xxii. 31).]
[2] [Genesis xxxvii. 19.]
[3] [Above, p. 42.]

"For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head."

Alas, yes!—once men were crowned in youth with the gold of their father's glory; when the hoary head was crowned also in the way of righteousness.

And so they went their way to prison, and to death.

But now, by divine liberty, and general indication, even Solomon's *own* head is not crowned by any means.—*Fors*, Letter 77, § 9.[1]

"And chains about thy neck"—(yes, collar of the knightliest. Let not thy mother's Mercy and Truth forsake thee)—bind them about thy neck, write them upon the tables of thine heart.[2] *She* may forget: yet will not *I* forget thee.[3]

(Therefore they say—of the sweet mother laws of their loving God and lowly Christ—"Disrumpamus *vincula* eorum et projiciamus a nobis, *jugum* ipsorum."[4])

Nay—nay, but if they say thus then?

"Let us swallow them up *alive*, as the grave."

(Other murderers kill, before they bury;—but YOU, you observe, are invited to bury before you kill. All these things, when once you know their meaning, have their physical symbol quite accurately beside them. Read the story of the last explosion in Yorkshire—where a woman's husband and her seven sons fell—all seven—all eight—together:[5] about the beginning of barley harvest[6] it was, I think.)

"And *whole* as those that go down into the pit."

(Other murderers kill the body only, but YOU are invited to kill "whole"—body and soul. Yea—and to kill with such wholeness that the creatures shall not even know they ever *had* a soul, any more than a frog of Egypt.[7] You will

[1] [Above, p. 116: a reference to the breaking off of Solomon's head from the capital of the Ducal Palace at Venice.]
[2] [Proverbs iii. 3.]
[3] [Isaiah xlix. 15.]
[4] [Psalms ii. 3: see above, p. 366.]
[5] [Particulars of this accident cannot be traced.]
[6] [Ruth i. 22.]
[7] [See Letter 64, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 564).]

not, think you. Ah, but hear yet—for second thoughts are best.)

"We shall find all precious substance. We shall fill our houses with spoil."

(ALL precious substance. Is there anything in those houses round the park that could possibly be suggested as wanting?—And *spoil*,—all taken from the killed people. Have they not sped—have they not divided the spoil—to every man a damsel or two. Not one bit of it all wrought for with your own hand,—even so, mother of Sisera.[1])

"Cast in thy lot among *us*."—(The Company is limited.)

"Let us all have one"—(heart? no, for *none* of us have that;—mind? no, for none of us have that;—but let us all have one—) "purse." And now—that you know the meaning of it—I write to the end my morning's reading:—

"My son, walk not thou in the way with them.

"Refrain thy foot from their path. For their feet *run* to evil, and *hasten* to shed blood.

"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.

"And they lay wait for their *own* blood.

"They lurk privily for their *own* lives.

"SO ARE THE WAYS OF EVERY ONE THAT IS GREEDY OF GAIN, WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE LIFE OF THE OWNERS THEREOF."

Now, therefore, let us see what these ways are—the Viæ Peccatorum,—the Pleasantness of them, and the Peace.[2]

16. The following are portions of a letter from the brother of one of my country friends here, who has been pastor of the English Baptist church in Tredegar about twenty years:—

"TREDEGAR, 11*th February*, 1878.

"Some three hundred men are said to have been discharged from the works last week. The mills are to be closed all this week, and the iron-workers do not expect to be able to earn a penny. About a day and a half per week, on the average, is what they have been working for several months. The average earnings have been six shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay for coal, house-rent, and other expenses, leaving

[1] [Judges v. 30, 28.]
[2] [Proverbs iii. 17.]

very little for food and clothing. The place has been divided into districts. I have one of these districts to investigate and relieve. In that district there are a hundred and thirty families in distress, and which have been relieved on an average of two shillings per week for each family for the last month. Many of them are some days every week without anything to eat, and with nothing but water to drink: they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and very little beside their wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night. They have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which they could obtain the smallest sum of money. In fact, they seem to me to be actually starving. In answer to our appeal, we have received about three hundred pounds, and have distributed the greater part of it. We also distributed a large quantity of clothing last week which we had received from different places. We feel increasing anxiety about the future. When we began, we hoped the prospect would soon brighten, and that we should be able before long to discontinue our efforts. Instead of that, however, things look darker than ever. We cannot tell what would become of us if contributions to our funds should now cease to come in, and we do not know how long we may hope that they will continue to come in, and really cannot tell who is to blame, nor what is the remedy."[1]

They know not at *what* they stumble.[2] How should they?

Well—will they hear at last then? Has Jael-Atropos[3] at last driven her nail well down through the Helmet of Death he wore instead of the Helmet of Salvation[4]—mother of Sisera?

[1] [For further reference to this extract, see Letter 93, § 4 (p. 469).]

[2] [Proverbs iv. 19.]

[3] [Compare the title of Letter 69 ("The Message of Jael-Atropos"), Vol. XXVIII. p. 687; see also above, p. 199. See also the letter to Mr. Walter Severn in Vol. XXVII. p. xx., where Ruskin speaks of "Fors Clavigera" as "Jael to the Sisera of lost opportunity."]

[4] [Isaiah lix. 17.]

Ω θνητοῖσι δικαιοτάτη, πολύολβε, ποθεινή,
ἐξ ἰσότητος ἀεὶ θνητοῖς χαίρουσα δικαίοις,
πάντιμ', ὀλβίομοιρε, Δικαιοσύνη μεγαλαυχής,
ἣ καθαραῖς γνώμαις αἰεὶ τὰ δέοντα βραβεύεις,
ἄθραυστος τὸ συνειδός· ἀεὶ θραύεις γὰρ ἅπαντας,
ὅσσοι μὴ τὸ σὸν ἦλθον ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀλλοπρόσαλλοι,
πλάστιγξιν βριαρῇσι παρεγκλίναντες ἀπλήστως·
ἀστασίαστε, φίλη πάντων, φιλόκωμ' ἐρατεινή,
εἰρήνῃ χαίρουσα, βίον ζηλοῦσα βέβαιον.
αἰεὶ γὰρ τὸ πλέον στυγέεις, ἰσότητι δὲ χαίρεις.
ἐν σοὶ γὰρ σοφίη ἀρετῆς τέλος ἐσθλὸν ἱκάνει.
κλῦθι, θεά, κακίην θνητῶν θραύουσα δικαίως,
ὡς ἂν ἰσορροπίῃσιν ἀεὶ βίος ἐσθλὸς ὁδεύοι
θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων, οἵ ἀρούρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
καὶ ζώων πάντων, ὁπόσ' ἐν κόλποισι τιθηνεῖ
γαιᾶ θεὰ μήτηρ καὶ πόντιος εἰνάλιος Ζεύς.

Thou who doest right for mortals,—full of blessings,—thou, the desired of hearts,
Rejoicing, for thy equity, in mortal righteousness;—
All-honoured, happy-fated, majestic-mienced Justice,
Who dost arbitrate, for pure minds, all that ought to be,
Unmoved of countenance thou;—(it is they who shall be moved
That come not under thy yoke,—other always to others,
Driving insatiably oblique the loaded scales);—
Thou,—seditionless, dear to all—lover of revel, and lovely,
Rejoicing in peace, zealous for pureness of life,
(For thou hatest always the More, and rejoicest in equalness.
For in thee the wisdom of virtue reaches its noble end.)
Hear, Goddess!—trouble thou justly the mischief of mortals,
So that always in fair equipoise the noble life may travel
Of mortal men that eat the fruit of the furrow,
And of all living creatures, whom nurse in their bosoms
Earth the Goddess mother, and the God of the deep sea.

ORPHEUS.—Sixty-third Hymn.

"YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS, ESTABLISH THOU IT"

LETTER 88

THE CONVENTS OF ST. QUENTIN[1]

BRANTWOOD, *8th February*, 1880.

1. IT is now close on two years since I was struck by the illness which brought these Letters to an end, as a periodical series; nor did I think, on first recovery, that I should ever be able to conclude them otherwise than by a few comments in arranging their topical index.[2]

But my strength is now enough restored to permit me to add one or two more direct pieces of teaching to the broken statements of principle which it has become difficult to gather out of the mixed substance of the book. These will be written at such leisure as I may find, and form an eighth volume, which with a thin ninth, containing indices, I shall be thankful if I can issue in this tenth year from the beginning of the work.

2. To-day, being my sixty-first birthday, I would ask leave to say a few words to the friends who care for me, and the readers who are anxious about me, touching the above-named illness itself. For a physician's estimate of it, indeed, I can only refer them to my physicians. But there were some conditions of it which I knew better than they could: namely, first, the precise and sharp distinction between the state of morbid inflammation of brain which

[1] [See below, § 14. The passage from the Orphic Hymns was printed by Ruskin by way of frontispiece to the Letter. For a notice issued with the Letter, see above, p. xxxi.]

[2] [This Index (which was to have formed an additional volume of *Fors*) was never completed by Ruskin, but is now printed (for the most part from his notes) see below: p. 607.]

gave rise to false visions (whether in sleep, or trance, or waking, in broad daylight, with perfect knowledge of the real things in the room, while yet I saw others that were not there), and the not morbid, however dangerous, states of more or less excited temper, and too much quickened thought, which gradually led up to the illness, accelerating in action during the eight or ten days preceding the actual giving way of the brain (as may be enough seen in the fragmentary writing of the first edition of my notes on the Turner exhibition[1]); and yet, up to the transitional moment of first hallucination, entirely healthy, and in the full sense of the word "sane"; just as the natural inflammation about a healing wound in flesh is sane, up to the transitional edge where it may pass at a crisis into morbific, or even mortified, substance. And this more or less inflamed, yet still perfectly healthy, condition of mental power, may be traced by any watchful reader, in *Fors*, nearly from its beginning, —that manner of mental ignition or irritation being for the time a great additional force, enabling me to discern more clearly, and say more vividly, what for long years it had been in my heart to say.

3. Now I observed that in talking of the illness, whether during its access or decline, none of the doctors ever thought of thus distinguishing what was definitely diseased in the brain action, from what was simply curative—had there been time enough—of the wounded nature in me. And in the second place, not perceiving, or at least not admitting, this difference; nor, for the most part, apprehending (except the one who really carried me through, and who never lost hope—Dr. Parsons of Hawkshead) that there *were* any mental wounds to be healed, they made, and still make, my friends more anxious about me than there is occasion for: which anxiety I partly regret, as it pains them; but much more if it makes them more doubtful than they used to be (which, for some, is saying

[1] [For these *Notes*, see Vol. XIII. pp. 391 *seq.*; and for the fragmentary character of the first edition, *ibid.*, pp. liv., lv.]

a good deal) of the "truth and soberness"[1] of *Fors* itself. Throughout every syllable of which, hitherto written, the reader will find one consistent purpose, and perfectly conceived system, far more deeply founded than any bruited about under their founders' names; including in its balance one vast department of human skill,—the arts,—which the vulgar economists are wholly incapable of weighing; and a yet more vast realm of human enjoyment—the spiritual affections,—which materialist thinkers are alike incapable of imagining: a system not mine, nor Kant's, nor Comte's;—but that which Heaven has taught every true man's heart, and proved by every true man's work, from the beginning of time to this day.

4. I use the word "Heaven" here in an absolutely literal sense, meaning the blue sky,[2] and the light and air of it. Men who live in that light,—"in pure sunshine, not under mixed-up shade,"[3]—and whose actions are open as the air, always arrive at certain conditions of moral and practical loyalty, which are wholly independent of religious opinion. These, it has been the first business of *Fors* to declare. Whether there be one God or three,—no God, or ten thousand,—children should have enough to eat, and their skins should be washed clean. It is not *I* who say that. Every mother's heart under the sun says that, if she has one.

Again, whether there be saints in Heaven or not, as long as its stars shine on the sea, and the thunnies swim there—every fisherman who drags a net ashore is bound to say to as many human creatures as he can, "Come and dine."[4] And the fishmongers who destroy their fish by cartloads that they may make the poor pay dear for what is left,[5] ought to be flogged round Billingsgate, and out of

[1] [Acts xxvi. 25.]
[2] [Compare Ruskin's saying that the object of education is to see the sky: Letter 9, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 164).]
[3] [Plato, *Phædrus*, 239 C. The Greek is given in *Art of England*, § 79.]
[4] [John xxi. 12: compare above, p. 37.]
[5] [See Letter 38 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 33).]

it. It is not *I* who say that. Every man's heart on sea and shore says that—if he isn't at heart a rascal. Whatever is dictated in *Fors* is dictated thus by common sense, common equity, common humanity, and common sunshine —not by me.

5. But farther. I have just now used the word "Heaven" in a nobler sense also: meaning, Heaven and our Father therein.

And beyond the power of its sunshine, which all men may know, *Fors* has declared also the power of its Fatherhood,—which only some men know, and others do not,—and, except by rough teaching, may not. For the wise of all the earth have said in their hearts always, "God is, and there is none beside Him;"[1] and the fools of all the earth have said in their hearts always, "I am, and there is none beside me."

Therefore, beyond the assertion of what is visibly salutary, *Fors* contains also the assertion of what is invisibly salutary, or salvation-bringing, in Heaven, to all men who will receive such health: and beyond this an invitation—passing gradually into an imperious call—to all men who trust in God, that they purge their conscience from dead works,[2] and join together in work separated from the fool's; pure, undefiled,[3] and worthy of Him they trust in.

6. But in the third place. Besides these definitions, first, of what is useful to all the world, and then of what is useful to the wiser part of it, *Fors* contains much trivial and desultory talk by the way. Scattered up and down in it,—perhaps by the Devil's sowing tares among the wheat,[4] —there is much casual expression of my own personal feelings and faith, together with bits of autobiography, which were allowed place, not without some notion of their being useful, but yet imprudently, and even incontinently,

[1] [See Deuteronomy iv. 39.]
[2] [Hebrews ix. 14.]
[3] [See James i. 27.]
[4] [See Matthew xiii. 25.]

because I could not at the moment hold my tongue about what vexed or interested me, or returned soothingly to my memory.

Now these personal fragments must be carefully sifted from the rest of the book, by readers who wish to understand it, and taken within their own limits,—no whit farther. For instance, when I say that "St. Ursula sent me a flower with her love,"[1] it means that I myself am in the habit of thinking of the Greek Persephone, the Latin Proserpina, and the Gothic St. Ursula, as of the same living spirit; and so far regulating my conduct by that idea as to dedicate my book on Botany to Proserpina; and to think, when I want to write anything pretty about flowers, how St. Ursula would like it said. And when on the Christmas morning in question, a friend staying in Venice brought me a pot of pinks, "with St. Ursula's love," the said pot of pinks did afterwards greatly help me in my work;—and reprove me afterwards, in its own way, for the failure of it.

7. All this effort, or play, of personal imagination is utterly distinct from the teaching of *Fors*, though I thought at the time its confession innocent, without in any wise advising my readers to expect messages from pretty saints, or reprobation from pots of pinks: only being urgent with them to ascertain clearly in their own minds what they *do* expect comfort or reproof from. Here, for instance (Sheffield, 12th February), I am lodging at an honest and hospitable grocer's, who has lent me his own bedroom, of which the principal ornament is a card printed in black and gold, sacred to the memory of his infant son, who died aged fourteen months, and whose tomb is represented under the figure of a broken Corinthian column, with two graceful-winged ladies putting garlands on it. He is comforted by this conception, and, in that degree, believes and feels with me: the merely palpable fact is probably, that

[1] [See Letter 74, § 1 (above, p. 30).]

his child's body is lying between two tall chimneys which are covering it gradually with cinders. I am quite as clearly aware of that fact as the most scientific of my friends; and can probably see more in the bricks of the said chimneys than they. But if they can see nothing in Heaven above the chimney tops, nor conceive of anything in spirit greater than themselves, it is not because they have more knowledge than I, but because they have less sense.

Less *common*-sense,[1]—observe: less practical insight into the things which are of instant and constant need to man.

8. I must yet allow myself a few more words of autobiography touching this point. The doctors said that I went mad, this time two years ago, from overwork. I had not been then working more than usual, and what was usual with me had become easy. But I went mad because nothing came of my work. People would have understood my falling crazy if they had heard that the manuscripts on which I had spent seven years of my old life had all been used to light the fire with, like Carlyle's first volume of the *French Revolution*.[2] But they could not understand that I should be the least annoyed, far less fall ill in a frantic manner, because, after I had got them published, nobody believed a word of them. Yet the first calamity would only have been misfortune,—the second (the enduring calamity under which I toil) is humiliation,—resisted necessarily by a dangerous and lonely pride.

9. I spoke just now of the "wounds" of which that fire in the flesh came;[3] and if any one ask me faithfully, what the wounds were, I can faithfully give the answer of Zechariah's silenced messenger, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."[4] All alike, in whom I had most trusted for help, failed me in this main work:

[1] [On common-sense, compare Appendix 3 (p. 535).]
[2] [See Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, vol. i. pp. 26 *seq.*]
[3] [See James v. 3.]
[4] [Zechariah xiii. 6.]

some mocked at it, some pitied, some rebuked,—all stopped their ears at the cry: and the solitude at last became too great to be endured. I tell this now, because I must say some things that grieve me to say, about the recent work of one of the friends from whom I had expected most sympathy and aid,—the historian J. A. Froude. Faithful, he, as it appeared to me, in all the intent of history: already in the year 1858 shrewdly cognizant of the main facts (with which he alone professed himself concerned) of English life past and present; keenly also, and impartially, sympathetic with every kind of heroism, and mode of honesty. Of him I first learned the story of Sir Richard Grenville; by him was directed to the diaries of the sea captains in Hakluyt; by his influence, when he edited *Fraser's Magazine*, I had been led to the writing of *Munera Pulveris:* his Rectorial address at St. Andrew's was full of insight into the strength of old Scotland; his study of the life of Hugo of Lincoln, into that of yet elder England;[1] and every year, as Auld Reekie and old England sank farther out of memory and honour with others, I looked more passionately for some utterance from him, of noble story about the brave and faithful dead, and noble wrath against the wretched and miscreant[2] dead-alive. But year by year his words have grown more hesitating and helpless. The first preface to his history is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation; and it most truly introduces the following book as a study of the process by which that condition and those laws were turned upside-down, and inside-out, "as a man wipeth a dish,—wiping it, and turning it upside-down;"[3] so that, from the

[1] [The references are to "England's Forgotten Worthies," "Calvinism" (the subject of the Rectorial address), and "A Bishop of the Twelfth Century"—all included in *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* For the allusion to *Munera Pulveris*, see Vol. XVII. pp. l., 143. For references by Ruskin to Grenville, see Vol. XXVII. p. 153, and the other passages there noted; to Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Vol. XXVII. p. 237; and to Bishop Hugo, Vol. XXVIII. p. 118.]

[2] [That is, misbelieving: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 81, 466.]

[3] [2 Kings xxi. 13.]

least thing to the greatest, if our age is light, those ages were dark; if our age is right, those ages were wrong,—and *vice versâ*. There is no possible consent to be got, or truce to be struck, between them. Those ages were feudal, ours free; those reverent, ours impudent; those artful, ours mechanical; the consummate and exhaustive difference being that the creed of the Dark Ages was, "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;" and the creed of the Light Ages has become, "I believe in Father Mud, the Almighty Plastic; and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic."

10. Now at the time when Mr. Froude saw and announced the irreconcilableness of these two periods, and then went forward to his work on that time of struggling twilight which foretold the existing blaze of day, and general detection of all impostures, he had certainly not made up his mind whether he ought finally to praise the former or the latter days. His reverence for the righteousness of old English law holds staunch, even to the recognition of it in the most violent states of—literal—ebullition: such, for instance, as the effective check given to the introduction of the arts of Italian poisoning into England, by putting the first English cook who practised them into a pot of convenient size, together with the requisite quantity of water, and publicly boiling him,[1]—a most concise and practical method. Also he rejoices in the old English detestation of idleness, and determination that every person in the land should have a craft to live by, and practise it honestly: and in manifold other matters I perceive the backward leaning of his inmost thoughts; and yet in the very second page of this otherwise grand preface, wholly in contravention of his own principle that the historian has only to do with facts, he lets slip this — conciliating is it? or careless? or really intended?—in any case amazing—sentence, "A condition

[1] [See ch. 4 of Froude's *History*, vol. i. pp. 308–309 in the octavo edition.]

of things" (the earlier age) "differing both outwardly and inwardly from that *into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves.*" An amazing sentence, I repeat, in its triple assumptions,—each in itself enormous: the first, that it is happier to live without, than with, the fear of God; the second, that it is chance, and neither our virtue nor our wisdom, that has procured us this happiness;—the third, that the "ourselves" of Onslow Gardens[1] and their neighbourhood may sufficiently represent also the ourselves of Siberia and the Rocky Mountains—of Afghanistan and Zululand.

11. None of these assumptions have foundation; and for fastening the outline of their shadowy and meteoric form, Mr. Froude is working under two deadly disadvantages. Intensely loving and desiring Truth before all things, nor without sympathy even for monkish martyrs,—see the passage last quoted in my last written *Fors*, § 14,[2]—he has yet allowed himself to slip somehow into the notion that Protestantism and the love of Truth are synonymous;—so that, for instance, the advertisements which decorate in various fresco the station of the Great Northern Railway, and the newspapers vended therein to the passengers by the morning train, appear to him treasures of human wisdom and veracity, as compared with the benighted ornamentation of the useless Lesche of Delphi,[3] or the fanciful stains on the tunnel roof of the Lower Church of Assisi.[4] And this the more, because, for second deadly disadvantage, he has no knowledge of art, nor care for it; and therefore, in his life of Hugo of Lincoln, passes over the Bishop's designing, and partly building, its cathedral, with a word, as if he had been no more than a woodman building a hut:[5] and in his

[1] [Froude's London residence.]
[2] [Above, p. 373.]
[3] [See Vol. XX. pp. 20 *n.*, 269.]
[4] [For Giotto's frescoes there, see Vol. XXIII. pp. xlii. *seq.*]
[5] [In describing the subject of his paper, Froude says: "It is the life of St. Hugo of Avalon, a monk of the Grand Chartreuse, who was invited by Henry II. into England, became Bishop of Lincoln, and was the designer, and in part builder, of Lincoln Cathedral" (*Short Studies*, vol. ii. p. 61, 1891 edition).]

recent meditations at St. Albans,[1] he never puts the primal question concerning those long cliffs of abbey-wall, how the men who thought of them and built them, differed, in make and build of soul, from the apes who can only pull them down and build bad imitations of them: but he fastens like a remora on the nearer, narrower, copper-coating of fact—that countless bats and owls did at last cluster under the abbey-eaves; fact quite sufficiently known before now, and loudly enough proclaimed to the votaries of the Goddess of Reason, round *her* undefiled altars. So that there was not the slightest need for Mr. Froude's sweeping out these habitations of doleful creatures. Had he taken an actual broom of resolutely bound birch twigs, and, in solemn literalness of act, swept down the wrecked jackdaws' nests, which at this moment make a slippery dunghill-slope, and mere peril of spiral perdition, out of what was once the safe and decent staircase of central Canterbury tower, he would have better served his generation. But after he had, to his own satisfaction, sifted the mass of bone-dust, and got at the worst that could be seen or smelt in the cells of monks, it was next, and at least, his duty, as an impartial historian, to compare with them the smells of modern unmonastic cells (unmonastic, that is to say, in their scorn of sculpture and painting,—monastic enough in their separation of life from life). Yielding no whit to Mr. Froude in love of Fact and Truth, I will place beside his picture of the monk's cell, in the Dark Ages, two or three pictures by eye-witnesses—yes, and by line-and-measure witnesses—of the manufacturer's cell, in the happier times "to which Fortune has introduced ourselves." I translate them (nearly as Fors opens the pages to me) from M. Jules Simon's *L'Ouvrière*, a work which I recommend in the most earnest manner, as a text-book for the study of French in young ladies' schools. It must, however, be

[1] ["Annals of an English Abbey," in which Froude traces the corruptions of the monastic system, first published in *Scribner's Monthly*, 1873–1874, vol. vii. pp. 91, 187, 282; see now *Short Studies*, vol. iii. pp. 1–129 (1891 edition).]

observed, prefatorily, that these descriptions were given in 1861; and I have no doubt that as soon as this *Fors* is published, I shall receive indignant letters from all the places named in the extracts, assuring me that nothing of the sort exists there now. Of which letters I must also say, in advance, that I shall take no notice; being myself prepared, on demand, to furnish any quantity of similar pictures, seen with my own eyes, in the course of a single walk with a policeman through the back streets of any modern town which has fine front ones. And I take M. Jules Simon's studies from life merely because it gives me less trouble to translate them than to write fresh ones myself. But I think it probable that they *do* indicate the culminating power of the manufacturing interest in causing human degradation; and that things may indeed already be in some struggling initial state of amendment. What things *were*, at their worst, and were virtually *everywhere*, I record as a most important contribution to the History of France, and Europe, in the words of an honourable and entirely accurate and trustworthy Frenchman.[1]

12. "Elbeuf, where the industrial prosperity is so great, ought to have healthy lodgings. It is a quite new town, and one which may easily extend itself upon the hills (*coteaux*) which surround it. We find already, in effect, *jusqu'à mi-côte* (I don't know what that means,—half-way up the hill?), beside a little road bordered by smiling shrubs, some small houses built without care and without intelligence by little speculators scarcely less wretched than the lodgers they get together"—(this sort of landlord is one of the worst modern forms of Centaur,—half usurer, half gambler). "You go up two or three steps made of uncut stones" (none the worse for that though, M. Jules Simon), "and you find yourself in a little room lighted by one narrow window, and of which the four walls of earth have never been whitewashed nor rough-cast. Some half-rotten oak planks thrown down on the soil pretend to be a flooring. Close to the road, an old woman pays sevenpence halfpenny a week" (sixty-five centimes,—roughly, forty francs, or thirty shillings a year) "for a mud hut which is literally naked—neither bed, chair, nor table in it (*c'est en demeurer confondu*). She sleeps upon a little straw, too rarely renewed; while her son, who is a labourer at the port, sleeps at night upon the damp ground, without either straw or covering. At some steps farther on, a little back

[1] [See pp. 159–162 of *L'Ouvrière*, par Jules Simon, Paris, 1861. The passage in § 14 is from pp. 147–149, 151–154.]

from the road, a weaver, sixty years old, inhabits a sort of hut or sentry-box (for one does not know what name to give it), of which the filth makes the heart sick" (he means the stomach too—*fait soulever le cœur*). "It is only a man's length, and a yard and a quarter broad; he has remained in it night and day for twenty years. He is now nearly an idiot, and refuses to occupy a better lodging which one proposes to him.

"The misery is not less horrible, and it is much more general at Rouen. One cannot form an idea of the filth of certain houses without having seen it. The poor people feed their fire with the refuse of the apples which have served to make cider, and which they get given them for nothing. They have quantities of them in the corner of their rooms, and a hybrid vegetation comes out of these masses of vegetable matter in putrefaction. Sometimes the proprietors, ill paid, neglect the most urgent repairs. In a garret of the Rue des Matelas, the floor, entirely rotten, trembles under the step of the visitor; at two feet from the door is a hole larger than the body of a man. The two unhappy women who live there are obliged to cry to you to take care, for they have not anything to put over the hole, not even the end of a plank. There is nothing in their room but their spinning-wheel, two low chairs, and the wrecks of a wooden bedstead without a mattress. In a blind alley at the end of the Rue des Canettes, where the wooden houses seem all on the point of falling, a weaver of braces lodges with his family in a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and three-quarters long, measured on the floor; but a projection formed by the tunnels of the chimney of the lower stories, and all the rest, is so close to the roof that one cannot make three steps upright. When the husband, wife, and four children are all in it, it is clear that they cannot move. One will not be surprised to hear that the want of air and hunger make frequent victims in such a retreat (*reduit*). Of the four children which remained to them in April, 1860, two were dead three months afterwards. When they were visited in the month of April, the physician, M. Leroy, spoke of a ticket that he had given them the week before for milk. 'She has drunk of it,' said the mother, pointing to the eldest daughter, half dead, but who had the strength to smile.[1] Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton.

"The father of this poor family is a good weaver. He could gain in an ordinary mill from three to four francs a day, while he gains only a franc and a half in the brace manufactory. One may ask why he stays there. Because at the birth of his last child he had no money at home, nor fire, nor covering, nor light, nor bread. He borrowed twenty francs from his patron, who is an honest man, and he cannot without paying his debt quit that workshop where his work nevertheless does not bring him enough to live on. It is clear that he will die unless some one helps him, but his family will be dead before him."

13. Think now, you sweet milkmaids of England whose face is your fortune,[2] and you sweet demoiselles of France

[1] [For later references to this passage, see below, pp. 402, 470.]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 310 *n.*]

who are content, as girls should be, with breakfast of brown bread and cream (read Scribe's little operetta, *La Demoiselle à Marier*),—think, I say, how, in this one,—even though she *has* had a cup of cold milk given her in the name of the Lord,[1]—lying still there, "nearly a skeleton," that verse of the song of songs which is Solomon's, must take a new meaning for *you:* "We have a little sister, and she has no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day of her espousals?"[2]

14. "For the cellars of Lille, those who defend them, were they of Lille itself, have not seen them. There remains one, No. 40 of the Rue des Étaques; the ladder applied against the wall to go down is in such a bad state that you will do well to go down slowly. There is just light enough to read at the foot of the ladder. One cannot read there without compromising one's eyes: the work of sewing is therefore dangerous in that place; a step farther in, it is impossible, and the back of the cave is entirely dark. The soil is damp and unequal, the walls blackened by time and filth. One breathes a thick air which can never be renewed, because there is no other opening but the trap-door (*soupirail*). The entire space, three yards by four, is singularly contracted by a quantity of refuse of all sorts, shells of eggs, shells of mussels, crumbled ground and filth, worse than that of the dirtiest dunghill. It is easy to see that no one ever walks in this cave. Those who live in it lie down and sleep where they fall. The furniture is composed of a very small iron stove of which the top is shaped into a pan, three earthen pots, a stool, and the wood of a bed without any bedding. There is neither straw nor coverlet. The woman who lodges in the bottom of this cellar never goes out of it. She is sixty-three years old. The husband is not a workman: they have two daughters, of which the eldest is twenty-two years old. These four persons live together, and have no other domicile.

"This cave is one of the most miserable, first for the extreme filth and destitution of its inhabitants, next by its dimensions, most of the cellars being one or two yards wider. These caves serve for lodging to a whole family; in consequence, father, mother, and children sleep in the same place, and too often, whatever their age, in the same bed. The greater number of these unhappies see no mischief in this confusion of the sexes; whatever comes of it, they neither conceal it, nor blush for it; nay, they scarcely know that the rest of mankind have other manners. Some of the caves, indeed, are divided in two by an arch, and thus admit of a separation which is not in general made. It is true that in most cases the back cellar is entirely dark, the air closer, and the stench more pestilent. In some the water trickles down the walls, and others are

[1] [Matthew x. 42.]
[2] [Canticles viii. 8.]

close to a gully-hole, and poisoned by mephitic vapours, especially in summer. . . .

"There are no great differences between the so-called 'courettes' (little alleys) of Lille, and the so-called 'forts' of Roubaix, or the 'convents' of St. Quentin; everywhere the same heaping together of persons and the same unhealthiness. At Roubaix, where the town is open, space is not wanting, and all is new,—for the town has just sprung out of the ground,—one has not, as at Lille, the double excuse of a fortified town where space is circumscribed to begin with, and where one cannot build without pulling down. Also at Roubaix there are never enough lodgings for the increasing number of workmen, so that the landlords may be always sure of their rents. Quite recently, a manufacturer who wanted some hands brought some workwomen from Lille, paid them well, and put them in a far more healthy workshop than the one they had left. Nevertheless, coming on Thursday, they left him on Saturday: they had found no place to lodge, and had passed the three nights under a gateway. In this open town, though its rows of lodgings are more than half a mile from the workshops, they are not a bit more healthy. The houses are ill-constructed, squeezed one against another, the ground between not levelled, and often with not even a gutter to carry away the thrown-out slops, which accumulate in stagnant pools till the sun dries them. Here at hazard is the description of some of the lodgings. To begin with a first floor in Wattel Street: one gets up into it by a ladder and a trap without a door; space, two yards and a half by three yards; one window, narrow and low; walls not rough-cast; inhabitants, father, mother, and two children of different sexes,—one ten, the other seventeen: rent, one franc a week. In Halluin Court[1] there is a house with only two windows to its ground floor, one to the back and one to the front; but this ground floor is divided into three separate lodgings, of which the one in the middle"—(thus ingeniously constructed in the age of light)—"would of course have no window at all, but it is separated from the back and front ones by two lattices, which fill the whole space, and give it the aspect of a glass cage. It results that the household placed in this lodging has no air, and that none of the three households have any privacy, for it is impossible for any person of them to hide any of his movements from the two others. One of these lodgings is let for five francs a month; the woman who inhabits it has five children, though all young, but she has got a sort of cage made in the angle of her room, which can be got up to by a winding staircase, and which can hold a bed. This the lodger has underlet, at seventy-five centimes a week, to a sempstress, abandoned by her lover, with a child of some weeks old. This child is laid on the bed, where it remains alone all the day, and the mother comes to suckle it at noon. A gown and a bonnet, with a little parcel which may contain, at the most, one chemise, are placed on a shelf, and above them an old silk umbrella—an object of great luxury, the *débris* of lost opulence. Nearly all the inhabitants of this court are subject to fever. If an epidemic came on the top of that, the whole population would be carried off. Yet it is not two years since Halluin Court was built."

[1] [Compare below, Letter 89, § 5 (p. 402).]

Such, Mr. Froude,[1] are the "fortresses" of free—as opposed to feudal—barons; such the "convents" of philosophic—as opposed to catholic—purity. Will you not tell the happy world of your day, how it may yet be a little happier? It is wholly your business, not mine;—and all these unwilling words of my tired lips are spoken only because *you* are silent.

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15. I do not propose to encumber the pages of the few last numbers of *Fors* with the concerns of St. George's Guild: of which the mustard-seed state (mingled hopefully however with that of cress) is scarcely yet overpast. This slackness of growth, as I have often before stated, is more the Master's fault than any one else's, the present Master being a dilatory, dreamy, and—to the much vexation of the more enthusiastic members of the Guild—an extremely patient person; and busying himself at present rather with the things that amuse him in St. George's Museum than with the Guild's wider cares;—of which,

[1] [The first draft had a longer passage here:—

"Such are the fortresses of modern power—and such, the convents of modern purity. And if any living writer wills to be the historian of evil rather than of good,—these are the first sorrows to be pictured, while yet there is time to relieve,—these the first sins to be recorded, whether for present amendment, or enduring shame. But if with no tragic thirst for the thrill of compassion, and no morbid pleasure in the self-gratulation of disdain, the historian sets himself to discern the balance of the facts, and the bias of the ways of his time, no age of the world is so equally poised between iniquity and righteousness, between corruption and growth, as to leave him long incapable of judgment. There is another side to the picture of which I have been revealing the horror. Out of the distress of one section, has arisen, or may yet arise, various increase of comfort or convenience for others—such as Miss Edgeworth, Macaulay, and the lower tribes of partly honest blunderers and partly interested partizans who have followed them, believed and proclaim to be the first fruits of the Godless Millennium. The balanced account of the pains of the poor, and of the deeds and pleasures of the rich, is the first of all State documents which a true Historian has to decipher; and not merely to decipher, but to exhibit with much more than the philosophical admiration of Truth—with a warrior's resolution to enthrone and defend her at cost, if it must be, of his life. Men in the dark ages died for what they believed; but men in these light ages will not put themselves to the least danger for what they know."

In explanation of the reference here to Miss Edgeworth, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 46 *n.*, and compare Vol. XI. p. 125 *n.*]

however, a separate report will be given to its members in the course of this year,[1] and continued as need is.

16. Many well-meaning and well-wishing friends outside the Guild, and desirous of entrance, have asked for relaxation of the grievous law concerning the contribution of the tithe of income. Which the Master is not, however, in the least minded to relax;[2] nor any other of the Guild's original laws, none of which were set down without consideration, though this requirement of tithe does indeed operate as a most stiff stockade, and apparently unsurmountable hurdle-fence, in the face of all more or less rich and, so to speak, overweighted, well-wishers. For I find practically, that fifty pounds a year can often save me five —or at a pinch, seven—of them; nor should I be the least surprised if some merry-hearted apprentice lad, starting in life with a capital of ten pounds or so, were to send me one of them, and go whistling on his way with the remaining nine. But that ever a man of ten thousand a year should contrive, by any exertion of prudence and self-denial, to live upon so small a sum as nine thousand, and give one thousand to the poor,—this is a height of heroism wholly inconceivable to modern pious humanity.

17. Be that as it may, I am of course ready to receive subscriptions for St. George's work from outsiders—whether zealous or lukewarm—in such amounts as they think fit: and at present I conceive that the proposed enlargements of our museum at Sheffield are an object with which more frank sympathy may be hoped than with the agricultural business of the Guild. Ground I have, enough—and place for a pleasant gallery for such students as Sheffield may send up into the clearer light;*—but I don't choose to

* An excellent and kind account of the present form and contents of the Museum will be found in the last December number of Cassell's *Magazine of Art*.[3]

[1] [The "Master's Report" was, however, not issued till 1881: see Vol. XXX.]

[2] [That is, in the case of full "Companions:" see above, p. 182. Subsequently, however, the "stockade" was removed: see Vol. XXX. p. 47.]

[3] [By Edward Bradbury, vol. iii. pp. 57–60.]

sell out any of St. George's stock for this purpose, still less for the purchase of books for the Museum,—and yet there are many I want, and can't yet afford. Mr. Quaritch, for instance, has a twelfth-century Lectionary, a most precious MS., which would be a foundation for all manner of good learning to us: but it is worth its weight in silver, and inaccessible for the present.[1] Also my casts from St. Mark's, of sculptures never cast before, are lying in lavender —or at least in tow—invisible and useless, till I can build walls for them: and I think the British public would not regret giving me the means of placing and illuminating these rightly. And, in fine, here I am yet for a few years, I trust, at their service—ready to arrange such a museum for their artizans as they have not yet dreamed of;—not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and—in such sort as smoke-cumbered skies may admit,—beautiful; though not, on the outside, otherwise decorated than with plain and easily-worked slabs of Derbyshire marble, with which I shall face the walls, making the interior a working man's Bodleian Library, with cell and shelf of the most available kind, undisturbed, for his holiday time. The British public are not likely to get such a thing done by any one else for a time, if they don't get it done now by me, when I'm in the humour for it. Very positively I can assure them of that; and so leave the matter to their discretion.

Many more serious matters, concerning the present day, I have in mind—and partly written, already; but they must be left for next *Fors*, which will take up the now quite imminent question of Land, and its Holding, and Lordship.

[1] [This Lectionary was ultimately bought by Ruskin, out of the funds of the St. George's Guild, for the Sheffield Museum ("Master's Report," 1884, § 5): see Vol. XXX., where also (in the Catalogue of the Museum) the casts from St. Mark's are described.]

LETTER 89

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?[1]

TO THE TRADES UNIONS OF ENGLAND[2]

BEAUVAIS, *August* 31, 1880.

1. MY DEAR FRIENDS,—This is the first letter in *Fors* which has been addressed to you as a body of workers separate from the other Englishmen who are doing their best, with heart and hand, to serve their country in any sphere of its business, and in any rank of its people. I have never before acknowledged the division, (marked, partly in your own imagination, partly in the estimate of others, and of late, too sadly, staked out in permanence by animosities and misunderstandings on both sides,) between you, and the mass of society to which you look for employment. But I recognize the distinction to-day, moved, for one thing, by a kindly notice of last *Fors*, which appeared in the *Bingley Telephone* of April 23rd of this year;[3] saying, "that it was to be wished I would write more to and for the workmen and workwomen of these

[1] [For the title, see § 10 (p. 408).]

[2] [525 copies of this Letter were issued free to Trade Unions, each copy being stamped "Trades Union Copy, presented by the Author": see below, § 13. "The most important *Fors* I have yet written," Ruskin called it in a letter to Miss Beever (September 18); "dainty packets of dynamite" (*Hortus Inclusus*, 3rd ed., p. 85; reprinted in a later volume of this edition).]

[3] [*The Bingley Telephone and Airedale Courant.* The article contains also the following passage: "John Ruskin appears to run away with the idea that he is not appreciated by working people. We can assure him that he is mistaken in this. We know numbers in our small circle of friends, who look upon him in the light which he would value most, that of a man who loves truth for its own

realms," and influenced conclusively by the fact of your having expressed by your delegates at Sheffield[1] your sympathy with what endeavours I had made for the founding a Museum there, different in principle from any yet arranged for working men: this formal recognition of my effort, on your part, signifying to me, virtually, that the time was come for explaining my aims to you, fully, and in the clearest terms possible to me.

2. But, believe me, there have been more reasons than I need now pass in review, for my silence hitherto respecting your special interests. Of which reasons, this alone might satisfy you, that, as a separate class, I knew scarcely anything of you but your usefulness, and your distress; and that the essential difference between me and other political writers of your day, is that I never say a word about a single thing that I don't know, while they never trouble themselves to know a single thing they talk of; but give you their own "opinions"[2] about it, or tell you the gossip they have heard about it, or insist on what they like in it, or rage against what they dislike in it; but entirely decline either to look at, or to learn, or to speak, the Thing as it is, and must be.

Now I know many things that are, and many that must be, hereafter, concerning my own class: but I know nothing yet, practically, of yours, and could give you no serviceable advice either in your present disputes with your masters, or in your plans of education and action for yourselves, until I had found out more clearly, what you meant by a Master, and what you wanted to gain either in education or action,—and, even farther, whether the kind of

sake, and is a sincere lover of his fellow-men, and who desires in his heart their elevation to a higher plane. We have seen a letter which he once sent to a woolsorter in Cottingley, and he says in it that his correspondent was the first working man who had ever written a letter to him. But John Ruskin must be told that humble working men look upon him as such a great man that it would be presumptuous on their part to do such a thing."]

[1] [The reference is probably to the subscriptions collected for the Museum among the co-operators: see below, p. 415 *n.*]

[2] [Compare above, p. 374.]

person you meant by a Master was one in reality or not, and the things you wanted to gain by your labour were indeed worth your having or not. So that nearly everything hitherto said in *Fors* has been addressed, in main thought, to your existing Masters, Pastors, and Princes,[1]—not to you,—though these all I class with you, if they knew it, as "workmen and labourers," and you with them, if *you* knew it, as capable of the same joys as they, tempted by the same passions as they, and needing, for your life, to recognize the same Father and Father's Law over you all, as brothers in earth and in heaven.

3. But there was another, and a more sharply restrictive reason for my never, until now, addressing you as a distinct class;—namely, that certain things which I knew positively must be soon openly debated—and what is more, determined—in a manner very astonishing to some people, in the natural issue of the transference of power out of the hands of the upper classes, so called, into yours,—transference which has been compelled by the crimes of those upper classes, and accomplished by their follies,—these certain things, I say, coming now first into fully questionable shape,[2] could not be openly announced as subjects of debate by any man in my then official position as one of a recognized body of University teachers, without rendering him suspected and disliked by a large body of the persons with whom he had to act. And I considered that in accepting such a position at all, I had virtually promised to teach nothing contrary to the principles on which the Church and the Schools of England believed themselves—whether mistakenly or not—to have been founded.

The pledge was easy to me, because I love the Church and the Universities of England more faithfully than most churchmen, and more proudly than most collegians; though

[1] ["Masters, being the leaders in your work; Pastors, the teachers of your hearts; Princes, the rulers over them and you."—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

[2] ["*i.e.*, shape of which it can be distinctly questioned: is it convenient, tenable, graceful, or the like?"—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

my pride is neither in my college boat, nor my college plate, nor my college class-list, nor my college heresy. I love both the Church and the schools of England, for the sake of the brave and kindly men whom they have hitherto not ceased to send forth into all lands, well nurtured, and bringing, as a body, wherever their influence extended, order and charity into the ways of mortals.

And among these I had hoped long since to have obtained hearing, not for myself, but for the Bible which their Mothers reverenced, the laws which their Fathers obeyed, and the wisdom which the Masters of all men—the dead Senate of the noblest among the nations—had left for the guidance of the ages yet to be. And during seven years I went on appealing to my fellow scholars, in words clear enough to them, though not to you, had they chosen to hear: but not one cared nor listened, till I had sign sternly given to me that my message to the learned and the rich was given, and ended.

4. And now I turn to you, understanding you to be associations of labouring men who have recognized the necessity of binding yourselves by some common law of action, and who are taking earnest counsel as to the conditions of your lives here in England, and their relations to those of your fellow-workers in foreign lands. And I understand you to be, in these associations, disregardant, if not actually defiant, of the persons on whose capital you have been hitherto passively dependent for occupation, and who have always taught you, by the mouths of their appointed Economists, that they and their capital were an eternal part of the Providential arrangements made for this world by its Creator.

In which self-assertion, nevertheless, and attitude of inquiry into the grounds of this statement of theirs, you are unquestionably right. For, as things are nowadays, you know any pretty lady in the Elysian fields of Paris who can set a riband of a new colour in her cap in a taking way, forthwith sets a few thousands of Lyonnaise spinners

and dyers furiously weaving ribands of like stuff, and washing them with like dye. And in due time the new French edict reaches also your sturdy English mind, and the steeples of Coventry ring in the reign of the elect riband, and the Elysian fields of Spital,[1] or whatever other hospice now shelters the weaver's head, bestir themselves according to the French pattern, and bedaub themselves with the French dye; and the pretty lady thinks herself your everlasting benefactress, and little short of an angel sent from heaven to feed you with miraculous manna, and you are free Britons that rule the waves, and free Frenchmen that lead the universe, of course; but you have not a bit of land you can stand on—without somebody's leave, nor a house for your children that they can't be turned out of, nor a bit of bread for their breakfast to-morrow, but on the chance of some more yards of riband being wanted. Nor have you any notion that the pretty lady herself can be of the slightest use to you, except as a consumer of ribands; what God made *her* for—you do not ask: still less she, what God made *you* for.

5. How many are there of you, I wonder, landless, roofless, foodless, unless, for such work as they choose to put you to, the upper classes provide you with cellars in Lille, glass cages in Halluin Court, milk tickets for which your children still have "the strength to smile—"* How many of you, tell me,—and what your united hands and wits are worth at your own reckoning?

Trade Unions of England—Trade Armies of Christendom, what's the roll-call of you, and what part or lot have you, hitherto, in this Holy Christian Land of your Fathers? Is not that inheritance to be claimed, and the Birth Right of it, no less than the Death Right? Will you not determine where you may be Christianly bred, before you set

* See *Fors* for March of this year, Letter 88, with the sequel.[2]

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[1] [For the weavers of Spitalfields, see Letter 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 306 *n.*).]

[2] [For the cellars in Lille, see p. 393; for the glass cages of Halluin Court and the sequel, p. 394; for the milk tickets, p. 392.]

your blockhead Parliaments to debate where you may be Christianly buried[1] (your priests also all a-squabble about that matter, as I hear,—as if any ground could be consecrated that had the bones of rascals in it, or profane where a good man slept!). But how the Earth that you tread may be consecrated to you, and the roofs that shade your breathing sleep, and the deeds that you do with the breath of life yet strengthening hand and heart,—this it is your business to learn, if you know not; and this mine to tell you, if you will learn.

6. Before the close of last year, one of our most earnest St. George's Guildsmen wrote to me saying that the Irish Land League claimed me as one of their supporters; and asking if he should contradict this, or admit it.

To whom I answered, on Christmas Day of 1879, as follows:—

BRANTWOOD, *Christmas*, '79.

"You know I never read papers, so I have never seen a word of the Irish Land League or its purposes; but I assume the purpose to be—that Ireland should belong to Irishmen;[2] which is not only a most desirable, but, ultimately, a quite inevitable condition of things,—that being the assured intention of the Maker of Ireland, and all other lands.

"But as to the manner of belonging, and limits and rights of holding, there is a good deal more to be found out of the intentions of the Maker of Ireland, than I fancy the Irish League is likely to ascertain, without rueful experience of the consequences of any and all methods contrary to those intentions.

[1] [A Burials Bill had been one of the first measures introduced by the Liberal Government of 1880. The Bill gave to Nonconformists the right to be buried in churchyards and in consecrated grounds in cemeteries. "On no subject have so large a number of signatures ever been collected from the clergy of England as were arrayed in opposition to the Government Burials Bill of 1880" (Davidson's *Life of Archbishop Tait*, vol. ii. p. 378).]

[2] [For another note on the Irish question, see Vol. XXVI. p. 295 *n.*]

"And for my own part I should be wholly content to confine the teaching—as I do the effort—of the St. George's Guild, to the one utterly harmless and utterly wholesome principle, that land, by whomsoever held, is to be made the most of, by human strength, and not defiled,* nor left waste. But since we live in an epoch assuredly of change, and too probably of Revolution; and thoughts which cannot be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged also to affirm the one principle which can—and in the end will—close all epochs of Revolution,—that each man shall possess the ground he can use—and no more,—USE, I say, either for food, beauty, exercise, science, or any other sacred purpose. That each man shall *possess*, for his own, no more than such portion, with the further condition that it descends to his son, inalienably—right of primogeniture being in this matter eternally sure. The nonsense talked about division is all temporary; you can't divide for ever, and when you have got down to a cottage and a square fathom—if you allow division so far—still primogeniture will hold the right of that.

"But though *possession* is, and must be, limited by use (see analytic passages on this head in *Munera Pulveris*[1]), Authority is not. And first the Maker of the Land, and then the King of the Land, and then the Overseers of the Land appointed by the King, in their respective orders, must all in their ranks control the evil, and promote the good work of the possessors. Thus far, you

* And if not the land, still less the water. I have kept by me now for some years, a report on the condition of the Calder, drawn up by Mr. James Fowler, of Wakefield, in 1866, and kindly sent to me by the author on my mention of Wakefield in *Fors*.[2] I preserve it in these pages, as a piece of English History characteristic to the uttermost of our Fortunate Times.[3] See Appendix to this number [p. 417].

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[1] [*Munera Pulveris*, §§ 14, 35, 36, 114, 115 (Vol. XVII. pp. 154, 166, 167, 239).]

[2] [See Letters 50, 55, 57, 62.]

[3] [The reference is to the passage cited from Froude: see above, pp. 388–389.]

will find already, all is stated in *Fors*;[1] and *further*, the right of every man to possess so much land as he can *live* on—especially observe the meaning of the developed Corn Law Rhyme,

> "Find'st thou rest for England's head
> Free alone among the dead?" *

meaning that Bread, Water, and the Roof over his head, must be tax- (*i.e.*, rent-) free to every man.

"But I have never yet gone on in *Fors* to examine the possibly best forms of practical administration. I always felt it would be wasted time, for these *must* settle themselves. In Savoy the cottager has his garden and field, and labours with his family only; in Berne, the farm labourers of a considerable estate live under the master's roof, and are strictly domestic; in England, farm labourers might probably with best comfort live in detached cottages; in Italy, they might live in a kind of monastic fraternity. All this, circumstance, time, and national character must determine; the one thing St. George affirms is the duty of the master in every case to make the lives of his dependants noble to the best of his power."

7. Now you must surely feel that the questions I have indicated in this letter could only be answered rightly by the severest investigation of the effect of each mode of human life suggested, as hitherto seen in connection with other national institutions, and hereditary customs and character. Yet every snipping and scribbling blockhead hired by the bookseller to paste newspaper paragraphs into what may sell for a book, has his "opinion"[2] on these things, and will announce it to you as the new gospel of eternal

* See *Fors*, Letter 74, § 11 (note) [above, p. 40].

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[1] [See Letter 71, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 737, 738).]
[2] [Compare above, pp. 374, 399.]

and universal salvation—without a qualm of doubt—or of shame—in the entire loggerhead of him.

Hear, for instance, this account of the present prosperity, and of its causes, in the country of those Sea Kings who taught you your own first trades of fishing and battle:—

"The Norwegian peasant is a free man on the scanty bit of ground which he has inherited from his fathers; and he has all the virtues of a freeman—an open character, a mind clear of every falsehood, an hospitable heart for the stranger. His religious feelings are deep and sincere, and the Bible is to be found in every hut. He is said to be indolent and phlegmatic; but when necessity urges he sets vigorously to work, and never ceases till his task is done. His courage and his patriotism are abundantly proved by a history of a thousand years.

"Norway owes her present prosperity chiefly to her liberal constitution. The press is completely free, and the power of the king extremely limited. All privileges and hereditary titles are abolished. The Parliament, or the 'Storthing,' which assembles every three years, consists of the 'Odelthing,' or Upper House, and of the 'Logthing,' or Legislative Assembly. Every new law requires the royal sanction; but if the 'Storthing' has voted it in three successive sittings, it is definitely adopted in spite of the royal veto. Public education is admirably cared for. There is an elementary school in every village; and where the population is too thinly scattered, the schoolmaster may truly be said to be abroad, as he wanders from farm to farm, so that the most distant families have the benefit of his instruction. Every town has its public library; and in many districts the peasants annually contribute a dollar towards a collection of books, which, under the care of the priest, is lent out to all subscribers.

"No Norwegian is confirmed who does not know how to read, and no Norwegian is allowed to marry who has not been confirmed. He who attains his twentieth year without having been confirmed, has to fear the House of Correction. Thus ignorance is punished as a crime in Norway, an excellent example for far richer and more powerful nations."[1]

8. I take this account from a book on the Arctic regions, in which I find the facts collected extremely valuable, the statements, as far as I can judge, trustworthy, the opinions and teachings—what you can judge of by this specimen.[2] Do you think the author wise in attributing the prosperity

[1] [*The Polar World: a Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe*, by Dr. G. Hartwig, 1869, ch. ix. pp. 110, 111.]

[2] ["Half-sandy, half-soppy, political opinions," Ruskin calls them in *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV. p. 120). For another reference to the book, see the paper, *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, in a later volume of this edition.]

of Norway chiefly to her kings being crippled, and her newspapers free? or that perhaps her thousand years of courage may have some share in the matter? and her mind clear of every falsehood? and her way of never ceasing in a task till it is done? and her circulating schoolmasters? and her collected libraries? and her preparation for marriage by education? and her House of Correction for the uneducated? and her Bible in every hut? and, finally, her granted piece of his native land under her peasant's foot for his own? Is her strength, think you, in any of these things, or only in the abolition of hereditary titles, the letting loose of her news-mongers, and the binding of her king? *Date* of these modern constitutional measures, you observe, not given! and consequences, perhaps, scarcely yet conclusively ascertainable. If you cannot make up your own minds on one or two of these open questions, suppose you were to try an experiment or two? Your scientific people will tell you—and this, at least, truly—that they cannot find out anything without experiment: you may also in political matters think and talk for ever—resultlessly. Will you never try what comes of Doing a thing for a few years, perseveringly, and keep the result of that, at least, for known?

9. Now I write to you, observe, without knowing, except in the vaguest way, who you *are!*—what trades you belong to, what arts or crafts you practise—or what ranks of workmen you include, and what manner of idlers you exclude. I have no time to make out the different sets into which you fall, or the different interests by which you are guided. But I know perfectly well what sets you *should* fall into, and by what interests you *should* be guided. And you will find your profit in listening while I explain these to you somewhat more clearly than your penny-a-paragraph liberal papers will.

In the first place, what business have you to call yourselves only *Trade* Guilds, as if "trade," and not production, were your main concern? Are you by profession nothing

more than pedlars and mongers of things, or are you also Makers of things?

It is too true that in our City wards our chapmen have become the only dignitaries—and we have the Merchant-Tailors' Company, but not the plain Tailors'; and the Fishmongers' Company, but not the Fishermen's; and the Vintners' Company, but not the Vinedressers'; and the Ironmongers' Company, but not the Blacksmiths'; while though, for one apparent exception, the Goldsmiths' Company proclaims itself for masters of a craft, what proportion think you, does its honour bear compared with that of the Calf-worshipful Guild of the Gold Mongers?

Be it far from me to speak scornfully of trade. My Father—whose Charter of Freedom of London Town I keep in my Brantwood treasury beside missal and cross—sold good wine, and had, over his modest door in Billiter Street, no bush.[1] But he grew his wine, before he sold it; and could answer for it with his head, that no rotten grapes fermented in his vats, and no chemist's salt effervesced in his bottles. Be you also Tradesmen—in your place—and in your right; but be you, primarily, Growers, Makers, Artificers, Inventors, of things good and precious. What talk you of Wages? Whose is the Wealth of the World but yours? Whose is the Virtue? Do you mean to go on for ever, leaving your wealth to be consumed by the idle, and your virtue to be mocked by the vile?

10. The wealth of the world is yours; even your common rant and rabble of economists tell you that—"no wealth without industry." Who robs you of it, then, or beguiles you? Whose fault is it, you clothmakers, that any English child is in rags? Whose fault is it, you shoemakers, that the street harlots mince in high-heeled shoes, while your own babes paddle barefoot in the street slime? Whose fault is it, you bronzed husbandmen, that through all your

[1] [*As You Like It*, Act v. sc. 4 (Epilogue).]

furrowed England, children are dying of famine? Primarily, of course, it is your clergymen's[1] and masters'[2] fault: but also in this your own, that you never educate any of your children with the earnest object of enabling them to see their way out of this, not by rising above their father's business, but by setting in order what was amiss in it:[3] also in this your own, that none of you who do rise above your business, ever seem to keep the memory of what wrong they have known, or suffered; nor, as masters, set a better example than others.

Your own fault, at all events, it will be now, seeing that you have got Parliamentary power in your hands, if you cannot use it better than the moribund Parliamentary body has done hitherto.

11. To which end, I beg you first to take these following truths into your good consideration.

First. Men don't and can't live by exchanging articles, but by producing them. They don't live by trade, but by work. Give up that foolish and vain title of Trades Unions; and take that of Labourers' Unions.

And, whatever divisions chance or special need may have thrown you into at present, remember there are essential and eternal divisions of the Labour of Man, into which you *must* practically fall, whether you like it or not; and these eternal classifications it would be infinitely better if you at once acknowledged in thought, name, and harmonious action. Several of the classes may take finer divisions in their own body, but you will find the massive general structure of working humanity range itself under these following heads, the first eighteen assuredly essential; the three last, making twenty-one altogether, I shall be able,

[1] ["In not delivering the primary command of Christianity by the Mouth of the Baptist. 'The people asked him, saying, What shall we do then? He answereth and saith unto them, He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise'" (Luke iii. 10, 11).—*MS. note by Author in his copy.*]

[2] ["In directing you to make useless things."—*Ibid.*]

[3] [Compare Ruskin's evidence before the Public Institutions Committee, Vol. XVI. p. 474.]

I think, to prove to you are not superfluous:[1]—suffer their association with the rest in the meantime.

1. Shepherds.
2. Fishermen.
3. Ploughmen.
4. Gardeners.
5. Carpenters and Woodmen.
6. Builders and Quarrymen.
7. Shipwrights.
8. Smiths and Miners.*
9. Bakers and Millers.
10. Vintners.
11. Graziers and Butchers.
12. Spinners.
13. Linen and Cotton-workers.
14. Silk-workers.
15. Woollen-workers.
16. Tanners and Furriers.
17. Tailors and Milliners.
18. Shoemakers.
19. Musicians.
20. Painters.
21. Goldsmiths.

Get these eighteen, or twenty-one, as you like to take them, each thoroughly organized, proud of their work, and doing it under masters, if any, of their own rank, chosen for their sagacity and vigour, and the world is yours, and all the pleasures of it, that are true; while all false pleasures in such a life fall transparent, and the hooks are seen through the baits of them. But for the organization of these classes, you see there must be a certain quantity

* See note in Appendix II. [p. 422].

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[1] [Compare Letter 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 186 *n.*]

of land available to them, proportioned to their multitude: and without the possession of that, nothing can be done ultimately; though at present the mere organization of your masses under these divisions will clear the air, and the field, for you, to astonishment.

12. And for the possession of the land, mind you, if you try to take it by force, you will have every blackguard and vaut-rien in the world claiming his share of it with you,—for by that law of force he has indeed as much right to it as you; but by the law of labour he has not. Therefore you must get your land by the law of labour; working for it, saving for it, and buying it, as the spendthrifts and idlers offer it you: but buying never to let go.

And this, therefore, is practically the first thing you have to bring in by your new Parliaments—a system of land tenure, namely, by which your organized classes of labouring men may possess their land as corporate bodies, and add to it—as the monks once did, and as every single landlord can, now; but I find that my St. George's Guild cannot, except through complications or legal equivocations almost endless, and hitherto indeed paralyzing me in quite unexpectedly mean and miserable ways.

Now I hope all this has been clearly enough said, for once: and it shall be farther enforced and developed as you choose, if you will only tell me by your chosen heads whether you believe it, and are any of you prepared to act on it, and what kinds of doubt or difficulty occur to you about it, and what farther questions you would like me to answer.

13. And that you may have every power of studying the matter (so far as *I* am concerned), *this Fors* you shall have gratis;—and the next, if you enable me to make it farther useful to you. That is to say, your committees of each trade-guild may order parcels of them from my publisher in any quantities they wish, for distribution among their members. To the public its price remains fixed, as that of all my other books. One word only let me say in

conclusion, to explain at once what I mean by saying tha the pleasures of the world are all yours.

God has made man to take pleasure in the use of hi eyes, wits, and body. And the foolish creature is continually trying to live without looking at anything, without thinkin about anything, and without doing anything. And he thu becomes not only a brute, but the unhappiest of brutes All the lusts and lazinesses he can contrive only mak him more wretched; and at this moment, if a man walk watchfully the streets of Paris, whence I am now writ ing to you,—a city in which is every invention that science wit, and wealth can hit upon to provoke and to vary th pleasures of the idle,—he will not see one happy or tran quil face, except among the lower and very hard-labourin classes. Every pleasure got otherwise than God meant i —got cheaply, thievingly, and swiftly, when He has ordere that it should be got dearly, honestly, and slowly,—turn into a venomous burden, and, past as a pleasure, remain as a load, increasing day by day its deadly coat of burnin mail.[1] The joys of hatred, of battle, of lust, of vain know ledge, of vile luxury, all pass into slow torture: nothin remains to man, nothing is possible to him of true joy but in the righteous love of his fellows; in the knowledg of the laws and the glory of God, and in the daily us of the faculties of soul and body with which that God ha endowed him.

Paris, 18*th September*, 1880.

[1] [Compare Letter 21, § 12 (Vol. XXVII. p. 360).]

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

14. "Dear Sir,—May I take an advantage of this note, and call your attention to a fact of much importance to Englishmen, and it is this? On reference to some Freethought papers—notably, the *National Reformer*—I find a movement on foot amongst the Atheists, vigorous and full of life, for the alteration of the Land Laws in our much-loved country. It is a movement of much moment, and likely to lead to great results. The first great move on the part of Charles Bradlaugh, the premier in the matter, is the calling of a Conference to discuss the whole question.[1] The meeting is to be attended by all the National Secular Society's branches throughout the empire; representatives of nearly every Reform Association in England, Scotland, and Ireland; deputations from banded bodies of workmen, colliers, etc.,—such as the important band of Durham miners—trade unionists; and, in fact, a most weighty representative Conference will be gathered together. I am, for many reasons, grieved and shocked to find the cry for Reform coming with *such a heading* to the front. Where are our statesmen,—*our clergy?* The terrible crying evils of our land system are coming to the front in our politics without the help of the so-called upper classes; nay, with a deadly hatred of any disturbance in that direction, our very clergy are taking up arms against the popular cry.

"Only a week ago I was spending a few days with a farmer near Chester, and learned to my sorrow and dismay that the Dean and Chapter of that city, who own most of the farms, etc., in the district wherein my friend resides, refuse now —and only *now*—to accept other than *yearly* tenants for these farms, have raised all the rents to an exorbitant pitch, and only allow the land to be sown with wheat, oats, or whatever else in seed, etc., on a personal inspection by their agent.[2] The consequence of all this is, that poverty is prevailing to an alarming extent: the workers getting all the bitter, hard toil; the clergy, one may say, *all* the profits. It is terrible, heart-breaking; I never longed so much for heart-searching, vivid eloquence, so that I might move men with an irresistible tongue to do the Right.

"I wonder how many of these great ones of our England have seen the following lines from Emerson; and yet what a lesson is contained in them!

'God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

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[1] [The Conference was held at the St. James's Hall on February 10, 1880, Mr. Bradlaugh being in the chair, Mr. T. Burt, Mr. Joseph Arch, and Mr. Michael Davitt being among the speakers. Fully reported in the *Times*, February 11, 1880.]

[2] [For further correspondence on this subject, see Letter 90, § 12 (p. 436).]

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.'

Boston Hymn.

"I can only pray and hope that some mighty pen as yours, if not yourself, may be moved to show Englishmen the right way before it is too late.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant."

"JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ."

15. "DEAR SIR,—I have seen a letter from you to Mr. G. J. Holyoake, in which you say 'the only calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his becoming a rascal; and co-operation amongst rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. *Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work, and rob their customers on the sly.* All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation.'[1]

"Now, sir, I see, I think, as completely and consequently as positively as you possibly can, the truth of your general statement—that is, that there is a widespread *tendency* and *habit* of producing work that has the appearance of being good

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[1] [The second of two letters written by Ruskin to George Jacob Holyoake in 1879–1880. The former letter—printed in the *Christian Life*, December 20, 1879, in the *Coventry Co-operative Record* of January 1880, and in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 109—was written, some time in August 1879, in acknowledgment of a copy of Mr. Holyoake's *History of Co-operation: its Literature and its Advocates* (2 vols., 1875–1877). The letter was as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am not able to write you a pretty letter to-day, being sadly tired, but am very heartily glad to be remembered by you. But it utterly silences me that you should waste your time and energy in writing 'Histories of Co-operation' anywhere as yet. My dear sir, you might as well write the history of the yellow spot in an egg—in two volumes. Co-operation is as yet—in any true sense—as impossible as the crystallisation of Thames mud.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

The second letter—printed in the *Daily News*, June 19, 1880, and in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 110—was as follows:—

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

"*April* 12, 1880.

"DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE,—I am very glad that you are safe back in England, and am not a little grateful for your kind reference to me while in America, and for your letter about Sheffield Museum. But let me pray for another interpretation of my former letter than mere Utopianism. The one calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his

when yet it is a fraud: its reality is not according to the appearance. But, sir, is the part that I have underlined correct? It is said that Lancashire sends to India calico with lime or paste put in it to make it feel stout: is that the workman's fault?

"I myself am a workman in what is called fancy hosiery, and to get a living have to make a great quantity of work—in some instances turning very good wool into rubbish, when yet I know that it is capable of being made into very nice and serviceable clothing; but if I made it into anything of the sort I should be ruining my employer, because he could not sell it at a profit: something at four shillings, that should be fourteen, is what is required—I should like to see it stopped. How is it to be done?

"If you, sir, were to ask a merchant in these goods why they were not made better, more serviceable, and perfect, he would most certainly tell you that the *Germans* are in our market with enormous quantities of these goods at terribly low prices, and that he has no market for goods of superior quality and higher prices. I produced a great novelty about six years ago; it was a beautiful class of goods, and a vast trade came on in them; and now those goods are entirely run out in consequence of their being made worse, and still worse, till they were turned into rubbish. Competition did that—'fermentation and putrefaction'; but I cannot see that the workman was to blame: he was ordered to do it.

"Yours most respectfully."

"MR. RUSKIN."

(No answer to this is expected.)

Answer was sent, nevertheless; promising a more sufficient one in *Fors;* which may be briefly to the first question, "Is the part underlined correct?"—too sorrowfully, Yes; and to the second question—Is it the workman's fault?—that the workman can judge of that, if he will, for himself. Answer at greater length will be given in next *Fors.*[1]

"CRANLEIGH, SURREY, *May* 26*th*, 1880.

16. "REVERED SIR,—You ask me how I came to be one of your pupils. I have always been fond of books, and in my reading I often saw your name; but one day, when reading a newspaper account of a book-sale, I saw that one of your books fetched £38 for the five volumes: I was struck with the amount, and thought that they must be worth reading; I made up my mind to find out more about them, and if possible to buy some. The next time I went to London I asked a bookseller to show me some of your works: he told me that he did not keep them. I got the same answer from about half-a-dozen more that I tried; but

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becoming a rascal, and co-operation among rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work and rob their customers on the sly. All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation.

"Ever affectionately yours,
"J. RUSKIN."

The "kind reference to Mr. Ruskin while in America" alludes to a public speech made by Mr. Holyoake during his stay in that country. The "letter about Sheffield Museum," was one in high praise of it, written by Mr. Holyoake to the editor of the *Sheffield Independent,* in which paper it was printed (March 8, 1880). Mr. Swan, the Curator of the Museum, had started a penny subscription among workmen, and Mr. Holyoake, who was addressing the co-operators at Sheffield at the time, collected various sums for the fund: see above, p. 399 *n.*]

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

this only made me more determined to get them, and at last I found a bookseller who agreed to get me *Fors*.

"When I got it, I saw that I could get them from Mr. Allen. I have done so; and have now most of your works.

"I read *Fors* with extreme interest, but it was a tough job for me, on account of the number of words in it that I had never met with before; and as I never had any schooling worth mentioning, I was obliged to look at my dictionaries pretty often: I think I have found out now the meanings of all the *English* words in it.

"I got more good and real knowledge from *Fors* than from all the books put together that I had ever read.

"I am now trying to carry out your principles in my business, which is that of a grocer, draper, and clothier; in fact, my shop is supposed by the Cranleigh people to contain almost everything that folks require.

"I have always conducted my business honestly: it is not so difficult to do this in a village as it is in larger places. As far as I can see, *the larger the town the worse it is for the honest tradesman.* [Italics mine.—J. R.]

"The principal difference I make now in my business, since I read *Fors*, is to recommend hand-made goods instead of machine-made. I am sorry to say that most of my customers will have the latter. I don't know what I can do further, as I am not the maker of the goods I sell, but only the distributor.

"If I understand your teaching, I ought to keep hand-made goods *only*,* and those of the best quality obtainable. If I did this, I certainly should lose nearly all my trade; and as I have a family to support, I cannot do so. No; I shall stick to it, and sell as good articles as I can for the price paid, and tell my customers, as I always have done, that the best goods are the cheapest.

"I know you are right about the sin of usury. I have but little time to-day, but I will write to you again some day about this.

"I met with a word (Adscititious) in 'Carlyle,' I cannot find in any dictionaries that I can get at.

"I sent the minerals off yesterday packed in a box.† I am half-afraid now that you will not think them good enough for the Museum.

"Your grateful pupil,

"STEPHEN ROWLAND.

"JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D."

* Answered—By no means, but to recommend them at all opportunities.

† A collection of English minerals and fossils presented by Mr. Rowland to St. George's Museum, out of which I have chosen a series from the Clifton limestones for permanent arrangement.[1]

[1] [These specimens may be seen in the Museum.]

APPENDIX I

MR. FOWLER'S REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF THE CALDER[1]

Given in evidence before the Royal Commissioners at Wakefield, and published in their Report, page 17 (*with some additions*[2])

7. It would be difficult to find a more striking instance than that afforded by the Calder, of the extent to which our rivers have been defiled by sewage and refuse from manufactories. Its green banks and interesting scenery[3] made it formerly a pleasant resort for the artizan and operative in hours of leisure, while its clear and sparkling waters invited the healthful recreations of boating, bathing, and fishing. "In 1826 the water was clear, and the bottom was free from mud; it was a gravelly, sandy bottom, and I have frequently myself sent stones into it for boys to dive down after; the water at a depth of seven or eight feet was sufficiently clear to distinguish stones at the bottom; some of the streams running in, for instance the Alverthorpe Beck, at that time were full of fish; there was a great deal of fish in the river. I have frequently seen kingfishers there, which shows the general clearness of the water."—*Extract from Mr. Milner's evidence*, p. 63. Pike of all sizes, trout up to three pounds in weight, salmon trout, dace, and bream were plentiful. Even so lately as within the last twenty years, any one with a fly might in an afternoon catch a basketful of chub, each weighing at least two or three pounds: and during freshes, with a cast net, very frequently ninety or a hundred, sometimes even a hundred and fifty pounds, of roach, chub, gudgeon, etc., were caught in an evening. On one occasion, where the water was let off from a quite short cutting belonging to the Calder and Hebble Navigation Company, at least four hundred and fifty pounds of eels were taken; in fact, whenever any one wanted fish, a sackful might readily be obtained. Nothing of this kind has been known, however, since the springing up of manufactories in the Vale of the Calder. Soon after the Thornes Soap Works were begun near Wakefield, many stones of fish, which had come up the river to spawn, were to be seen floating dead upon the surface. During that year all fish forsook this part of the stream as regular inhabitants. For some time after, however, during freshes, a fish was occasionally to be seen as a curiosity; and so lately as 1858, an experienced fisherman succeeded, on one of several persevering trials, in capturing two small chub.

At present, the condition of the river is most disgusting. Defiled almost from its source, it reaches us with the accumulated refuse of Todmorden, Hebden Bridge,

[1] [See above, p. 404 *n.*]

[2] [Mr. James Fowler, one of the surgeons to the Wakefield Hospital and Dispensary. The report is on pp. 17, 18 of the *Third Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Best Means of Preventing the Pollution of Rivers* (*Rivers Aire and Calder, etc.*), vol. ii. Minutes of Evidence, 1867.]

[3] [See Letter 57 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 411).]

Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Elland, Brighouse, Cooper Bridge, Holmfirth, Huddersfield, Mirfield, Dewsbury, Earlsheaton, Thornhill, and Horbury. At the suspension bridge, about a mile and a half above Wakefield, it runs slowly, and in many places is almost stagnant. It has a bluish-black, dirty-slate colour; and a faint, nauseous smell, which leaves an extremely unpleasant impression for long after it has been once thoroughly perceived,—considerably worse than that made by the Thames after a stage on a penny boat. The banks and every twig and weed in reach are coated with soft, black slime or mud, which is studded on the edges of the stream with vivid patches of annelides. Above are overhanging willows; and where the branches of these touch the water, especially in any quiet pool, large sheets of thin bluish or yellowish green scum collect, undisturbed save by the rising to the surface of bubbles of fœtid gas. Between this point and Wakefield, the refuse of extensive soap works and worsted mills enters, causing discoloration for several hundred yards. I have, in fact, traced large quantities of soap scum beyond Portobello, a distance of about half a mile. Nearer the town, quantities of refuse from large dye works are continually being discharged, to say nothing of the periodical emptying of spent liquor and vat sediments. *It is noteworthy that whereas formerly goods were brought to Wakefield to be dyed on account of the superiority of the water for the purpose, the trade has now left Wakefield to a considerable extent, and the Wakefield manufacturers have themselves to send away their finer goods from home to be dyed.* On the opposite side are two full streams, one of sewage, the other apparently from some cotton mills; and here it may be stated that the exact degree to which influxes of this kind injure in different cases is extremely difficult to estimate; some manufacturers using ammonia, while others adhere to the old-fashioned pigs' dung and putrid urine. The banks on each side are here studded with granaries and malting houses, from the latter of which is received that most pernicious contamination, the steep-liquor of malt. There is also the refuse of at least one brewhouse and piggery, and of a second soap manufactory drained into the river before it reaches the outlet of Ings Beck, at the drain immediately above Wakefield Bridge. In this situation, on any warm day in summer, torrents of gas may be seen rising to the surface, and every now and then large masses of mud, which float for awhile and then, after the gas they contain has escaped and polluted the atmosphere, break up and are re-deposited, or are at once carried down the river, stinking and putrefying in their course. The Calder and Hebble Navigation Company are periodically put to great inconvenience and expense in removing collections of this kind, the smell of which is often most offensive, and has more than once caused serious illness to the workmen employed. About two years ago the mud had accumulated to a depth of five feet, and, the water having been drained off, at least two thousand tons were removed, but no fish or living being of any kind was discovered. At the bridge there has been a water-mill for at least seven hundred years, and any one interested in the smell of partially oxidized sewage should not omit to stand over the spray which ascends from the wheel. Masses of solid fæces may be seen at the grating through which the water is strained. Looking from the bridge westward, except in wet weather, is a large, open, shallow, almost stagnant pond of the most offensive character, with tracks of dark-coloured mud constantly exposed. The sewer of the town and the West Riding Asylum, with the refuse of the worsted, woollen, and cloth mills, malt-houses, breweries, brew-houses, slaughter-houses, dye-works, fibre mills, soap mills, and grease works enters by the drain just below; its surface covered with froth of every conceivable colour and degree of filthiness, overhung by willows, in whose branches are entangled and exposed to view the most disgusting objects. The scum may readily be traced down the river for a considerable distance. The last defilement of moment is that from some extensive grease works, in which oil of vitriol is largely employed.

The Ings Beck, to which I have already alluded, merits a few particular remarks being the most important tributary the Calder receives in this district. On the day I last examined its outlet, the smell arising was most offensive. The general resemblance of the stream was rather to thick soup than water, and it had a dirty greasy, yellowish, indigo-slate colour, where not coated by froth, scum, or floating

lth. Its bed is silted to a considerable extent by black, fœtid mud, and its outlet artially obstructed by two large ash heaps. It may be observed, however, that his is perhaps the only place in the neighbourhood at present where refuse ashes ave been tilted, and that, though the height of the water in the river alters conderably according to the state of the weather, the raising of the bed is due for e most part to matters washed down from a higher source. Such is the case ith the miscellaneously constituted sediment dredged by the Calder and Hebble avigation Company near the Wakefield dam, and with the shoal at Lupset pond ove Wakefield; an accumulation of ashes and dye-woods having risen in the latter tuation during the last five or six years. Walking up the bank of the beck, one ay form a fair idea of the kind of contamination received. Besides dead dogs, n kettles, broken pots, old pans, boots, hats, etc., we find house-sinks and surface ains, public-house refuse and factors' privies flowing in unscrupulously. Myriads annelides in the mud upon the banks subsist on the impurities; that in the ighbourhood of a warm sewer being, in fact, for some distance entirely concealed sheets of moving pink. A railway waggon-maker's establishment was a little hile ago an artificial manure factory, and contributed greatly to the general llution.

At the bottom of Thornhill Street are two strong foul streams, one of sewage, e other, on the day I visited it, discharging deep indigo-coloured stuff. Imediately above this the beck, though receiving muddy refuse from some cement rks, was purple coloured, and where the branches of overhanging shrubs dipped neath its surface, a polychrome froth and scum collected. A few hundred yards gher, having passed the place of entrance of the purple dye, the stream regained arly its original dirty indigo appearance. Near the Low Hill bridge was a fall hot mauve refuse, with several yards of rainbow-coloured scum. Where the ter could be seen, in one light it would have a bluish tint, in another a dirty llowish; and the mud was deep and flocculent. Nearer Chald Lane there was extremely filthy ditch, covered with scum, and loaded with the privy and house fuse of a large number of cottages and low lodging-houses; and a little higher o large streams of thick purple dye refuse. Above the dam in this situation ter the waste of a dye-works and shoddy mill, with the filthy privy and surface ains of Salt Pie Alley. The water here is the colour of the contents of a slopil, is almost stagnant, coated in patches of several yards with scum, and is in her respects very offensive. At Brooksbank a kind of long oblong pond is rmed, two sides of which are of thick mud, one exposing the privy refuse and crements in three drains from the neighbouring cottages and lodging-houses; d about here does or did recently enter the flushings of the cesspools from the ison with its sixteen hundred inmates, and the refuse of the chemicals used in e annual manufacture, dyeing, and bleaching of about seven hundred and fifty ns of matting. Balne Beck also enters at this point. Going upwards we find e Westgate Beck receiving the fouled water and other refuse of two large worsted ills, of surface drains, of piggeries, and of privies; then muddy water, apparently om some brick-yards, and hot waste from a large woollen mill. Immediately ove healthy green confervæ began to show themselves; long grass floats on the rface; shrubs grow upon the banks; and if a brown scum collects where the anches touch the surface, it has altogether a less disgusting character. Fairly t in the country the water is bright and clear, and boys bathe in it in summer hen deep enough.

Balne Beck is on the whole as yet tolerably clean, the sides only being lined th mud patched with red, and the stones at the bottom coated with long trails green confervæ. The principal impurities are from a soap-works, a coal-mine, skin-preparing shed, and a brick-field. The Yorkshire Fibre Company did a ort time since drain a large quantity of poisonous matter into the beck, but is present restrained by an injunction.

The Water Company's works are situated about two and a half miles below akefield Bridge, and consequently receive the water in an extremely unfavourle condition. It has received the unchecked and accumulating filth and pollution

of 400,000 inhabitants (number now much greater), and their manufactures, i which Wakefield itself, with its 20,000 inhabitants, has contributed. The larg live-stock market also, with its average sale of 800 beasts and 6000 sheep, has adde a grave pollution. As if to show how completely we acquiesce in the abandone corruption of the stream, the putrefying carcases of animals—not only of do and cats, but of pigs, sheep, and calves—are allowed to drift along with their su feiting smell, until stopped of themselves at Stanley Ferry.

On stirring up the mud from the bottom, a Winchester quart of gas was readil collected by means of an inverted funnel, and was found, on examination, to co sist chiefly of carbonic acid, light carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydroge and free nitrogen.

It is not easy to estimate accurately the effect of nuisances of this kind on th public health. Two years and a half ago, whilst the waterworks were undergoin improvement, and for some months the supply to the town was merely pumpe up from the river into the mains without filtration, the actual mortality did n appear directly to increase. This, however, may be explained by the fact that peculiar atmospheric condition is necessary in order to develop fully the deat bearing properties of impure water; and it may be added that, as it was, and I had occasion to represent to the Local Board at that time, there was a great amount of diarrhœa, continued fever, erysipelas, diffuse abscess, and of cutaneo and subcutaneous cellular inflammation; while the inflammation generally w peculiarly liable to take on the erysipelatous form and become unmanageable, an the convalescence from various diseases to be unwontedly interrupted and prolonge Possibly this, and even an increased death-rate, had it occurred, might have bee explained in part by other causes; but I cannot resist the conviction that ba water as a beverage, and the taint which it communicates to the atmosphere, be a most important part both in causing actual disease and in weakening the pow of the constitution to bear up against disease, and so shorten life in that wa Greatly improved houses have been built for the artizan class during the last fe years; greater attention has been paid to the ventilation of mills and workshop the agitation for a people's park indicates how wide-awake the population is the benefit of fresh air; wages have increased; the character of the food consume is more closely inspected; the drainage is more efficient; many open sewers ha been closed; bad wells have been stopped; but both the death-rate and the amou of disease have increased; the former reaching so high as 27·4 per thousand the present year. The whole of the excess in this mortality is due to preventab disease, which includes diarrhœa, cholera, and typhoid, the poison of which m unquestionably and has frequently been known to be conveyed through wate An indication of the extent to which constitutional vigour has at the same tin diminished, is found in the fact that less than twenty years ago to blister, blee and purge was the routine of the physicians' practice at the dispensary, while co liver oil and quinine were unknown. This mode of treatment, if it did not cur certainly did not kill; for the patients did well under it, having strength to be up against and conquer both disease and treatment. Now, I will venture to sa that ninety-nine per cent. of our patients would sink under the depletory measur of bygone days; and during last year, in a practice of only 2700 patients, it w found necessary to prescribe no less than twenty-three gallons of cod-liver o and sixty-four ounces of quinine, to say nothing of nourishment and stimulant An atmosphere saturated with smoke, and shutting out instead of conveying t light of the sun, sedentary habits, dense population, and unhealthy pursuits, ha doubtless shared in bringing about this general lowness of constitution; but t healthy textural drainage and repair of the body, and consequently the perfe activity of its functions, can scarcely take place if, instead of pure water, it supplied with a compound with which it is not organized to operate.

I have nothing to add respecting the moral contamination of material filthine since that is out of my province. But surely drunkenness and vice, and oth forms of intellectual insensibility, are fostered, if not originated, by mental despa and disappointment; the things which should, in the ordinary course of natur

e pleasing and refreshing to the mind, having ceased to be so. At least we are ught that in the heavenly Jerusalem the river which proceeds from the throne f God is clear as crystal, giving birth on either side to the tree of life for the ealing of the nations; whereas

> "Upon the banks a scurf,
> From the foul stream condensed, encrusting hangs,
> That holds sharp combat with the sight and smell,"

eighted by devils, in the dingy regions of the damned.

(Signed) JAMES FOWLER.

WAKEFIELD, *15th October*, 1866.

(The Commissioners at this time said the river had received the utmost amount f contamination of which a river was capable,—but it is much worse now.)

APPENDIX II

18. The business of mining is put in this subordinate class [p. 410], be cause there is already more metal of all sorts than we want in the worl if it be used prudently; and the effect of this surplus is even now to mak mining, on the whole, always a loss. I did not know that this law extende even to recent gold-workings. The following extract from the *Athenæu* of April 3 of this year is, I suppose, trustworthy:—

A History of the Precious Metals from the Earliest Times to the Present. By Alexander Del Mar, M.E. (Bell and Sons.)

It is not often that a volume which deals with such a subject as that whic Mr. Del Mar has written on can be considered interesting by the general reade Yet in the present instance this really might be the case if the reader were t occupy himself with those chapters in this work which deal with mining for th precious metals in America. A residence of some years in California has give Mr. Del Mar a practical acquaintance with the manner in which mining is con ducted, and the history of that industry there from the commencement. Thi knowledge also has enabled him to describe with the vividness derived from actua knowledge the operations of the Spaniards in Central America while searching fo gold from the fifteenth century onwards. The picture Mr. Del Mar draws of th results of the *auri sacra fames* which consumed both earlier and later seekers afte wealth is indeed terrible. Empires were overthrown, and their industrious an docile populations were swept away in numbers almost beyond belief, or groun down by every suffering which avarice, cruelty, and sensuality could inflict. Th ultimate utter exhaustion both of conquerors and conquered marks the perio reaching far into the eighteenth century, when forced labour was employed. Th statement that "the Indies had become 'a sort of money'" (p. 63), expresse perhaps as forcibly as possible what the fate of the native inhabitants of Souther America was under the rule of the Spaniard. And if, during the comparativel short period that has elapsed since the famous discovery of gold at Mill Race i California, the reckless consumption of life has not been associated with the utte brutality which marked the conduct of the followers of Cortes and Pizarro, th economic results are scarcely more satisfactory. Mr. Del Mar calculates that th outlay on mining far outweighs the proceeds; he estimates that the £90,000,00 of gold produced in California from 1848 to 1856 inclusive "cost in labour alon some £450,000,000, or five times its mint value" (p. 263.) Nor is this estimat of the net product even of the "Comstock Lode" more favourable to the owner (p. 266). Here also the total cost is placed at five times the return. Beyond thi the mining country is devastated. Destruction of timber, consequent injury t climate, ruin to fertile land by hydraulic mining, are but a part of the injury The scale on which operations are carried on may be judged from the fact tha the aggregate length of the "mining ditches," or aqueducts, employed in bringin water to the mines, is put down as 6585 miles in California in 1879 (p. 290) These works are maintained at much cost. The reader will ask, "How can suc an industry continue? The country is desolated, the majority of those employe lose. Why is all this labour thus misapplied?" The answer is, The spirit o gambling and the chance of a lucky hit lure the venturers on. The multitud forget the misfortunes of the many, while they hope to be numbered among th fortunate few.

LETTER 90

LOST JEWELS[1]

1. I AM putting my house in order; and would fain put my past work in order too, if I could. Some guidance, at least, may be given to the readers of *Fors*—or to its partial readers—in their choice of this or that number. To this end I have now given each monthly part its own name, indicative of its special subject.[2] The connection of all these subjects, and of the book itself with my other books, may perhaps begin to show itself in this letter.

The first principle of my political economy will be found again and again reiterated in all the said books,[3]—that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it; the connected principle of national policy being that the strength and power of a country depends absolutely on the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory—still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants.[4] A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship—none,—and the best crew

[1] [For the title, see § 6.]
[2] [See the Bibliographical Note in Vol. XXVII. p. xci.]
[3] [See, for instance, *Unto this Last*, § 77 (Vol. XVII. pp. 104–105).]
[4] [See, for instance, *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 114 (Vol. XVIII. p. 479), and *Queen of the Air*, § 121 (Vol. XIX. p. 401). The illustration of a ship's crew was a favourite one with Ruskin in his economic writings: compare, for instance, Vol. XVII. p. 372; Vol. XXVIII. p. 127; and above, p. 20.]

in a ship cut in half by a collision in a hurry, not much the better for their numbers.

Following out these two principles, I have farther, and always, taught that, briefly, the wealth of a country *is in* its good men and women, and in nothing else: that the riches of England are good Englishmen; of Scotland, good Scotchmen; of Ireland, good Irishmen. This is first, and more or less eloquently, stated in the close of the chapter called the Veins of Wealth, of *Unto this Last:* and is scientifically, and in sifted terms, explained and enforced in *Munera Pulveris.* I have a word or two yet to add to what I have written, which I will try to keep very plain and unfigurative.

2. It is taught, with all the faculty I am possessed of, in *Sesame and Lilies,*[1] that in a state of society in which men and women are as good as they can be (under mortal limitation), the women will be the guiding and purifying power. In savage and embryo countries, they are openly oppressed, as animals of burden; in corrupted and fallen countries, more secretly and terribly. I am not careful concerning the oppression which they are able to announce themselves, forming anti-feminine-slavery colleges and institutes, etc.; but of the oppression which they cannot resist, ending in their destruction, I am careful exceedingly.

The merely calculable phenomena of economy are indeed supposed at present to indicate a glut of them; but our economists do not appear ever to ask themselves of what *quality* the glut is, or, at all events, in what quality it would be wisest to restrict the supply, and in what quality, educated according to the laws of God, the supply *is* at present restricted.

I think the experience of most thoughtful persons will confirm me in saying that extremely good girls (good children, broadly, but especially girls), usually die young. The pathos of their deaths is constantly used in poetry

[1] [See Lecture II., "Of Queens' Gardens" (Vol. XVIII).]

and novels; but the power of the fiction rests, I suppose, on the fact that most persons of affectionate temper have lost their own May Queens or little Nells[1] in their time. For my own part of grief, I have known a little Nell die, and a May Queen die, and a queen of May, and of December also, die;—all of them, in economists' language, "as good as gold," and in Christian language, "only a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour."[2] And I could count the like among my best-loved friends, with a rosary of tears.

3. It seems, therefore, that God takes care, under present circumstances, to prevent, or at least to check, the glut of that kind of girls. *Seems*, I say, and say with caution—for perhaps it is not entirely in His good pleasure that these things are so. But, they being so, the question becomes therefore yet more imperative—how far a country paying this enforced tax of its good girls annually to heaven is wise in taking little account of the number it has left? For observe that, just beneath these girls of heaven's own, come another kind, who are just earthly enough to be allowed to stay with us; but who get put out of the way into convents, or made mere sick-nurses of, or take to mending the irremediable,—(I've never got over the loss to me, for St. George's work, of one of the sort). Still, the nuns are always happy themselves; and the nurses do a quantity of good that may be thought of as infinite in its own way; and there's a chance of their being forced to marry a King of the Lombards and becoming Queen Theodolindas[3] and the like: pass these, and we come to a kind of girl, just as good, but with less strong

[1] [On the death of little Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 11 *n.*]

[2] [Psalms viii. 5; Hebrews ii. 7, 9.]

[3] [Theodolinda, a Bavarian princess, whose adventures ended in a marriage with Autharis, King of the Lombards, at Verona. "At the end of one year it was dissolved by the death of Autharis (A.D. 590), but the virtues of Theodolinda had endeared her to the nation, and she was permitted to bestow, with her hand, the sceptre of the Italian kingdom" (Gibbon, ch. xlv.). See, for another reference to her, Vol. XX. p. 363.]

will *—who is more or less spoilable and mis-manageable; and these are almost sure to come to grief, by the faults of others, or merely by the general fashions and chances of the world. In romance, for instance, Juliet—Lucy Ashton—Amy Robsart.[1] In my own experience, I knew one of these killed merely by a little piece of foolish pride—the exactly opposite fault to Juliet's.† She was the niece of a most trusted friend of my father's, also a much trusted friend of mine in the earliest Herne Hill days of my Cock Robin-hood;[2] when I used to transmute his name, Mr. Dowie, into "Mr. Good-do," not being otherwise clear about its pronunciation. His niece was an old sea-captain's only daughter, motherless, and may have been about twenty years old when I was twelve. She was certainly the most beautiful girl of the pure English-Greek ‡ type I ever saw, or ever am likely to see of any type whatever. I've only since seen one who could match her, but she was Norman-English. My mother was her only confidante in her love affairs: consisting mostly in gentle refusals—not because she despised people, or was difficult to please, but wanted simply to stay with her father; and did so serenely, modestly, and with avoidance of all pain she could spare her lovers, dismissing quickly and firmly, never tempting or playing with them.

* Or, it may be, stronger animal passion,—a greater inferiority.

† Juliet, being a girl of a noble Veronese house, had no business to fall in love at first sight with anybody. It is her humility that is the death of her; and Imogen would have died in the same way, but for her helpful brothers.[3] Of Desdemona, see *Fors* for November 1877.[4]

‡ By the English-Greek type, I mean the features of the statue of Psyche at Naples, with finely-pencilled dark brows, rather dark hair, and bright pure colour. I never forget beautiful faces, nor confuse their order of dignity, so that I am quite sure of the statement in the text.

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[1] [On the death of Juliet, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 57 (Vol. XVIII. p. 113); on the tragic note in the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Kenilworth*, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 26.]

[2] [Compare Letter 54 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 345), where Ruskin speaks of his "Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life."]

[3] [For other references to the character of Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, see Vol. XVIII. p. 113, and *Pleasures of England*, § 35.]

[4] [Letter 83, § 9 (above, p. 266).]

At last, when she was some five or six and twenty, came one whom she had no mind to dismiss; and suddenly finding herself caught, she drew up like a hart at bay. The youth, unluckily for him, dared not push his advantage, lest he should be sent away like the rest; and would not speak,—partly could not, loving her better than the rest, and struck dumb, as an honest and modest English lover is apt to be, when he was near her; so that she fancied he did not care for her. At last, she came to my mother to ask what she should do. My mother said, "Go away for a while,—if he cares for you, he will follow you; if not, there's no harm done."

But she dared not put it to the touch,[1] thus, but lingered on, where she could sometimes see him,—and yet, in her girl's pride, lest he should find out she liked him, treated him worse than she had anybody ever before. Of course this piece of wisdom soon brought matters to an end. The youth gave up all hope, went away, and, in a month or two after, died of the then current plague, cholera: upon which his sister—I do not know whether in wrath or folly—told his mistress the whole matter, and showed her what she had done. The poor girl went on quietly taking care of her father, till his death, which soon followed; then, with some kindly woman-companion, went to travel.

Some five or six years afterwards, my father and mother and I were going up to Chamouni, by the old char-road under the Cascade de Chêde.[2] There used to be an idiot beggar-girl, who always walked up beside the chars, not ugly or cretinous, but inarticulate and wild-eyed, moaning a little at intervals. She came to be, in time, year after year, a part of the scene, which one would even have been sorry to have lost. As we drew near the top of the long hill, and this girl had just ceased following, a lady got out of a char at some little distance behind, and ran up to ours, holding out her hands.

[1] [See the song "I'll never love thee more" of James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.]

[2] [For this old road, see Vol. VII. p. 107 *n.*, and compare Vol. III. p. 540 *n.*]

We none of us knew her. There was something in the eyes like the wild look of the other's; the face was wrinkled, and a little hard in expression—Alpine, now, in its beauty. "Don't you know Sybilla?" said she. My mother made her as happy as she could for a week at Chamouni,[1]—I am not sure if they ever met again: the girl wandered about wistfully a year or two longer, then died of rapid decline.

4. I have told this story in order to draw two pieces of general moral from it, which may perhaps be more useful than if they were gathered from fable.

First, a girl's proper confidant is her father. If there is any break whatever in her trust in him, from her infancy to her marriage, there is wrong somewhere,—often on his part, but most likely it is on hers; by getting into the habit of talking with her girl-friends about what they have no business with, and her father much. What she is not inclined to tell her father, should be told to no one; and, in nine cases out of ten, not thought of by herself.

And I believe that few fathers, however wrong-headed or hard-hearted, would fail of answering the habitual and patient confidence of their child with true care for her. On the other hand, no father *deserves*, nor can he entirely and beautifully win, his daughter's confidence, unless he loves her better than he does himself, which is not always the case. But again here, the fault may not be all on papa's side.

In the instance before us, the relations between the motherless daughter and her old sea-captain father were entirely beautiful, but not rational enough. *He* ought to have known, and taught his pretty Sybilla, that she had other duties in the world than those immediately near his own arm-chair; and she, if resolved not to marry while he needed her, should have taken more care of her own heart, and followed my mother's wise counsel at once.

5. In the second place, when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he

[1] [For a reference to this meeting at Chamouni (in 1849), see *Præterita*, ii. § 223; and for another reference to Miss Dowie's death, *ibid.*, i. § 260.]

should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least,—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half-a-dozen or so of suitors under vow for her.

There are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, as distinct from these, which have become the fashion,—almost the law,—in modern times: when in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight,—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle and whisper and whimper and sneak and stumble and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call Love;—expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honour of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

6. Passing down now from the class of good girls who have the power, if they had the wisdom, to regulate their lives instead of losing them, to the less fortunate classes, equally good—(often, weighing their adversity in true balance,

it might be conjectured, better)—who have little power of ruling, and every provocation to misruling their fates: who have, from their births, much against them, few to help, and, virtually, none to guide,—how are we to count the annual loss of its girl-wealth to the British nation in these? Loss, and probably worse; for if there be fire and genius in these neglected ones, and they chance to have beauty also, they are apt to become to us long-running, heavy burdening, incalculable compound interest of perdition. God save them, and all of us, at last!

But, merely taking the pocket-book red-lined balance of the matter, what, in mere cash and curricle,[1] do these bright reverses of their best human treasures cost the economical British race, or the cheerful French? That account you would do well to cast, looking down from its Highgate[2] upon your own mother—(of especially these sort of children?) city; or, in Paris, from the hill named, from the crowd of its Christian martyrs, Mont Martre, upon the island in Seine named "of our Lady"—the Ile Notre Dame; or, from top of Ingleborough,[3] on all the south and east of Lancashire and Yorkshire, black with the fume of their fever-fretted cities, rolling itself along the dales, mixed with the torrent mists. Do this piece of statistic and arithmetic *there*, taking due note that each of these great and little Babylons, if even on the creditor side you may set it down for so much (dubitable) value of produce in dynamite and bayonet, in vitriol, brass, and iron,—yet on the debtor side has to account for annual deficit *in*dubitable!—the casting away of things precious, the profanation of things pure, the pain of things capable of happiness—to what sum?

7. I have told you a true story of the sorrow and death of a maid whom all who knew her delighted in. I want

[1] [Ruskin here seems to use the word "curricle" (*curriculum*, course) in the sense of currency.]

[2] [Ruskin had doubtless here in mind Carlyle's description of Coleridge "on the brow of Highgate Hill, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult" (*Life of John Sterling*, part i. ch. viii.).]

[3] [See the title of the first Letter in *Fors*.]

you to read another of the sorrow and vanishing of one whom few, except her father, delighted in; and none, in any real sense, cared for. A younger girl this, of high powers —and higher worth, as it seems to me. The story is told in absolute and simple truth by Miss Laffan, in her little grey and red book,[1]—*Baubie Clarke.* (Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1880.) "It all happened in Edinburgh," Miss Laffan says in a private letter to me, "exactly as I relate: I went into every place in which this child was, in order to describe them and her, and I took great pains to give the dialect exactly. I remember how disappointed you were to learn that Flitters' death was not true;—this story is quite true, from first to last." I must leave my darling Baubie for a moment, to explain the above sentence with a word or two about my still better beloved Flitters, in *Tatters, Flitters, and the Councillor.* The study of those three children, given by Miss Laffan, is, in the deepest sense, more true, as well as more pathetic, than that of Baubie Clarke,—for Miss Laffan knows and sees the children of her own country thoroughly,* but she has no clear perceptions of the Scotch. Also, the main facts concerning Tatters and Flitters and their legal adviser are all true—bitterly and brightly true: but the beautiful and heroic death was—I could find it in my heart to say, unhappily, —*not* the young girl's. Flitters, when last I heard of her, was still living her life of song; such song as was possible to her. The death, so faithfully and beautifully told, was actually that of an old man, an outcast, like herself. I have no doubt Flitters could, and would, have died so, had

* It is curious, by the way, how totally Miss Edgeworth failed in drawing Irish *children,* though she could do English ones perfectly—and how far finer "Simple Susan" is than "The Orphans"[2]—while her Irish men and women are perfect, and she is, in fact, the only classical authority in the matter of Irish character.

[1] [A little book of 49 pp. issued in grey paper boards with red border. Ruskin refers to it again in a note to "The Story of Paolina" in *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[2] [These are tales in Miss Edgeworth's *Parents' Assistant.*]

it become her duty, and the entire harmony of the story is perfect; but it is not so sound, for my purpose here, as the pure and straightforward truth of Baubie Clarke.

8. I must give the rude abstract of it at once: Miss Laffan's detailed picture will not, I believe, be afterwards of less interest.

Baubie, just thirteen, lived with her father and mother, in lodgings, such as the piety of Edinburgh provides for her poor.[1] The mother was a hopeless drunkard, her father the same—on Saturday nights; during the week carrying advertisement-boards for what stipend that kind of service obtains. Baubie, a vagrant street-singer, is the chief support and guardian both of father and mother. She is taken captive one day, at a street corner, by a passing benevolent lady (I can't find out, and Miss Laffan is to be reprehended for this omission, if Baubie was pretty!—in her wild way, I gather—yes); carried off to an institution of sempstresses, where she is cross-examined, with wonder and some pity; but found to be an independent British subject, whose liberties, at that moment, cannot be infringed. But a day or two afterwards, her father coming to grief, somehow, and getting sent to prison for two months, the magistrate very properly takes upon him the responsibility of committing Baubie, in the meantime, to Miss Mackenzie's care. (I forget what becomes of the mother.[2])

She is taken into a charitable, religious, and extremely well-regulated institution; she is washed and combed properly, and bears the operation like a courageous poodle; obeys afterwards what orders are given her patiently and duly. To her much surprise and discontent, her singing, the chief pleasure and faculty of her existence, is at once stopped, under penalties. And, while she stays in the institution, she makes no farther attempt to sing.

[1] [See Letter 27, § 11 (Vol. XXVII. p. 498); and compare above, p. 15.]

[2] [The mother had received a sentence of three months. When Baubie and her father take their departure, "'*She*,' says he, with a gesture of his head backwards at the prison, 'will no' be oot this month, sae she'll niver need to ken, eh?'" (p. 48).]

But from the instant she heard her father's sentence in the police court, she has counted days and hours. A perfect little keeper of accounts she is: the Judgment Angel himself, we may not doubt, approving and assisting, so far as needful. She knows the day and the hour by the Tron church,[1] at which her father, thinking himself daughterless, will be thrust out, wistful, from his prison gate. She is only fearful, prudently and beautifully self-distrusting, of missing count of a day.

In the dormitory of her institution, on an unregarded shutter, in the shade, morning after morning she cuts her punctual notch.

And the weary sixty days pass by. The notches are counted true to the last,—and on the last night, her measures all taken, and her points and methods of attack all planned, she opens the window-sash silently, leaps down into the flowerless garden, climbs its wall, cat-like,—Lioness-like,—and flies into Edinburgh before the morning light. And at noon, her father, faltering through the prison gate, finds her sitting on its step waiting for him.

And they two leave Edinburgh together, and are seen —nevermore.

On the cover of the book which tells you this owerrue Scots novel, there is a rude woodcut of Baubie, with background consisting of a bit of a theatre, an entire policeman, and the advertisement window of a tavern,—with tacit implication that, according to the benevolent people of Edinburgh, all the mischief they contend with is in theatres, as against chapels; taverns, as against coffee-shops; and police, as against universal Scripture-readers.

9. Partly, this is true,—in the much greater part it is untrue;—and all through *Fors* you will find the contrary statement that theatres should be pious places;[2] taverns,

[1] [This old church received its name from a public "tron," or weighing machine, which stood close by, and to which the keepers of false weights were nailed by the ears.]

[2] [See Letter 39, §§ 6, 7 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 51–52).]

holy places,[1] and policemen an irresistibly benevolent power: which, indeed, they mostly *are* already; and what London crossings and cart-drivings would be without them we all know. But I can write no more on these matters myself, in this *Fors*, and must be content to quote the following extremely beautiful and practical suggestion by Sir John Ellesmere,[2] and so, for to-day, end.

"I don't care much about music myself. Indeed, I often wonder at the sort of passionate delight which Milverton, and people like him, have in the tinkling of cymbals; but I suppose that their professions of delight are sincere. I proposed to a grave statesman, who looked daggers at me for the proposal, that the surplus of the Irish Church revenues should be devoted to giving opera-boxes to poor people who are very fond of music. What are you all giggling at? I'll bet any money that that surplus will not be half so well employed. Dear old Peabody used to send orders for opera-boxes to poor friends. I was once present when one of these orders arrived for a poor family devoted to music; and I declare I have seldom seen such joy manifested by any human beings. I don't mind telling you that since that time, I have sometimes done something of the same kind myself. Very wrong, of course, for I ought to have given the money to a hospital."

10. In looking back over *Fors* with a view to indices, I find the Notes and Correspondence in small print a great plague, and purpose henceforward to print all letters that are worth my reader's diligence in the same-sized type as my own talk.[3] His attention is first requested to the following very valuable one, originally addressed to the editor of the *Dunfermline Journal;* whence reprinted, it was forwarded to me, and is here gladly edited again; being the shortest and sensiblest I ever got yet on the vegetarian side.

VEGETARIANISM.—"SIR,—As a vegetarian, and mother of four vegetarian children, will you kindly grant me a little space in favour of a cause which editors seemingly regard as a subject for jest rather than serious consideration? Without aiming at convincing men, I would appeal principally to

[1] [See Letters 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); 83, § 15; 84, § 14; and compare 93, § 9 (pp. 272, 295, 474).]

[2] [The quotation is from *Social Pressure*, by the author of *Friends in Council*, 1875, ch. xv. p. 217. For other references to Sir Arthur Helps, see Vol. XI. p. 153 *n.*]

[3] [In this edition, however, for the sake of uniformity and from considerations of space, the letters that follow are printed in smaller type.]

women and mothers; to consider this cause, if they wish to enjoy good rest at nights and see robust healthy children who are never fevered with fatty soups. Without taking up the question about the use or abuse of the lower animals, I would direct your attention to our own species—men and women—and the benefit of vegetarianism as regards them only, economy being one of my pleas; health, comfort, and cleanliness the others. Look on the lower masses who live in fever dens, dress in rags, are constant claimants of charity, invariable exhibitions of dirt and disease; and go when you like to their dens, what fries of steaks and pork do you not sniff up, with the other compounds of abominations! Look at the other picture. Scotsmen are all the world over foremen in workshops and leaders of men. Who are the best men in Scotland but these porridge-fed, abstemious, clear-headed Aberdonians, who only grow weakly and unhealthy when they grow out of the diet that made their positions, and take to the customs about them? Is the man or woman to be laughed at, or admired, the most who can be content with a bit of bread or a basin of porridge as a meal, that he may be able to buy clothes or books, or take a better house to live in, or have something to lay past for education, or to give in charity after he has paid his debts; or is the custom to be advocated that encourages gorging three or four times a day with all sorts of expensive luxuries, meaning, to the workman, when his work is slack, starvation or dependence? Sir, to me—a vegetarian both from choice and necessity—it appears that no condition of life can justify that practice while poverty exists. As regards the laws of health I leave the matter to doctors to take up and discuss. I have only to say from the personal experience of five years that I am healthier and stronger than I was before, have healthy, strong children, who never require a doctor, and who live on oatmeal porridge and pease bannocks, but who do not know the taste of beef, butter, or tea, and who have never lost me a night's rest from their birth. Porridge is our principal food, but a drink of buttermilk or an orange often serve our dinner, and through the time saved I have been able to attend to the health of my children and the duties of my home without the hindrance of a domestic servant, my experiments in that line being a complete failure.

"I am, etc.,

"HELEN NISBET.

"35 LORNE STREET, LEITH WALK."

11. I am in correspondence with the authoress of this letter, and will give the results arrived at in next *Fors*,[1] only saying now that Walter Scott, Burns, and Carlyle, are among the immortals, on her side, with a few other wise men, such as Orpheus, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard; and that, although under the no less wise guidance of the living Æsculapius, Sir William Gull (himself dependent

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

much for diet on Abigail's gift to David, a bunch of raisins[1]), I was cured of my last dangerous illness[2] with medicine of mutton-chop, and oysters; it is conceivable that these drugs were in reality homœopathic, and hairs of the dog that bit me.[3] I am content to-day to close the evidence for the vegetarians with Orpheus' Hymn to the Earth:[4]—

"Oh Goddess Earth, mother of the happy Gods and of mortal men,
All-nursing, all-giving, all-bearing, all-destroying;
Increasing in blossom, heavy with fruit, overflowing with beauty,
Throne of eternal ordinance, infinitely adorned girl,
Who bearest in birth-pang all manner of fruit;
Eternal, all-honoured, deep-hearted, happy-fated;
Rejoicing in meadow-sweetness, deity of flower-multitude,
And joyful in thy Night; round whom the fair-wrought order of the stars
Rolls in its everlasting nature and dreadful flowing;
Oh blessed goddess, increase thy fruits in gladness,
And through thy happy seasons in kindness of soul."

12. The second, and in this number terminal letter, which I have to recommend to the reader's study, is one from the agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester, as follows:—

"ST. WERBURGH CHAMBERS, CHESTER,
April 17, 1883.

"SIR,—Our attention has just been called to an anonymous letter contained in your *Fors*—letter fifth, 1880—reflecting on the Dean and Chapter of Chester in the management of their property. The paragraph occurs at p. 145–46,[5] and commences thus: 'Only a week ago,' etc.; and ends, 'With an irresistible tongue,' etc.

"Our answer is:—The Dean and Chapter have never refused to grant a lease to an eligible man, but have always complied when asked. They have *not* 'raised all the rents,' etc., but have materially reduced most of them since they acquired their property. The agents never interfere with the modes of farming unless manifestly exhaustive; and the statement that they 'only allow the land to be sown,' etc., on a 'personal inspection

[1] [1 Samuel xxv.]
[2] [In 1882.]
[3] [The Scottish form of a proverbial saying, which in one form or another is as old as Antiphanes: οἴνῳ τὸν οἶνον ἐξελαύνειν (*Meineke*, iii. 139).]
[4] [The 26th of the Orphic Hymns.]
[5] [Letter 89 (fifth of the New Series), § 14, in this edition: above, p. 413.]

of their agents,' is untrue. They never heard of any 'poverty prevaling (*sic*) on their estate to an alarming extent,' or to any extent at all. Surely 'the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain' deserve to be approached with verified facts, and not thus.

"Yours obediently,

"TOWNSHEND AND BARKUS.

"(Agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester.)

"JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ., LL.D."

The only notice which it seems to me necessary to take of this letter is the expression of my satisfaction in receiving it, qualified with the recommendation to the Very Rev^d. the Dean and Rev^ds. the Chapter of Chester, to advise their agents that "prevailing" is usually spelt with an "i."

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *23rd April*, 1883.

*

LETTER 91

September 1883

DUST OF GOLD

1. I have received several letters from young correspondents, complaining that I attach too much importance to beauty in women,[1] and asking, "What are plain girls to do?"—one of them putting this farther question, not easy of answer, "Why beauty is so often given to girls who have only the mind to misuse it, and not to others, who would hold it as a power for God's service?" To which question, however, it is to be answered, in the first place, that the mystery is quite as great in the bestowal of riches and wit; in the second place, that the girls who misuse their beauty, only do it because they have not been taught better, and it is much more other people's fault than theirs; in the third place, that the privilege of seeing beauty is

[1] [See, for instance, above, pp. 176, 426.]

quite as rare a one as that of possessing it, and far more fatally misused.

The question, "What are plain girls to do?" requires us first to understand clearly what "plainness" is. No girl who is well-bred, kind, and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners, or of heart.[1] I may say, in defence of my own constant praise of beauty, that I do not attach half the real importance to it which is assumed in ordinary fiction;—above all, in the pages of the periodical which best represents, as a whole, the public mind of England. As a rule, throughout the whole seventy-volume series of *Punch*,—first by Leech and then by Du Maurier,—all nice girls are represented as pretty; all nice women, as both pretty and well dressed; and if the reader will compare a sufficient number of examples extending over a series of years, he will find the moral lesson more and more enforced by this most popular authority, that all real ugliness in either sex means some kind of hardness of heart, or vulgarity of education. The ugliest man, for all in all, in *Punch* is Sir Gorgius Midas,[2]—the ugliest women, those who are unwilling to be old. Generally speaking, indeed, *Punch* is cruel to women above a certain age; but this is the expression of a real truth in modern England, that the ordinary habits of life and modes of education produce great plainness of *mind* in middle-aged women.

2. I recollect three examples in the course of only the last four or five months of railway travelling. The most interesting and curious one was a young woman evidently of good mercantile position, who came into the carriage with her brother out of one of the manufacturing districts. Both of them gave me the idea of being amiable in disposition, and fairly clever, perhaps a little above the average

[1] [On beauty as dependent on goodness, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. p. 182); *Munera Pulveris*, § 6 (Vol. XVII. p. 149); *Queen of the Air*, § 168 (Vol. XIX. pp. 413–414); and *Art of England*, § 83.]

[2] [The type with successive caricaturists of the "self-made" rich man: see Du Maurier's *Society Pictures from "Punch,"* 1891, *passim*, and compare *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p. 307. Compare the head from one of Charles Keene's drawings in *Punch*, which Ruskin puts beside a Greek Apollo in *Aratra Pentelici* (Vol. XX. p. 294).]

in natural talent; while the sister had good features, and was not much over thirty. But the face was fixed in an iron hardness, and keenly active incapacity of any deep feeling or subtle thought, which pained me almost as much as a physical disease would have done; and it was an extreme relief to me when she left the carriage. Another type, pure Cockney, got in one day at Paddington, a girl of the lower middle class, round-headed, and with the most profound and sullen expression of discontent, complicated with ill-temper, that I ever saw on human features:—I could not at first be certain how far this expression was innate, and how far superinduced; but she presently answered the question by tearing open the paper she had bought with the edge of her hand into jags half an inch deep, all the way across.

The third, a far more common type, was of self-possessed and all-engrossing selfishness, complicated with stupidity;—a middle-aged woman with a novel, who put up her window and pulled down both blinds (side and central) the moment she got in, and read her novel till she fell asleep over it: presenting in that condition one of the most stolidly disagreeable countenances which could be shaped out of organic clay.

3. In both these latter cases, as in those of the girls described in *Fors*, Letter 20, §§ 17–18,[1] the offensiveness of feature implied, for one thing, a constant vexation, and *diffused* agony or misery, endured through every moment of conscious life, together with total dulness of sensation respecting delightful and beautiful things, summed in the passage just referred to as "*tortured* indolence, and *infidel* eyes," and given there as an example of "life negative, under the curse," the state of condemnation which begins in this world, and separately affects every living member of the body; the opposite state of life, under blessing being represented by the Venice-imagined beauty of St.

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 345.]

Ursula, in whose countenance what beauty there may be found (I have known several people who saw none, and indeed Carpaccio has gifted her with no dazzling comeliness) depends mainly on the opposite character of *diffused* joy, and ecstasy in peace.

And in places far too many to indicate, both of *Fors* and my Oxford lectures,[1] I have spoken again and again of this radiant expression of cheerfulness, as a primal element of Beauty, quoting Chaucer largely on the matter; and clinching all, somewhere[2] (I can't look for the place now), by saying that the wickedness of any nation might be briefly measured by observing how far it had made its girls miserable.

4. I meant this quality of cheerfulness to be included above,[3] in the word "well-bred," meaning original purity of race (Chaucer's "debonnaireté") disciplined in courtesy, and the exercises which develop animal power and spirit. I do not in the least mean to limit the word to aristocratic birth and education. Gotthelf's Swiss heroine, Freneli, to whom I have dedicated, in *Proserpina*,[4] the pansy of the Wengern Alp, is only a farm-servant;[5] and Scott's Jeanie Deans[6] is of the same type in Scotland. And among virtuous nations, or the portions of them who remain virtuous, as the Tyrolese and Bavarian peasants, the Tuscans (of whom I am happily enabled to give soon some true biography and portraiture[7]), and the mountain and sea-shore races of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, almost everybody is "well-bred," and the girlish beauty universal. Here in Coniston

[1] [See, for instance, in *Fors*, Vol. XXVII. p. 433 (Chaucer's "Ladie Gladnesse"); and in Oxford lectures, *Ariadne Florentina*, §§ 26, 27 (Vol. XXII. pp. 314–315), and *Val d'Arno*, § 200 (Vol. XXIII. p. 118), in both of which places Chaucer's "Debonnaireté" is referred to.]

[2] [*Ethics of the Dust*, § 76 (Vol. XVIII. p. 296). Compare above, p. 424.]

[3] [See p. 439.]

[4] [ii. ch. i. § 35 (Vol. XXV. p. 409).]

[5] [Compare Letter 94, § 11 (p. 491); and Vol. VII. p. 430.]

[6] [Compare Letter 31, § 4 (Vol. XXVII. p. 564).]

[7] [See (in a later volume of this edition) *The Story of Ida*, *The Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, and *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, by Francesca Alexander, edited by John Ruskin.]

it is almost impossible to meet a child whom it is not a real sorrow again to lose sight of. So that the second article of St. George's creed, "I believe in the nobleness of human nature,"[1] may properly be considered as involving the farther though minor belief in the loveliness of the human form; and in my next course of work at Oxford, I shall have occasion to insist at some length on the reality and frequency of beauty in ordinary life, as it has been shown us by the popular art of our own day.[2] This frequency of it, however, supposing we admit the fact, in no wise diminishes the burden to be sustained by girls who are conscious of possessing less than these ordinary claims to admiration; nor am I in the least minded to recommend the redemption of their loneliness by any more than common effort to be good or wise. On the contrary, the prettier a girl is, the more it becomes her duty to try to be good; and little can be hoped of attempts to cultivate the understanding, which have only been provoked by a jealous vanity. The real and effective sources of consolation will be found in the quite opposite direction, of self-forgetfulness;—in the cultivation of sympathy with others, and in turning the attention and the heart to the daily pleasures open to every young creature born into this marvellous universe. The landscape of the lover's journey may indeed be invested with ætherial colours, and his steps be measured to heavenly tunes[3] unheard of other ears; but there is no sense, because these selfish and temporary raptures are denied to us, in refusing to see the sunshine on the river, or hear the lark's song in the sky. To some of my young readers, the saying may seem a hard one; but they may rest assured that the safest and purest joys of human life rebuke the violence of its passions; that they are obtainable without anxiety, and memorable without regret.

5. Having, therefore, this faith, or more justly speaking,

[1] [See Letter 58, Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]
[2] [*The Art of England*, Lecture V. (delivered in November 1883), § 143.]
[3] [Letter 57, § 6 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 406).]

is experience and certainty, touching the frequency of easing feature in well-bred and modest girls, I did not se the phrase in last *Fors*, which gave (as I hear) eat offence to some feminine readers, "a girl *worth* anything,"[1] exclusively, or even chiefly, with respect to attractions of person; but very deeply and solemnly in the full nse of worthiness, or (regarding the range of its influence) ll-worthiness, which qualifies a girl to be the ruling ophia of an all-worthy workman, yeoman, squire,[2] duke, ng, or Caliph;—not to calculate the advance which, ubtless, the luxury of Mayfair and the learning of Girton ust have made since the days when it was written of oot el Kuloob, or Enees-el Jelees, that "the sum of ten ousand pieces of gold doth not equal the cost of the ickens which she hath eaten, and the dresses which she th bestowed on her teachers; for she hath learned writing, d grammar, and lexicology, and the interpretation of the oran, and the fundamentals of law, and religion, and edicine, and the computation of the Calendar, and the t of playing upon musical instruments,"*—not calculating, say, any of these singular powers or preciousnesses, but ly thinking of the constant value generalized among the ng's verses, by that notable one, "Every wise woman ildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with r hands,"[3]—and seeing that our present modes of thought d elements of education are not always so arranged as to ster to their utmost the graces of prudence and economy woman, it was surely no over-estimate of the desirableess of any real house-builder among girls, that she should ve five or six suitors at once under vow for her? Vow, rely also of no oppressive or extravagant nature! I said thing of such an one as was required by Portia's father

* *Arabian Nights*, Lane's translation, i. 392.

[1] [Letter 90, § 5 (p. 429).]
[2] [For a reference to Fielding's Allworthy, see Letter 34 (Vol. XXVII. p. 631).]
[3] [Proverbs xiv. 1.]

of *her* suitors,[1] and which many a lover instinctively make in his own bosom,—"her, or none." I said nothing of a oath of allegiance preventing the freedom of farther sear or choice;—but only the promise of the youth that, un he saw one better worth winning, he would faithfully ob his chosen mistress's will in all things; and suffer such te as she chose to put him to: it being understood that any time he had the power as openly to withdraw as had openly accepted the candidature.

6. The position of Waverley towards Flora MacIv of Lord Evandale to Miss Bellenden, of Lovell to Mi Wardour, Tressilian to Amy Robsart, or Quentin Durwa to the Countess Isabel,[2] are all in various ways illustrati of this form of fidelity in more or less hopeless endeavou while also the frankness of confession is assumed both Miss Edgeworth and Richardson, as by Shakespeare, qui to the point of entire publicity in the social circle of t lovers.* And I am grieved to say that the casual observ tions which have come to my ears, since last *Fors* appeare as to the absurdity and impossibility of such devotic only further prove to me what I have long since perceive that very few young people, brought up on modern pri ciples, have ever felt love, or even know what it mea except under the conditions in which it is also possible

* See the decision of Miss Broadhurst in the thirteenth chapter of t *Absentee*;[3] and the courtships to Harriet Byron, *passim*.[4] The relations France to Cordelia, of Henry V. to the Princess Katherine, and of Duke to Olivia, are enough to name among the many instances Shakespeare.[5]

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[1] [Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 417.]

[2] [For other references to Flora MacIvor, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 59 (Vol. XV. p. 115); to *Old Mortality* (Evandale and Miss Bellenden), Vol. XXIII. p. 1, and Vol. XXV. p. 297; to the *Antiquary* (Lovell and Isabella Wardour), bel p. 456; to *Kenilworth* (Amy Robsart), *Præterita*, iii. §§ 71 *n.*, 72; and *Quen Durward* (the Countess Isabel), *ibid.*, § 72.]

[3] [For another reference to the *Absentee*, see above, p. 363.]

[4] [For another reference to *Sir Charles Grandison*, see *Præterita*, ii. § 70; for Richardson generally, Vol. V. pp. 360, 373, and Vol. XXV. p. 355.]

[5] [For a fuller reference to the relations of France to Cordelia (*King L* Act i.), see Vol. XXV. p. 417; for the Princess Katherine (*Henry V.*), *Fic Fair and Foul*, § 21; for *Twelfth Night*, Vol. XXV. p. 419.]

the lower animals. I could easily prove this, if it were apposite to my immediate purpose, and if the subject were not too painful, by the evidence given me in a single evening, during which I watched the enthusiastic acceptance by an English audience of Salvini's frightful, and radically false, interpretation of Othello.

7. Were I to yield, as I was wont in the first series of these letters, without scruple, to the eddies of thought which turned the main stream of my discourse into apparently irrelevant, and certainly unprogressive inlets, I should in this place proceed to show how true-love is inconsistent with railways, with joint-stock banks, with the landed interest, with parliamentary interest, with grouse shooting, with lawn tennis, with monthly magazines, spring fashions, and Christmas cards. But I am resolute now to explain myself in one place before becoming enigmatic in another, and keep to my one point until I have more or less collected what has been said about it in former letters. And thus continuing to insist at present only on the worth or price of womanhood itself, and of the value of feminine creatures in the economy of a state, I must ask the reader to look back to Letter 4, § 7,[1] where I lament my own poverty in not being able to buy a white girl of (in jeweller's language) good lustre and facetting; as in another place I in like manner bewail the present order of society in that I cannot make a raid on my neighbour's house, and carry off three graceful captives at a time;[2] and in one of the quite most important pieces of all the book, or of any of my books, the essential nature of real property in general is illustrated by that of the two primary articles of a man's wealth, Wife, and Home;[3] and the meaning of the word "mine," said to be only known in its depth by any man with reference to the first.[4] And here, for further, and in its sufficiency I hope it may be received as a final,

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 68.]
[2] [See Letter 54, § 20 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 353).]
[3] [See Letter 62, §§ 9, 10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 519, 520).]
[4] [See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).]

illustration, read the last lines (for I suppose the termina lines can only be received as epilogue) of the play b which, in all the compass of literature, the beauty of pur youth has been chiefly honoured; there are points in i deserving notice besides the one needful to my purpose:—

Prince. "Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd."
Cap. "O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand."
Mont. "But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet."
Cap. "As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity."[1]

8. I do not know if in the tumultuous renderings an reckless abridgments of this play on the modern stage the audience at any theatre is ever led to think of th meaning of the Prince's saying, "That Heaven finds mean to *kill your joys with love.*" Yet in that one line is th key of Christian theology and of wise natural philosophy the knowledge of the law that binds the yoke of inauspiciou stars, and ordains the slumber of world-wearied flesh.

Look back to Friar Laurence's rebuke of the parent grief at Juliet's death,—

"Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;"[2]

and you will find, in the concluding lines, not only the inter pretation of the Prince's meaning, but a clear light throw on a question lately, in some one of our critical maga zines, more pertinently asked than intelligently answered—

[1] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act v. sc. 3.]
[2] [*Ibid.*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

I do not know if in the tumultuous endings and ~~[illegible]~~ reckless abandonments of this play the audience at any theatre is ever led to think of the meaning of the Prince's saying, "That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with Love". Yet in that one line is the sum of Christian Theology, and of ~~Human~~ Stoic wise Natural philosophy: the knowledge of the law that binds the yoke of inauspicious stars, and ordains the ~~[illegible] place~~ slumber of world-wearied flesh.

Look back to Friar Lawrence's rebuke of the parents' grief at Juliet's death, "Heaven and yourself, ~~[illegible]~~ Had part in this fair maid, — now Heaven hath all. ~~hath all~~. and you will find in the ~~[illegible]~~ form of his following lenten ~~pleading~~ not only the interpretation of the Prince's meaning, but ~~[illegible]~~ a key also to a ~~[illegible]~~

answered, — why Shakespeare wrote tragedies!

~~And indeed,~~ One of my chief reasons for withdrawing, from the later edition of Sesame and Lilies, the closing lecture, on The Mystery of Life, was the feeling afterwards that I had not with enough care examined the spirit of Faith in God and hope in Futurity which, though unexpressed, were ~~intended to~~ meant by the Master of Tragedy ~~[illegible]~~ to be felt by the spectator, what they were to him, as the solution and consolation of all the wonderfulness of ~~perplexed~~ life. (a faith ~~usually~~, in the most part, as I have said, ~~[illegible]~~, unexpressed ~~a conviction here~~ ~~and in which he wrote~~ sorrow, but here ~~[illegible]~~ summed in a single line, which explains the instinctive ~~[illegible]~~ feeling of the heart on the great poetic stories of grief —

'For Nature's tears are Reason's ~~at~~ merriment.'

Returning to the terminal passage of the play, may I now ask the reader to meditate on the strange allegory of Fate which changes the youth and girl, into two golden statues?

A Page of the MS. of Letter 91 (§§ 8, 9)

pp. 446–447

Why Shakespeare wrote tragedies?"[1] One of my chief asons for withdrawing from the later edition of *Sesame nd Lilies* the closing lecture,[2] on the "Mystery of Life," as the feeling that I had not with enough care examined e spirit of faith in God, and hope in Futurity, which, ough unexpressed, were meant by the master of tragedy be felt by the spectator, what they were to himself, the lution and consolation of all the wonderfulness of sorrow; -a faith for the most part, as I have just said, unexpressed; it here summed in a single line, which explains the in-inctive fastening of the heart on the great poetic stories grief,—

"For Nature's tears are Reason's merriment."[3]

9. Returning to the terminal passage of the play, may now ask the reader to meditate on the alchemy of fate, hich changes the youth and girl into two golden statues? dmit the gain in its completeness; suppose that the gold d indeed been given down, like Danaë's from heaven,[4] in change for them; imagine, if you will, the perfectest art-ill of Bezaleel or Aholiab[5] lavished on the imperishable easures. Verona is richer, is she, by so much bullion? aly, by so much art? Old Montague and Capulet have eir boy's and girl's "worth" in gold, have they? And ough for every boy and girl whom now you exile from e gold of English harvest and the ruby of Scottish heath, ere return to you, O loving friends, their corpses' weight, d more, in Californian sand,—is your bargain with God's unty wholly to your mind? or if so, think you that it to His, also?

10. Yet I will not enter here into any debate of loss

[1] [See an article, entitled "Why did Shakespeare write Tragedies?" by "J. S.," the *Cornhill Magazine* for August 1880 (vol. 42, p. 153); and on Shakespearean agedy, compare Vol. XVIII. p. 162 *n.*]

[2] [See further on this subject, Vol. XVIII. pp. lviii.–lix.]

[3] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

[4] [For other references to the myth of Danaë, see Vol. VII. pp. 184–185 *n.*, d Vol. XIX. p. 311.]

[5] [Exodus xxxvi. 1: compare Vol. XXIII. pp. 266, 274.]

by exile, and national ostracism of our strongest. I kee to the estimate only of our loss by helpless, reckles needless death, the enduring torture at the bolted theat door of the world, and on the staircase it has smoothed t Avernus.[1]

"Loss of life"! By the ship overwhelmed in the rive shattered on the sea; by the mine's blast, the earthquake burial—you mourn for the multitude slain. You cheer th lifeboat's crew: you hear, with praise and joy, of the rescu of one still breathing body more at the pit's mouth:—an all the while, for one soul that is saved from the momen tary passing away (according to your creed, to be with i God), the lost souls, yet locked in their polluted flesl haunt, with worse than ghosts, the shadows of your churche and the corners of your streets; and your weary childre watch, with no memory of Jerusalem, and no hope of retur from *their* captivity, the weltering to the sea of your Wate of Babylon.[2]

[1] [The first draft of this passage was different, thus:—

> ". . . our loss by absolute, total, constant, and innocent death, the eve lasting torture at the narrow barred theatre door, in which, while v draw our daily breath and play out our daily play, our English childre moment by moment, are trampled into clay on the staircase to Avern deep."

It is interesting to note that in Ruskin's later, as in his earlier writings, h revisions were in the nature of compression and greater simplicity.]

[2] [See Psalm cxxxvii.]

LETTER 92

ASHESTIEL

ABBOTSFORD, *September 26th*, 1883.

I CAN never hear the whispering and sighing of the weed among his pebbles, but it brings back to me the ng of my nurse, as we used to cross by Coldstream ridge, from the south, in our happy days.

> "For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
> With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue."[1]

hose two possessions, you perceive, my poor Euryclea[2] lt to be the chief wealth of Scotland, and meant the pithet "barefooted" to be one of praise.

In the two days that have past since I this time crossed e Border, I have seen but one barefooted lassie, and e not willingly so,—but many high-heeled ones:—who illingly, if they might, would have been heeled yet higher. nd perhaps few, even of better minded Scots maidens, member, with any due admiration, that the greater part f Jeanie Deans' walk to London was done barefoot,[3] the ays of such pilgrimage being now, in the hope of Scotnd, for ever past; and she, by help of the high chimneys uilt beside Holyrood and Melrose, will henceforward obtain e beatitude of Antichrist,—Blessed be ye Rich.[4]

2. Nevertheless, it is worthy of note that in the village here Bruce's heart is buried,[5] I could yesterday find no

[1] [Quoted also in Letter 51, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 273).]
[2] [For Euryclea, nurse of Ulysses, see *Odyssey*, i. 429, iv. 742, xix. 357.]
[3] [See *Heart of Midlothian*, ch. xxviii.]
[4] [Compare Ruskin's Introduction to *Usury and the English Bishops* (in a later lume of this edition), where he draws up a complete series of the New Beatitudes.]
[5] [Melrose.]

better map of Scotland than was purchaseable for a penny —no clear sign, to my mind, either of the country's vaste wealth, or more refined education. Still less that the spo of earth under which the king's heart lies should b indicated to the curious observer by a small white ticket pegged into the grass; which might at first sight seem meant to mark the price of that piece of goods; an indeed, if one meditates a little on the matter, verily doe so; this piece of pasteboard being nothing less than Kin Robert Bruce's monument and epitaph; and the devotiona offering of Scotland in the nineteenth century, at hi shrine. Economical, even in pasteboard, as compared wit the lavish expenditure of that material by which the "Scot wha hae," etc.,[1] receive on all their paths of pilgrimage th recommendation of Colman's mustard.

So much, looking out on the hillside which Scot planted in his pride, and the garden he enclosed in th joy of his heart, I perceive to be the present outcome o his work in literature. Two small white tickets—one fo the Bruce, the other for Michael Scott:[2] manifold acreag of yellow tickets—for Colman's mustard. Thus may w measure the thirst for knowledge excited by modern Scot tish religion, and satisfied by modern Scottish education.

WHITHORN, *October 3rd*, 1883.

3. As the sum of Sir Walter's work at Melrose, s here the sum of St. Ninian's at Candida Casa,[3] may b set down in few and sorrowful words. I notice that th children of the race who now for fifteen hundred year

[1] [For another reference to Burns's *Bannockburn*, see Preface, § 4, to *Ro Honeycomb* (Vol. XXXI.).]

[2] [For Michael Scott, the Wizard, see Vol. XIV. p. 97. The tomb, suppose to be his (see *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto ii.), is by others asserted to be tha of Sir Brian Latoun.]

[3] [The White House is the ancient name of Whithorn, or Whitherne, Abbe on the Solway, where the first Christian church in Scotland was built, by S Ninian, in the fourth century, according to Bede. "Candida Casa" is the tit of a chapter written by Ruskin for the intended Sixth Part of his *Our Fathe Have Told Us*: see a later volume of this edition.]

ave been taught in this place the word of Christ, are ivided broadly into two classes: one very bright and trim, trongly and sensibly shod and dressed, satchel on shoulder, nd going to or from school by railroad; walking away, fter being deposited at the small stations, in a brisk and ndependent manner. But up and down the earthy broad-ay between the desolate-looking houses which form the ain street of Whithorn, as also in the space of open round which borders the great weir and rapid of the Nith t Dumfries, I saw wistfully errant groups of altogether eglected children, barefoot enough, tattered in frock, be-rimed in face, their pretty long hair wildly tangled or iggedly matted, and the total bodies and spirits of them ringing there by the wayside like its thistles,—with such are as Heaven gives to the herbs of the field,—and Heaven's Adversary to the seed on the Rock.

They are many of them Irish, the Pastor of Whithorn lls me,—the parents too poor to keep a priest, one coming ver from Wigton sometimes for what ministration may be nperative. This the ending of St. Ninian's prayer and fast his dark sandstone cave, filled with the hollow roar of olway,—now that fifteen hundred years of Gospel times ave come and gone.

This the end: but of what is it to be the beginning? what new Kingdom of Heaven are *these* children the ascent citizens? To what Christ are these to be allowed come for benediction, unforbidden?[1]

BRANTWOOD, *October 10th*, 1883.

4. The above two entries are all I could get written of ings felt and seen during ten days in Scott's country, nd St. Ninian's; somewhat more I must set down before e impression fades.[2] Not irrelevantly, for it is my instant

[1] [See Matthew xix. 14.]

[2] [At this time Lord Reay had been at Brantwood, and Ruskin afterwards nt on a visit to him in Scotland: see the Introduction, above, p. xxvi. The ten ys in Scotland were September 23 to October 4.]

object in these resumed letters to index and enforce what I have said hitherto on early education; and while, of all countries, Scotland is that which presents the main questions relating to it in the clearest form, my personal knowledge and feelings enable me to arrange aught I have yet to say more easily with reference to the Scottish character than any other. Its analysis will enable me also to point out some specialties in the genius of Sir Walter, Burns, and Carlyle, which English readers cannot usually discern for themselves. I went into the Border country, just now, chiefly to see the house of Ashestiel: and this morning have re-read, with better insight, the chapter of Lockhart's Life which gives account of the sheriff's settlement there;[1] in which chapter there is incidental notice of Mungo Park's last days in Scotland, to which I first pray my readers' close attention.

5. Mungo had been born in a cottage at Fowlsheils on the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark Castle. He returns after his first African journey to his native cottage, where Scott visits him, and finds him on the banks of Yarrow, which in that place passes over ledges of rock, forming deep pools between them. Mungo is casting stone after stone into the pools, measuring their depths by the time the bubbles take to rise, and thinking (as he presently tells Scott) of the way he used to sound the turbid African rivers. Meditating, his friend afterwards perceives, on further travel in the distant land.

With what motive, it is important for us to know. As a discoverer—as a missionary—or to escape from ennui? He is at that time practising as a physician among his own people. A more sacred calling cannot be;—by faithful missionary service more good could be done among fair Scotch laddies in a day, than among black Hamites in a lifetime;—of discovery, precious to all humanity, more might be made among the woods and rocks of Ettrick than in

[1] [Vol. ii. ch. i.; the following quotations are from pp. 11–13 (1837 edition).]

he thousand leagues of desert between Atlas and red Edom. Why will he again leave his native stream?

It is clearly not mere baseness of petty vanity that noves him. There is no boastfulness in the man:—

"'On one occasion,' says Scott, 'the traveller communicated to him ome very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but hich he had not recorded in his book.' On Scott's asking the cause of his silence, Mungo answered that, 'in all cases where he had information o communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had ated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his atements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not hock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing rcumstances which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they elated solely to his own personal adventures and escapes.'"

Clearly it is not vanity, of Alpine-club kind,[1] that the Old Serpent is tempting this man with. But what then?

"His thoughts had always continued to be haunted with Africa. He old Scott that whenever he awoke suddenly in the night, he fancied imself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali; but when Scott expressed urprise that he should intend again to re-visit those scenes, he answered hat he would rather brave Africa and all its horrors, than *wear out his life long and toilsome rides over the hills of Scotland, for which the remuneration as hardly enough to keep soul and body together.*"

I have italicized the whole sentence, for it is a terrific ne. It signifies, if you look into it, almost total absence f the instinct of personal duty,—total absence of belief in he God who chose for him his cottage birthplace, and set im his life-task beside it;—absolute want of interest in is profession, of sense for natural beauty, and of com-assion for the noblest poor of his native land. And, with hese absences, there is the clear presence of the fatallest f the vices, Avarice,—in the exact form in which it was he ruin of Scott himself,—the love of money for the sake f worldly position.

6. I have purposely placed the instinct for natural eauty, and compassion for the poor, in the same breath of

[1] [On this subject, see *Sesame and Lilies*, Vol. XVIII. pp. 90, 21–26.]

the sentence;—their relation, as I hope hereafter to show, is constant. And the *total* want of compassion, in it primary root of sympathy, is shown in its naked fearsome ness in the next sentence of the tale:—

"Towards the end of the autumn, Park paid Scott a farewell visit, an slept at Ashestiel. Next morning his host accompanied him homeward over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Par talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination *to te his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and sen them his blessing from thence without returning to take leave.* He had marrie not long before a pretty and amiable woman; and when they reached th Williamhope Ridge, 'the autumnal mist floating heavily and slowly dow the valley of the Yarrow' presented to Scott's imagination 'a strikin emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his undertakin afforded.' He remained however unshaken, and at length they reache the spot where they had agreed to separate. A small ditch divided th moor from the road, and in going over it, Park's horse stumbled an nearly fell.

"'I am afraid, Mungo,' said the sheriff, 'that is a bad omen.' T which he answered, smiling, '*Freits* (omens) follow those who look t them.' With this expression Mungo struck the spurs into his horse, an Scott never saw him again."

"Freits follow those who look to them." Words absc lutely true (with their converse, that they cease to follo those who do *not* look to them): of which truth I will as the consenting reader to consider a little while.

He may perhaps think Mungo utters it in all wisdon as already passing from the darkness and captivity of supe stition into the marvellous light of secure Science an liberty of Thought. A wiser man, are we to hold Mungc than Walter,—then? and wiser—how much more, than hi forefathers?

I do not know on what authority Lockhart interpret "freit," as only meaning "omen."[2] In the Douglas glossar it means "aid," "or protection"; it is the word used b Jove, declaring that he will not give "freit" from heave

[1] [The subject is not resumed in *Fors;* but see *Art of England*, § 15, and *Fictio Fair and Foul*, § 54. Compare Vol. XX. p. 90.]

[2] [See King James's work, *Dæmonologie*, pp. 99, 100: "all kind of practique freites, or other extraordinary actions, which cannot abide the trew touch of natur reason."]

ither to Trojan or Rutulian;[1] and I believe it always to ave the sense of *serviceable* warning—protective, if watched nd obeyed. I am not here concerned with the question ow far such guidance has been, or is still, given to those vho look for it; but I wish the reader to note that the orm of Celtic intellect which rejected the ancient faith vas certainly not a higher one than that which received it. And this I shall best show by taking the wider ground of nquiry, how far Scott's own intellect was capable of such elief,—and whether in its strength or weakness.

7. In the analysis of his work, given in the *Nineteenth Century* in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*,[2] I have accepted twelve ovels as characteristic and essentially good,—naming them n the order of their production. These twelve were all vritten in twelve years, before he had been attacked by ny illness; and of these, the first six exhibit the natural rogress of his judgment and faith, in the prime years of is life, between the ages of forty-three and forty-eight.

In the first of them, *Waverley*, the supernatural element s admitted with absolute frankness and simplicity, the eath of Colonel Gardiner being foretold by the, at that ime well-attested, faculty of second sight,—and both the aptivity and death of Fergus McIvor by the personal hantom, hostile and fatal to his house.[3]

In the second, *Guy Mannering*, the supernatural warnng is not allowed to reach the point of actual vision. It

[1] [The reference is to the version by Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the rst complete translation of the *Æneid* into a British tongue (1553), and to the lossary appended in the edition of 1710. See *Æneid*, x. 110–113; translated on . 317 of Douglas (1710):—

"Nouthir Troianis nor Rutulianis freith will I,
Let aithir of thame thare awin fortoun stand by . . .
King Jupiter sal be to all equale."]

'or other references to the Bishop's translation, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 500; and elow, p. 557.]

[2] [The reference is to the first (*Nineteenth Century*, June 1880) of a series of apers, reprinted in *On the Old Road* (see a later volume of this edition, §§ 24–27). Ruskin does not there say that the twelve novels were written "before he had een attacked by any illness," but that the first six were; which statement, howver, is incorrect, as his illness began before *Rob Roy* and the *Heart of Midlothian* vere written (see note now appended to the passage in *On the Old Road*).]

[3] [*Waverley*, chaps. xlvi., lix., lxix.]

is given by the stars, and by the strains in the thread spun at the child's birth by his gipsy guardian.[1]

In the third, the *Antiquary*, the supernatural influence reduces itself merely to a feverish dream, and to the terror of the last words of Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot: "I'm coming, my leddy—the staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight."[2]

In the fourth, *Old Mortality*, while Scott's utmost force is given to exhibit the self-deception of religious pride imagining itself inspired of heaven, the idea of prophetic warning is admitted as a vague possibility, with little more of purpose than to exalt the fortitude of Claverhouse; and in the two last stories of his great time, *Rob Roy*, and the *Heart of Midlothian*, all suggestion whatever of the interference of any lower power than that of the Deity in the order of this world has been refused, and the circumstances of the tales are confined within the limits of absolute and known truth.

I am in the habit of placing the *Heart of Midlothian* highest of all his works,[3] because in this element of intellectual truth, it is the strictest and richest;—because, being thus rigid in truth, it is also the most exalted in its conception of human character;—and lastly, because it is the clearest in acknowledgment of the overruling justice of God even to the uttermost, visiting the sin of the fathers upon the children,[4] and purifying the forgiven spirit without the remission of its punishment.

In the recognition of these sacred laws of life it stands alone among Scott's works, and may justly be called the greatest: yet the stern advance in moral purpose which it indicates is the natural consequence of the discipline of age—not the sign of increased mental faculty. The entire range of faculty, imaginative and analytic together, is unquestionably the highest when the sense of the supernatural

[1] [*Guy Mannering*, chaps. iii. and iv.]

[2] [*Antiquary*, ch. xl. ("My lady calls us!—Bring a candle;—the grand staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight. We are coming, my lady!").]

[3] [See Letter 83, § 10 (above, p. 267).]

[4] [Exodus xx. 5.]

s most distinct,[1]—Scott is *all himself* only in *Waverley* and he *Lay*.[2]

8. No line of modern poetry has been oftener quoted vith thoughtless acceptance than Wordsworth's:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."[3]

t is wholly untrue in the implied limitation; if life be led nder heaven's law, the sense of heaven's nearness only leepens with advancing years, and is assured in death. But the saying is indeed true thus far, that in the dawn f virtuous life every enthusiasm and every perception may e trusted as of divine appointment; and the *maxima reverntia* is due not only to the innocence of children,[4] but to heir inspiration.

And it follows that through the ordinary course of nortal failure and misfortune, in the career of nations no ess than of men, the error of their intellect, and the ardening of their hearts, may be accurately measured by heir denial of spiritual power.

In the life of Scott, beyond comparison the greatest ntellectual force manifested in Europe since Shakespeare, he lesson is given us with a clearness as sharp as the ncision on a Greek vase.[5] The very first mental effort for vhich he obtained praise was the passionate recitation of he passage in the *Æneid*, in which the ghost of Hector ppears to Æneas.[6] And the deadliest sign of his own pproaching death is in the form of incredulity which lictated to his weary hand the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*.[7]

[1] [See Ruskin's reference to this passage in his "Notes on Gipsy Character" n *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[2] [Compare an additional passage in Appendix 8 (below, p. 541).]

[3] [Ode, *Intimations of Immortality*, stanza v.]

[4] [Juvenal, xiv. 47 :—

"Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Si quid
Turpe paras, ne tu pueri contemperis annos,
Sed peccaturo obstet titi filius infans."]

[5] [With this simile, compare *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 100.]

[6] [Book ii. 268–317.]

[7] [Written in 1830.]

9. Here, for the present, I must leave the subject to your own thought,—only desiring you to notice, for general guidance, the gradations of impression on the feelings of men of strong and well-rounded intellect, by which fancy rises towards faith.

(I.) The lowest stage is that of wilfully grotesque fancy which is recognized as false, yet dwelt upon with delight and finished with accuracy, as the symbol or parable of what is true.

Shakespeare's Puck, and the Dwarf Goblin of the *Lay* are precisely alike in this first level of the imagination. Shakespeare does not believe in Bottom's translation; neither does Scott that, when the boy Buccleugh passes the drawbridge with the dwarf, the sentinel only saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.[1] Yet both of them permit the fallacy because they acknowledge the Elfin power in nature, to make things, sometimes for good, sometimes for harm, seem what they are not. Nearly all the grotesque sculpture of the great ages, beginning with the Greek Chimæra,[2] has this nascent form of Faith for its impulse.

(II.) The ghosts and witches of Shakespeare, and the Bodach Glas[3] and White Lady of Scott, are expressions of real belief, more or less hesitating and obscure. Scott's worldliness too early makes him deny his convictions, and in the end effaces them. But Shakespeare remains sincerely honest in his assertion of the uncomprehended spiritual presence; with this further subtle expression of his knowledge of mankind, that he never permits a spirit to show itself but to men of the highest intellectual power. To Hamlet, to Brutus, to Macbeth, to Richard III.; but the royal Dane does not haunt his own murderer,—neither does Arthur, King John; neither Norfolk, King Richard II. nor Tybalt, Romeo.

[1] [*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, canto iii. stanza xii.]

[2] [See *Queen of the Air*, § 29 (Vol. XIX. p. 325).]

[3] [*Waverley*, ch. lix. For another reference to Scott's conception of the White Lady of Avenel, in the *Monastery*, see *Præterita*, i. § 174.]

(III.) The faith of Horace in the spirit of the fountain f Brundusium,[1] in the Faun of his hill-side, and in the elp of the greater gods, is constant, vital, and practical; et in some degree still tractable by his imagination, as lso that of the great poets and painters of Christian imes. In Milton, the tractability is singular; he hews is gods out to his own fancy, and then believes in them; ut in Giotto and Dante the art is always subjected to the ue vision.[2]

(IV.) The faith of the saints and prophets, rising into erenity of knowledge, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"[3] a state of mind of which ordinary men cannot reason; ut which, in the practical power of it, has always governed e world, and must for ever. No dynamite will ever be vented that can rule;—it can but dissolve and destroy. nly the Word of God and the heart of man can govern.

10. I have been led far, but to the saving of future me, by the examination of the difference in believing ower between the mind of Scott and his unhappy friend. now take up my immediate subject of inquiry, the effect pon Scott's own mind of the natural scenery of the native nd he loved so dearly. His life, let me first point out you, was in all the joyful strength of it, spent in e valley of the Tweed. Edinburgh was his school, and s office; but his home was always by Tweedside: and ore perfectly so, because in three several places during e three clauses of life. You must remember also the ottage at Lasswade for the first years of marriage, and andy-Knowe for his childhood; but, allowing to Smailolm Tower and Roslin Glen whatever collateral influence ey may rightly claim over the babe and the bridereom, the constant influences of home remain divided

[1] [A slip of the pen for Bandusia (*Odes*, III. xiii.). For other references to it, also to the Ode "Faune Nympharum," see Vol. XIX. p. 173. On the faith of orace, see also *Bible of Amiens*, iii. § 52.]

[2] [With what is here said of Milton and Dante, compare *Sesame and Lilies*, 110, 111 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 156–158).]

[3] [Job xix. 25.]

strictly into the three æras at Rosebank, Ashestiel, and Abbotsford.[1]

11. Rosebank, on the lower Tweed, gave him his close knowledge of the district of Flodden Field; and his store of foot-traveller's interest in every glen of Ettrick, Yarrow and Liddel-water.

The vast tract of country to which these streams owe their power is composed of a finely-grained dark and hard sandstone, whose steep beds are uniformly and simultaneously raised into masses of upland, which nowhere present any rugged or broken masses of crag, like those of our Cumberland mountains, and are rarely steep enough anywhere to break the grass by weathering; a moderate shaly —or, rather, gritty—slope of two or three hundred feet opposite Ashestiel itself, being noticeable enough, among the rounded monotony of general form, to receive the separate name of "the Slidders." Towards the bottom of a dingle, here and there, a few feet of broken bank may show what the hills consist of; but the great waves of them rise against the horizon without a single peak, crest, or cleft to distinguish one from another, though in their true scale of mountain strength heaved into heights of 1500 or 2000 feet; and covering areas of three or four square leagues for each of the surges. The dark rock weathers easily into surface soil, which forms for the greater part good pasture, with interspersed patches of heath or peat, and, Liddesdale-way, rushy and sedgy moorland, good for little to man or beast.

Much rain falls over the whole district; but, for a great part of its falling time, in the softly-diffused form of Scotch mist, absorbed invisibly by the grass soil; while even the heavier rain, having to deal with broad surfaces of serenely set rock, and finding no ravines in which it can concentrate force, nor any loose lighter soil to undermine, threads its way down to the greater glens in gradual and deliberate

[1] [At Rosebank, the seat of his uncle, Captain Richard Scott, Sir Walter spent much of his youth. At Ashestiel, he lived from 1804 to 1812; at Abbotsford thenceforward.]

were both in flood; not dim nor wrathful, but ~~as~~
the clear fullness of their perfect strength and from the bridge of
Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the Tweed
— for miles down ~~the~~ his vale, and the Ettrick for miles
up among his hills, — each of them in ~~his~~ the multitude
of their windless waves, a march of infinite lights, dazzling
~~lights and~~ interwoven, indeed, with colders of ~~[illegible]~~ darkness.
but — for the most part — ~~two~~ ~~motion~~ gliding paths of sunshine
for weeps, beneath ~~between~~ the green glow of their wickers, level ~~and~~ the
blessing of them, and the quiet; the stated
moving of the rippled many waters, more peaceful than their calm, and their rippled spaces, and
freed like moist clouds, their pools of ~~amber~~ running amber and current
leaves ~~so~~ bridging the silver edges with a gloom of gold,
and all along their shore, processions of dark forest beyond the sward, and the innumerous things
in strange majesty of order and ~~unruffled~~ wounded grace of glorious orga

A Page of the MS. of Letter 92 (§ 12)

nfluence, nobody can well see how: there are no Lodores ıor Bruar waters, still less Staubbachs or Giessbachs; ınnoticed, by million upon million of feebly glistening treamlets, or stealthy and obscure springs, the cloudy dew lescends towards the river, and the mysterious strength of ts stately water rises or declines indeed, as the storm im- ›ends or passes away; yet flows for ever with a serenity of ›ower unknown to the shores of all other mountain lands.[1]

And the more wonderful, because the uniformity of the ill-substance renders the *slope* of the river as steady as ts supply. In all other mountain channels known to me, he course of the current is here open, and there narrow— ›metimes pausing in extents of marsh cord lake, some- imes furious in rapids, precipitate in cataracts, or lost in ubterranean caves. But the classic Scottish streams have ad their beds laid for them, ages and ages ago, in vast ccumulations of rolled shingle, which, occupying the floor f the valleys from side to side in apparent level, yet ubdue themselves with a steady fall towards the sea.[2]

12. As I drove from Abbotsford to Ashestiel, Tweed nd Ettrick were both in flood; not dun nor wrathful, ›ut in the clear fulness of their perfect strength: and from he bridge of Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the 'weed for miles down the vale, and the Ettrick for miles p among his hills,—each of them, in the multitude of heir windless waves, a march of infinite light, dazzling, —interminable,—intervaled indeed with eddies of shadow, ›ut, for the most part, gliding paths of sunshine, far-swept eside the green glow of their level inches, the blessing f them, and the guard:—the stately moving of the many vaters, more peaceful than their calm, only mighty, their

[1] [Compare *Art of England*, § 167, where Ruskin, referring to this Letter as an analysis of the main character of the scenery by which Scott was inspired," adds › the beauty of its rivers "the collateral charm, in a Borderer's mind, of the ery mists and rain that feed them."]

[2] [The MS. adds: ". . . towards the sea, so that the river current, here and here eddying indeed for a moment in deeper pools, yet in its mass rolls on in an ndless multitude of glittering or glooming waves."]

rippled spaces fixed like orient clouds, their pools of pausing current binding the silver edges with a gloom of amber and gold; and all along their shore, beyond the sward and the murmurous shingle, processions of dark forest, in strange majesty of sweet order, and unwounded grace of glorious age.

The house of Ashestiel itself is only three or four miles above this junction of Tweed and Ettrick.* It has been sorrowfully changed since Sir Walter's death, but the essential make and set of the former building can still be traced. There is more excuse for Scott's flitting to Abbotsford than I had guessed,[1] for *this* house stands, conscious of the river rather than commanding it, on a brow of meadowy bank falling so steeply to the water that nothing can be seen of it from the windows. Beyond, the pasture-land rises steep three or four hundred feet against the northern sky, while behind the house, south and east, the moorlands lift themselves in gradual distance to still greater height, so that virtually neither sunrise nor sunset can be seen from the deep-nested dwelling. A tricklet of stream wavers to and fro down to it from the moor, through a grove of entirely natural wood,—oak, birch, and ash, fantastic and bewildering, but nowhere gloomy, or decayed, and carpeted with anemone. Between this wild avenue and the house, the old garden remains as it used to be, large, gracious, and tranquil; its high walls swept round it in a curving line like a war rampart, following the ground; the fruit-trees, trained a century since, now with grey trunks a foot wide, flattened to the wall like sheets of crag; the strong bars of their living trellis charged, when I saw them, with clusters of green-gage, soft bloomed into gold and blue; and of orange-pink magnum bonum, and crowds of ponderous pear, countless as leaves. Some open space of grass and path,

* I owe to the courtesy of Dr. Matthews Duncan the privilege of quiet sight both of the house and its surroundings.

[1] [See Letter 47, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 198). Plate V. here gives views of Ashestiel and Abbotsford respectively.]

Photo Valentine, London. Allen & Co Sc.

Photo Frith & Co Reigate. Allen & Co Sc.

Ashestiel and Abbotsford.

ow all redesigned for modern needs, must always have ivided the garden from what was properly the front of the ouse, where the main entrance is now, between advanced vings, of which only the westward one is of Sir Walter's me: its ground floor being the drawing-room, with his own edroom of equal size above, cheerful and luminous both, nfilading the house front with their large side windows, hich commanded the sweep of Tweed down the valley, nd some high masses of Ettrick Forest beyond, this view eing now mostly shut off by the opposite wing, added for ymmetry! But Sir Walter saw it fair through the morning louds when he rose, holding himself, nevertheless, altogether egardless of it, when once at work. At Ashestiel and bbotsford alike, his work-room is strictly a writing-office, hat windows they have being designed to admit the needul light, with an extremely narrow vista of the external orld.[1] Courtyard at Abbotsford, and bank of young wood eyond: nothing at Ashestiel but the green turf of the pposite fells with the sun on it, if sun there were, and ilvery specks of passing sheep.

The room itself, Scott's true "memorial" if the Scotch eople had heart enough to know him, or remember, is a mall parlour on the ground-floor of the north side of the ouse, some twelve feet deep by eleven wide; the single vindow little more than four feet square, or rather four eet *cube*, above the desk, which is set in the recess of the nossy wall, the light thus entering in front of the writer, nd reflected a little from each side. This window is set o the left in the end wall, leaving a breadth of some five eet or a little more on the fireplace side, where now, rought here from Abbotsford, stands the garden chair of he last days.[2]

[1] [In a note on the MS. of the first draft of this Letter Ruskin gives the imensions of the rooms: "Dining-room about $16\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{3}{4}$. Study 11×12, not inluding deep window recess in wall. Drawing-room $18\frac{1}{2} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$. Bedroom same."]

[2] [It was stated shortly afterwards in the *Scotsman* that Sir Walter Scott's tudy had been turned into a passage, in the recent improvements. See below, etter 95, § 27 (p. 515).]

Contentedly, in such space and splendour of domicile the three great poems were written,[1] *Waverley* begun; and all the make and tenure of his mind confirmed, as it was to remain, or revive, through after time of vanity, trouble, and decay.

13. A small chamber, with a fair world outside:—such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work. At heart, the monastery cell always, changed sometimes, for special need, into the prison cell. But, as I meditate more and more closely what reply I may safely make to the now eagerly pressed questioning of my faithful scholars, what books I would have them read, I find the first broadly-swept definition may be—Books written in the country. None worth spending time on, and few that are quite safe to touch, have been written in towns.

And my next narrowing definition would be, Books that have good music in them,—that are rightly-rhythmic: a definition which includes the delicacy of perfect prose, such as Scott's; and which *ex*cludes at once a great deal of modern poetry, in which a dislocated and convulsed versification has been imposed on the ear in the attempt to express uneven temper, and unprincipled feeling.

By unprincipled feeling, I mean whatever part of passion the writer does not clearly discern for right or wrong, and concerning which he betrays the reader's moral judgment into false sympathy or compassion. No really great writer ever does so: neither Scott, Burns, nor Byron ever waver for an instant, any more than Shakespeare himself, in their estimate of what is fit and honest, or harmful and base. Scott always punishes even error, how much more fault, to the uttermost; nor does Byron, in his most defiant and mocking moods, ever utter a syllable that defames virtue or disguises sin.

In looking back to my former statement in the third

[1] [The *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, previously begun, was finished at Ashestiel. *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* were wholly written there.]

volume of *Modern Painters*, of the influence of natural scenery on these three men,[1] I was unjust both to it and to them, in my fear of speaking too favourably of passions with which I had myself so strong personal sympathy. Recent Vandalism has taught me, too cruelly, and too late, the moral value of such scenes as those in which I was brought up; and given it me, for my duty to the future, to teach the Love of the fair Universe around us as the beginning of Piety, and the end of Learning.

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14. The reader may be interested in comparing with the description in the text, Scott's first fragmentary stanzas relating to the sources of the Tweed. (Lockhart, vol. i., p. 314.)

"Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

"Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

"And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come."

[1] [See Vol. V. (*Modern Painters*, iii.) p. 360.]

LETTER 93

INVOCATION

1. My Christmas letter, which I have extreme satisfaction in trusting this little lady to present to you, comes first to wish the St. George's Company, and all honest men, as merry a Christmas as they can make up their minds to (though, under present circumstances, the merriment, it seems to me, should be temperate, and the feasting moderate);—and in the second place, to assure the St. George's Company both of its own existence, and its Master's, which, without any extreme refinement of metaphysics, the said Company might well begin to have some doubt of—seeing that there has been no report made of its business, nor record of its additional members, nor catalogue of its additional properties, given since the—I don't know what day of —I don't know what year.[1]

I am not going to ask pardon any more for these administrative defects, or mysterious silences, because, so far as they are results of my own carelessness or procrastination,

[1] [The last mention in *Fors* of accounts relating to the Guild was in Letter 86 (February 1878), § 13, p. 351. The last Report issued to members of the Guild had been dated December 6, 1881 (see Vol. XXX.).]

ey are unpardonable; and so far as they might deserve dulgence if explained, it could only be justified by the tails, otherwise useless, of difficulty or disappointment in hich more than one of our members have had their share -and of which *their* explanations might sometimes take a fferent shape from mine. Several have left us, whose cession grieved me; one or two, with my full consent. thers, on the contrary, have been working with their whole arts and minds, while the Master was too ill to take note f their labour: and, owing, I believe, chiefly to that unraised zeal, but in a measure also to the wider reading nd better understanding of *Fors* itself, new members are pidly joining us, and, I think, all are at present animated ith better and more definite hope than heretofore.

2. The accounts of the Company,—which, instead of ncumbering *Fors*, as they used to do, it seems to me now ell to print in a separate form, to be presented to the ompanions with the recommendation not to read it, but to e freely purchasable by the public who may be curious in terature of that kind,[1]—do not, in their present aspect, rnish a wide basis for the confidence I have just stated be increasing. But, in these days, that we are entirely lvent, and cannot be otherwise, since it is our principal w of business never to buy anything till we have got the oney to pay for it,—that whatever we have bought, e keep, and don't try to make a bad bargain good by windling anybody else,—that, at all events, a certain uantity of the things purchased on such terms are found be extremely useful and agreeable possessions by a daily ncreasing number of students, readers, and spectators, at heffield and elsewhere,—and that we have at this Christmas-time of 1883 £4000 and some odd hundreds of stock, vith, besides the lands and tenements specified in my last eport, conditional promise of a new and better site for the t. George's Museum at Sheffield, and of £5000 to begin

[1] [For such Reports and Accounts, see Vol. XXX.]

the building thereof,[1]—these various facts and consideration do, I think, sufficiently justify the Companions of St. George in sitting down peaceful-minded, so far as regards their business matters, to their Christmas cheer; and perhaps also the Master in calling with confidence on all kind souls whom his words may reach, to augment the hitherto narrow fellowship.

3. Of whose nature, I must try to sum in this *Fors* what I have had often to repeat in private letters.

First, that the St. George's Guild is not a merely sentimental association of persons who want sympathy in the general endeavour to do good. It is a body constituted for a special purpose: that of buying land, holding it inviolably, cultivating it properly, and bringing up on it as many honest people as it will feed. It means, therefore, the continual, however slow, accumulation of landed property, and the authoritative management of the same; and every new member joining it shares all rights in that property, and has a vote for the re-election or deposition of its Master. Now, it would be entirely unjust to the Members who have contributed to the purchase of our lands, or of such funds and objects of value as we require for the support and education of the persons living on them, if the Master allowed the entrance of Members who would have equal control over the Society's property, without contributing to it. Nevertheless, I sometimes receive Companions whose temper and qualities I like, though they may be unable to help us with money, (otherwise it might be thought people had to pay for entrance,) but I can't see why there should not be plenty of people in England both able and willing to help us; whom I once more[2] very solemnly call upon to do so, as thereby exercising the quite healthiest and straightforwardest power of Charity. They can't make the London or Paris landlords emancipate *their* poor (even if it were according to sound law to make such an endeavour). But

[1] [On this subject, see again Vol. XXX.]
[2] [For the last appeal of this kind, see Letter 88 (p. 396).]

hey can perfectly well become landlords themselves, and mancipate their *own*.

4. And I beg the readers alike, and the despisers of my ormer pleadings in this matter, to observe that all the ecent agitation of the public mind, concerning the dwellings f the poor,[1] is merely the sudden and febrile (Heaven be hanked, though, for such fever!) recognition of the things hich I have been these twenty years trying to get recog-ized, and reiterating description and lamentation of—even o the actual printing of my pages blood-red[2]—to try if I ould catch the eye at least, when I could not the ear or he heart. In my index, under the head of "Misery,"[3] I now not yet what accumulation of witness may be gathered, -but let the reader think, now, only what the single sen-ence meant which I quoted from the Evening news in he last *Fors* I wrote before my great illness (March, 1878, 7[4]), "The mother got impatient, *thrust the child into the now*, and hurried on—not looking back." *There* is a hristmas card, with a picture of English "nativity" for ou—O suddenly awakened friends! And again, take this icture of what Mr. Tenniel calls John Bull guarding his udding,[5] authentic from the iron-works of Tredegar, 11th ebruary, 1878 (§ 16[6]):

For several months the average earnings have been six shillings a week, d out of that they have to pay for *coal*, and *house rent* and other ex-nses (the rent-collector never out of *his* work), leaving very little for od or clothing. In my district there are a hundred and thirty families

[1] [The reference is to a pamphlet by Mr. G. R. Sims (1883) on *How the Poor Live*, d to the "inquiry into the condition of the abject poor" conducted by the ondon Congregational Union. The results of the inquiry had been published, ortly before Ruskin wrote this Letter, in a pamphlet entitled *The Bitter Cry of utcast London* (October 1883). The pamphlets had a large sale, and were widely oticed in the press.]

[2] [Part of § 36 of *Sesame and Lilies* (Vol. XVIII. pp. 91–93). Among other ormer pleadings in this matter" (elsewhere than in *Fors*) reference may be ade to *A Joy for Ever*, § 7 (Vol. XVI. pp. 18–19); *Munera Pulveris*, § 108 ol. XVII. pp. 233–234); and *Queen of the Air*, § 68 (Vol. XIX. p. 362).]

[3] [Ruskin's Notes for Index did not, however, include a heading "Misery." e now, below, p. 650.]

[4] [Letter 87; above, p. 367.]

[5] [The reference is to a cartoon of 1859: see *Art of England*, § 151.]

[6] [Letter 87; above, p. 378.]

in distress; they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and ver little beside that wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night,– they have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which the could obtain the smallest sum of money; many of them are some day every week without anything to eat,—and with nothing but water t drink"—

and *that* poisoned, probably.

Was not this, the last message I was able to bring t John Bull concerning his Pudding, enough to make hir think how he might guard it better? But on first recover of my power of speech,[1] was not the news I brought c the state of La Belle France worth *her* taking to though also?—

"In a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and thre quarters long, a husband, wife, and four children, of whom two were dea two months afterwards,—of those left, the eldest daughter 'had still tl strength to smile.' Hunger had reduced this child, who would have bee beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton."

(*Fors*, Letter 88, § 12, and see the sequel.[2])

5. And the double and treble horror of all this, not you well, is not only that the tennis-playing and railroa flying public trip round the outskirts of it, and whirl ov the roofs of it,—blind and deaf; but that the persons int rested in the maintenance of it have now a whole embodie Devil's militia of base littérateurs in their bound service;– the worst form of serfs that ever human souls sank into– partly conscious of their lying, partly, by dint of dai repetition, believing in their own babble, and totally occupi in every journal and penny magazine all over the world, declaring this present state of the poor to be glorious ar enviable, as compared with the poor that have been. I which continual pother of parroquet lie, and desperate feigned defence of all things damnable, this nineteen century stutters and shrieks alone in the story of mankin

[1] [That is, on recovery from the illness in the spring of 1878, which caus *Fors* to be suspended after the number for March 1878 (Letter 87) till Mar 1880 (Letter 88).]

[2] [Above, p. 392.]

Whatever men did before now, of fearful or fatal, they did openly. Attila does not say his horse-hoof is of velvet. Ezzelin deigns no disguise of his Paduan massacre.[1] Prince Karl of Austria fires his red-hot balls in the top of daylight, "at stroke of noon, on the shingle roofs of the weavers of Zittau in dry July, ten thousand innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth, and before sunset Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls,—not Zittau, but a cinder-heap,"* —but Prince Karl never says it was the best thing that could have been done for the weavers of Zittau,—and that all charitable men hereafter are to do the like for all weavers, if feasible. But your nineteenth century prince of shams and shambles sells for his own behoof the blood and ashes, preaches, with his steam-throat, the gospel of gain from ruin, as the only true and only Divine, and fills at the same instant the air with his darkness, the earth with his cruelty, the waters with his filth, and the hearts of men with his lies.

6. Of which the primary and all-pestilentialest is the one formalized now into wide European faith by political economists, and bruited about, too, by frantic clergymen! that you are not to give alms[2] (any more than you are to fast, or pray),—that you are to benefit the poor entirely by your own eating and drinking, and that it is their glory and eternal praise to fill your pockets and stomach, —and themselves die, and be thankful. Concerning which falsehood, observe, whether you be Christian or not, *this* unquestionable mark it has of infinite horror, that the persons who utter it have themselves lost their *joy* in giving —cannot conceive that strange form of practical human felicity—it is more "blessed" (not *benedictum* but *beatum*) to give than to receive[3]—and that the entire practical life

* *Friedrich,* v. 124. [Book xviii. ch. v.]

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[1] [Compare Letter 84, § 3 (p. 287); and see Vol. XII. p. 137 *n.*]
[2] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, § 136 (Vol. XVIII. p. 182).]
[3] [Acts xx. 35.]

and delight of a "lady" is to be a "loaf-*giver*,"[1] as c a lord to be a land-giver. It is a degradation—forsoot —for your neighbour's child to receive a loaf, and yo are pained in giving it one; your own children are no degraded in receiving their breakfast, are they? and yo still have some satisfaction of a charitable nature in seein *them* eat it? It is a degradation to a bedridden pauper t get a blanket from the Queen! how, then, shall the nex bedded bride of May Fair boast of the carcanet from her?

7. Now, therefore, my good Companions of the Guil —all that are, and Companions all, that are to be,—under stand this, now and evermore, that you come forward t be Givers, not Receivers, in this human world: that yo are to *give* your time, your thoughts, your labour, and th reward of your labour, so far as you can spare it, for th help of the poor and the needy (they are not the sam personages, mind: the "poor" are in constant, healthy, an accepted relations to you,—the needy, in conditions requi ing change); and observe, in the second place, that yo are to work, so far as circumstances admit of your doin so, with your own hands, in the production of substanti means of life—food, clothes, house, or fire—and that *onl by such* labour can you either make your own living, c anybody else's. One of our lately admitted Companion wrote joyfully and proudly to me the other day that sh was "making her own living," meaning that she was n burden to her family, but supported herself by teachin To whom I answered,—and be the answer now generall understood by all our Companions,—that *nobody* can liv by teaching, any more than by learning: that both teach ing and learning are proper duties of human life, or plea sures of it, but have nothing whatever to do with th support of it.

[1] [Compare Letter 45, § 17 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 162); and *Sesame and Lilies*, § 8 (Vol. XVIII. p. 138).]

[2] [Compare what Ruskin says, in *Unto this Last*, about Government pensio and the workhouse, Vol. XVII. pp. 22, 23.]

Food can only be got out of the ground, or the air, or he sea. What you have done in fishing, fowling, digging, owing, watering, reaping, milling, shepherding, shearing, pinning, weaving, building, carpentering, slating, coal-carrying, cooking, coster-mongering, and the like,—that is St. George's *work*, and means of power. All the rest is St. George's play, or his devotion—not his labour.

8. And the main message St. George brings to you is hat *you* will not be degraded by this work nor saddened y it,—*you*, who in righteous will and modest resignation, ake it upon you for your servant-yoke, as true servants, o less than children, of your Father in Heaven; but, so ar as it *does* mean an acknowledgment that you are not etter than the poor, and are content to share their lowliess in that humility, you enter into the very soul and nermost good of sacred monastic life, and have the loveliess and sanctity of it, without the sorrow or the danger; eparating yourselves from the world and the flesh, only in heir sin and in their pain. Nor, so far as the praise of nen may be good and helpful to you, and, above all, ood for *them* to give you, will it ever be wanting. Do ou yourself—even if you are one of these who glory in lleness—think less of Florentine Ida because she is a orking girl? or esteem the feeling in which "everybody alled her 'Signora'" less honourable than the crowd's stare t my lady in her carriage?[1]

But above all, you separate yourself from the world in s sorrow. There are no chagrins so venomous as the hagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sickening as he satieties of pleasure. Nay, the bitterest and most nduring sorrow may be borne through the burden and eat of day[2] bravely to the due time of death, by a true orker. And, indeed, it is this very dayspring and fount f peace in the bosoms of the labouring poor which has

[1] [See *The Story of Ida*, by Francesca Alexander (Vol. XXXII.).]
[2] [Matthew xx. 12.]

till now rendered their oppression possible. Only the idle among *them* revolt against their state;—the brave workers die passively, young and old—and make no sign. It is for you to pity them, for you to stand with them, for you to cherish, and save.

9. And be sure there are thousands upon thousands already leading such life—who are joined in no recognized fellowship, but each in their own place doing happy service to all men. Read this piece of a friend's letter, received only a day or two since, while I was just thinking what plainest examples I could give you from real life:—

"I have just returned from W——, where I lived in a house of which the master was a distributor of sacks of grain, in the service of a dealer in grain, while his two daughters did, one of them the whole work of the house, including attendance on the old mother who was past work, and the other the managing of a little shop in the village,—work, with all" (father and daughters) "beginning at five A.M. I was there for some months, and was perfectly dealt with, and never saw a fault. What I wanted to tell you was that the daughter, who was an admirable cook, was conversant with her poets, quoted Wordsworth and Burns, when I led her that way, and knew all about Brantwood, as she had carefully treasured an account of it from an old Art Journal."[1]

"*Perfectly* dealt with." Think what praise is in those three words!—what straightforward understanding, on both sides, of true hospitality! Think (for one of the modes of life quickest open to you—and serviceablest),—what roadside-inns might be kept by a true Gaius and Gaia![2] You have perhaps held it—in far back *Fors*—one of my wildest sayings, that every village should have, as a Holy Church at one end, a Holy Tavern at the other![3] I will better the saying now by adding—"they may be side by side, if you will." And then you will have entered into another mystery of monastic life, as you shall see by the plan given of a Cistercian Monastery in the second forthcoming

[1] [For the account in question, entitled "A Lakeside Home," see Vol. XXIII p. xxvii.]

[2] ["Gaius mine host" (Romans xvi. 23).]

[3] [See Letter 36, § 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 671); and compare Letters 83, § 15, and 84, § 14 (above, pp. 272, 295).]

umber of *Valle Crucis*[1]—where, appointed in its due place with the Church, the Scriptorium and the school, is he Hospitium for entertaining strangers unawares.[2] And why not awares also? Judge what the delight of travelling would be, for nice travellers (read the word "nice" in any ense you will)—if at every village there were a Blue Boar, r a Green Dragon, or Silver Swan*—with Mark Tapley f the Dragon for Ostler—and Boots of the Swan for Boots—and Mrs. Lupin or Mrs. Lirriper[3] for Hostess—nly trained at Girton in all that becomes a Hostess in the ineteenth century! Gentle girl-readers mine, is it any xcess of Christianity in you, do you think, that makes ou shrink from the notion of being such an one, instead f the Curate's wife?[4]

* "And should I once again, as once I may,
Visit Martigny, I will not forget
Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours,
Thy sign the Silver Swan. Heaven prosper thee."
(ROGERS's *Italy*.)

In my schools at Oxford I have placed, with Mr. Ward's beautiful copy f Turner's vignette of the old Cygne, at Martigny, my own early drawing f the corridor of its neighbour inn "La Poste,"—once itself a convent.[5]

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[1] [*Valle Crucis* was to have been the sixth volume in *Our Fathers have Told Us*, nd "occupied with the monastic architecture of England and Wales" (see *Bible f Amiens*). The volume was never published; but two chapters for it—"Candida Casa" and "Mending the Sieve"—were included in *Verona and Other Lectures*. They are in this edition printed with the *Bible of Amiens* in Vol. XXXIII., where he plan, here referred to, will be found.]

[2] [See Hebrews xiii. 2.]

[3] [For Mark Tapley, compare Letter 28 (Vol. XXVII. p. 519). For Mrs. Lupin, fterwards Mark's wife, see *Martin Chuzzlewit*, chaps. iii., iv., etc. For other references to *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 455, and the other passages there noted.]

[4] [Compare Letter 38, § 8 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 36).]

[5] [Ruskin had again stayed at the inn in 1870, when he wrote to his mother (May 11): "I have had a lovely morning walk, and enjoy being in the old Hotel de la Poste, where I drew the corridor when I was fifteen;" and again (May 13), "It is exceedingly pretty to see the swallows flying in and out of the corridor here, without minding anybody: they come in at the open arches, and satisfy me that the air is better than is usually thought." His "own early drawing" of the inn was not, however, given to Oxford, and the editors are unable to say where it is. Turner's vignette is No. 212 in the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. p. 617); Mr. Ward's copy, No. 146 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 213).]

10. My time fails me—my thoughts how much more—in trying to imagine what this sweet world will be, when the meek inherit it indeed, and the lowliness of *every* faithful handmaiden has been regarded of her Lord. For the day *will* come, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever. Not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit—the meek shall He guide in judgment, and the meek shall He teach His way.[1]

CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT

11. In the following alphabetical list of our present Companions, I have included only those who, I believe, will not blame me for giving their names in full,* and in whose future adherence and support I have entire trust; for, although some of them have only lately joined us, they have done so, I think, with clearer knowledge of the nature and working of the Guild than many former Companions who for various causes have seen good to withdraw. But some names of members may be omitted, owing to the scattered registry of them while I was travelling, or perhaps forgotten registry during my illnesses. I trust that in the better hope and more steady attention which I am now able to bring to the duties of the Mastership, the list may soon be accurately completed, and widely enlarged. One Companion, ours no more, sends you, I doubt not, Christmas greeting from her Home,—FLORENCE BENNETT. Of her help to us during her pure brief life, and afterwards,

* I only give the first Christian name, for simplicity's sake, unless the second be an indication of family.

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[1] [The Bible references in § 10 are Psalms ix. 18; Psalms xxv. 9; Zechariah iv. 6. Compare Matthew v. 5, and Luke i. 48.]

by her father's fulfilment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time.[1]

* ADA HARTNELL.
ALBERT FLEMING.
ALICE KNIGHT.
* ANNIE SOMERSCALES.
* BLANCHE ATKINSON.
DAVID CAMPBELL.
* DORA LEES.
DORA THOMAS.
EDITH HOPE SCOTT.
EDITH IRVINE.
* EGBERT RYDINGS.
* ELIZABETH BARNARD.
EMILIE SISSISON.
EMMELINE MILLER.
ERNEST MILLER.
* FANNY TALBOT.
FERDINAND BLADON.
* FRANCES COLENSO.
* GEORGE ALLEN.
GEORGE NEWLANDS.
GRACE ALLEN.
HELEN ORMEROD.
* HENRIETTA CAREY.
* HENRY LARKIN.
HENRY LUXMORE.
HENRY WARD.
JAMES GILL.
* JOHN FOWLER.
* JOHN MORGAN.
* JULIA FIRTH.
KATHLEEN MARTIN.
MARGARET COX.
MAUD BATEMAN.
* REBECCA ROBERTS.
* ROBERT SOMERVELL.
SARAH THOMAS.
* SILVANUS WILKINS.
* SUSAN BEEVER.
WILLIAM MONK.
* WILLIAM SHARMAN.
* WILLIAM SMITHERS.

The names marked with a star were on the original roll of the Guild, when it consisted of only thirty-two Members and the Master.

[1] [See the Trustee's Report for 1883, appended to *The Guild of St. George: Master's Report, 1884* (Vol. XXX.).]

LETTER 94

RETROSPECT

BRANTWOOD, 31*st December*, 1883.[1]

1. IT is a provoking sort of fault in our English language, that while one says defect, defection, and defective; retrospect, retrospection, and retrospective, etc.,—one says prospect and prospective, but not prospection; respect and respective, but not respection; perspective, but not perspect, nor perspection; præfect, but not præfection; and refection, but not refect,—with a quite different manner of difference in the uses of each admitted, or reasons for refusal of each refused, form, in every instance: and therefore I am obliged to warn my readers that I don't mean the above title of this last *Fors* of 1883 to be substantive, but participle;—that is to say, I don't mean that this letter will be *a* retrospect, or back-prospect, of all *Forses* that have been; but that it will be in its own tenor, and to a limited distance, Retrospect*ive*: only I cut the "ive" from the end of the word, because I want the retrospection to be complete as far as it reaches.

[1] [Not issued till March 1884.]

Namely, of the essential contents of the new series[1] of *Fors* up to the date of this letter; and in connection with them, of the First letter, the Seventeenth, and the Fiftieth, of the preceding series.

2. I will begin with the seventeenth letter; which bears directly on the school plan given in my report for this year.[2] It will be seen that I struck out in that plan the three R's from among the things promised to be taught,[3] and I wrote privately with some indignation to the Companion who had ventured to promise them, asking her whether she had never read this seventeenth letter; to which she answered that "inspectors of schools" now required the three R's imperatively,—to which I again answered, with indignation at high pressure, that ten millions of inspectors of schools collected on Cader Idris[4] should not make me teach in my schools, come to them who liked, single thing I did not choose to.

And I do not choose to teach (as usually understood) the three R's; first, because, as I *do* choose to teach the elements of music, astronomy, botany, and zoology, not only the mistresses and masters capable of teaching these should not waste their time on the three R's; but the children themselves would have no time to spare, nor would they have. If their fathers and mothers can read and count, *they* are the people to teach reading and numbering, to earliest intelligent infancy. For orphans, or children whose fathers and mothers can't read or count, dame schools in every village (best in the almshouses, where there might be dames enow) are all that is wanted.

Secondly. I do not care that St. George's children, as a rule, should learn either reading or writing, because

[1] [Letters 85–96 were originally issued as Letters 1–12, New Series.]

[2] [The Report, which seems to be referred to, though in the main "ready for publication before Christmas of 1883," was not issued till 1885. In its ultimate form, it contains no detailed "school plans," but contains (§ 6) references to "a design long entertained by me of making mineralogy, no less than botany, a subject of elementary education, even in ordinary parish schools" (see Vol. XXX.).]

[3] [See Vol. XXVII. p. 296.]

[4] [Ruskin's correspondent was writing from Barmouth.]

there are very few people in this world who get any goo by either. Broadly and practically, whatever foolish peopl *read*, does *them* harm, and whatever they *write*, does othe people harm (see my notes on Narrs in general, and m own Narr friend in particular, *Fors*, Letter 53, § 7[1]): an nothing can ever prevent this, for a fool attracts folly a decayed meat attracts flies, and distils and assimilates it no matter out of what book;[2]—he can get as much out o the Bible as any other, though of course he or she usuall reads only newspaper or novel.*

3. But thirdly. Even with children of good averag sense,—see, for example, what happened in our own Coni ston school, only the other day. I went in by chanc during the hour for arithmetic; and, inserting myself o the nearest bench, learned, with the rest of the class, hov much seven-and-twenty pounds of bacon would come to a ninepence farthing a pound, with sundry the like marvel lous consequences of the laws of number; until, feeling my self a little shy in remaining always, though undetectedly at the bottom of the class, I begged the master to let u

* Just think, for instance, of the flood of human idiotism that spent couple of years or so of its life in writing, printing, and reading th Tichborne trial,[3]—the whole of that vital energy and time being not onl direct loss, but loss in loathsome thoughts and vulgar inquisitiveness. Ha it been spent in pure silence, and prison darkness, how much better for al those creatures' souls and eyes! But, if they had been unable to read o write, and made good sailors or woodcutters, they might, instead, hav prevented two-thirds of the shipwrecks on our own coast, or made a pesti lential province healthy on Ganges[4] or Amazon.

Then think farther—though which of us by any thinking can tak measure?—of the pestilence of popular literature, as we perceive it no accommodating itself to the tastes of an enlightened people, in chopping u its formerly loved authors—now too hard for its understanding, and to pure for its appetite—into crammed sausages, or blood-puddings swiftl gorgeable. Think of Miss Braddon's greasy mince-pie of Scott![5]—and buy

[1] [Vol. XXVIII. pp. 321–323.]

[2] [Compare above, p. 205.]

[3] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 41, 143.]

[4] [For references in *Fors* to Indian famines, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 67; and above Letters 81 and 83 (pp. 208, 281).]

[5] [*The Waverley Novels*, abridged and edited by M. E. Braddon (vol. i., 1881). Compare *A Knight's Faith*, ch. xiv. *n.*]

a rest a little; and in this breathing interval, taking a s vereign out of my pocket, asked the children if they had e er been shown the Queen's Arms on it?

(Unanimous silence.)

"At any rate, you know what the Queen's Arms *are?*" (ot a whisper.)

"What! a roomful of English boys and girls, and no-dy know what the Queen's or the King's Arms are—the rms of England?" (Mouths mostly a little open, but th no purpose of speech. Eyes also, without any imme-ate object of sight.)

"Do you not even remember seeing such a thing as harp on them?" (Fixed attention,—no response.) "Nor lion on his hind legs? Nor three little beasts running each corner?" (Attention dissolving into bewilderment.)

"Well, next time I come, mind, you must be able to l me all about it;—here's the sovereign to look at, and en you've learnt it, you may divide it—if you can. ow many of you are there here to-day?" (Sum in addi-n, taking more time than usual, owing to the difficulty

subject of awed meditation, "No. 1, One penny, complete in itself" blished by Henry Vickers, 317, Strand), the Story of Oliver Twist, by rles Dickens,—re-arranged and sublimed into Elixir of Dickens, and o of Oliver, and bottled in the following series of aromatic chapters, ded thus:—

Chap. I. At the Mercy of the Parish.
„ II. In the Clutches of the Beadle.
„ III. Among the Coffins.
„ IV. Among Thieves.
„ V. Fagin the Jew.
„ VI. Before the "Beak."
„ VII. Bill Sikes.
„ VIII. Nancy.
„ IX. Nancy Carries on.
„ X. The Burglary planned.
„ XI. The Burglary.
„ XII. A Mysterious Stranger.
„ XIII. The Murdered Girl.
„ XIV. The Murderer's Flight.
„ XV. The Murderer's Death.
„ XVI. The Jew's Last Night Alive.

of getting the figures to stand still. It is established finally that there are thirty-five.)

"And how many pence in a sovereign?" (Answer instantaneous and vociferous.)

"And thirty-fives in two hundred and forty?" (All of us at pause. The master comes to the rescue, and recommends us to try thirties instead of thirty-fives.)

"It seems, then, if five of you will stand out, the rest can have eightpence apiece. Which of you will stand out?"

And I left *that* question for them to resolve at their leisure, seeing that it contained the essence of an examination in matters very much higher than arithmetic.

And now, suppose that there were any squire's sons or daughters down here, for Christmas, from Christ-Church or Girton, who could and would accurately and explicitly tell these children "all about" the Queen's Arms: what the Irish Harp meant, and what a Bard was, and ought to be;—what the Scottish Lion meant, and how he got caged by the tressure of Charlemagne,* and who Charlemagne was;—what the English leopards meant, and who the Black Prince was, and how he reigned in Aquitaine,—would not all this be more useful, in all true senses, to the children, than being able, in two seconds quicker than children outside, to say how much twenty-seven pounds of bacon comes to at ninepence farthing a pound? And if then they could be shown, on a map, without any railroads on it,—where Aquitaine was, and Poitiers, and where Picardy, and Crécy, would it not, for children who are likely to pass their lives in Coniston, be more entertaining and more profitable than to learn where "New Orleans"[1] is (without any new Joan to be named from it), or New Jerusalem, without any new life to be lived in it?

* See *Fors*, Letter 25, §§ 10, 11, 12. [Vol. XXVII. pp. 455–458.]

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[1] [Here, again, see Letter 25; *ibid.*, pp. 454–455.]

4. Fourthly. Not only do the arts of literature and ithmetic continually hinder children in the *acquisition* of eas,—but they are apt greatly to confuse and encumber ıe *memory* of them. Read now, with renewed care, Plato's vely parable of Theuth and the King of Egypt (17, § 5[1]), ıd observe the sentences I translated, though too feebly. It is not medicine (to give the power) of divine memory, ıt a quack's drug for memorandum, leaving the memory le." I myself, for instance, have written down memo-nda of many skies, but have forgotten the skies themselves. urner wrote nothing,—but remembered all. And this is uch more true of things that depend for their beauty on und and accent; for in the present fury of printing, bad rses, that could not be *heard* without disgust, are con-nually printed and read as if there was nothing wrong in em; while all the best powers of minstrel, bard, and oubadour depended on the memory and voice, as distinct om writing.* All which was perfectly known to wise en ages ago, and it is continually intimated in the dif-rent forms which the myth of Hermes takes, from this is Theuth of Egypt down to Correggio's most perfect cture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read;[2]—where, if ıu will look at the picture wisely, you see that it really ıght to be called, Mercury trying, and *failing*,† to teach upid to read! For, indeed, from the beginning and to e end of time, Love reads without letters, and counts ithout arithmetic.

But, lastly and chiefly, the personal conceit and ambition

* See lives of Beatrice and Lucia, in the first number of *Roadside Songs Tuscany* [Vol. XXXII.].

† Sir Joshua, with less refinement, gives the same meaning to the yth, in his picture of Cupid pouting and recusant, on being required to cipher the word, "pin-money."[3]

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[1] [Vol. XXVII. pp. 294–295.]

[2] [No. 10 in the National Gallery; for other references to the picture, see ol. XIX. p. 29, and *n.*]

[3] [The picture of "Venus chiding Cupid" in Lord Northbrook's collection; graved by Bartolozzi, 1784; exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1883.]

developed by reading, in minds of selfish activity, lead t the disdain of manual labour, and the desire of all sorts (unattainable things, and fill the streets with discontente and useless persons, seeking some means of living in tow society by their wits. I need not enlarge on this head every reader's experience must avow the extent and increa ing plague of this fermenting imbecility, striving to mak for itself what it calls a "position in life."[1]

5. In sight, and thought of all these sources of evil i our present staples of education, I drew out the scheme (schooling, which incidentally and partially defined in variou passages of *Fors* (see mainly Letter 67, § 19[2]), I now su as follows.

Every parish school to have garden, playground, an cultivable land round it, or belonging to it, spacious enoug to employ the scholars in fine weather mostly out of doors

Attached to the building, a children's library, in whic the scholars who *care* to read may learn that art as deftl as they like, by themselves, helping each other withou troubling the master;—a sufficient laboratory always, i which shall be specimens of all common elements of natur substances, and where simple chemical, optical, and pneu matic experiments may be shown; and according to th size and importance of the school, attached workshop many or few,—but always a carpenter's, and first of tho added in the better schools, a potter's.

In the school itself, the things taught will be musi geometry, astronomy, botany, zoology, to all; drawing, an history, to children who have gift for either. And finall to all children of whatever gift, grade, or age, the laws (Honour, the habit of Truth, the Virtue of Humility, an the Happiness of Love.

6. I say, the "virtue of Humility," as including all th habits of Obedience and instincts of Reverence which a

[1] [Compare *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 2, 3 (Vol. XVIII. pp. 54–55).]
[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 655–656, and the other passages there noted.]
[3] [Compare Letter 95, § 4 (p. 495).]

welt on throughout *Fors*, and all my other books*—but ie things included are of course the primary ones to be ught, and the thirteenth Aphorism of that sixty-seventh tter cannot be too often repeated, that "Moral education egins in making the creature we have to educate, clean, nd obedient." In after time, this "virtue of humility" is be taught to a child chiefly by gentleness to its failures, owing it that by reason of its narrow powers, it cannot *ot* fail. I have seen my old clerical master, the Rev. homas Dale,[1] beating his son Tom hard over the head ith the edge of a grammar, because Tom could not conrue a Latin verse, when the rev. gentleman ought only ith extreme tenderness and pitifulness to have explained Tom that—he wasn't Thomas the Rhymer.[2]

For the definitely contrary cultivation of the vice of ride, compare the education of Steerforth by Mr. Creakle. *David Copperfield*, chap. vi.)

But it is to be remembered that humility can only e truly, and therefore only effectively taught, when the aster is swift to recognize the special faculties of chilren, no less than their weaknesses, and that it is his uite highest and most noble function to discern these, and revent their discouragement or effacement in the vulgar ress for a common prize. See the beautiful story of little eorge, *Friends in Council.*[3]

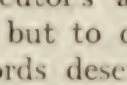
* Compare especially *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 144 to end of Lecture IV. repeat emphatically the opening sentence—"Educate, or Govern,—they e one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to now what they do not know—it means teaching them to behave as they not behave. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of tters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their ithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, aining them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their odies and souls,—by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and y praise,—but above all, by example."[4]

[1] [See Vol. I. pp. xxxiii., xlix.]

[2] [For other references to Thomas of Erceldoune (*circa* 1220–1297), called "the hymer," see Vol. XIII. p. 49; and *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 38, 41, 47.]

[3] [A wrong reference, and the right one has not been traced. For Ruskin's eferences to Sir Arthur Helps' works, see General Index.]

[4] [Vol. XVIII. p. 502.]

7. Next, as to writing. A certain kind of writing, whic will take from half-an-hour to an hour for a line, wil indeed be taught—as long ago promised, in St. George' schools; examples being given of the manner of it a § 7 of Letter 16, and Letter 64, § 16;[1] but, so far fron qualifying the pupil for immediately taking a lucrativ clerkship in a Government office, or a county banking house, or a solicitor's ante-room, the entire aim of ou training will be to *dis*qualify him, for ever, from writin with any degree of current speed; and especially fron producing any such æschrography (as everybody write Greek-English nowadays, I use this term in order mor clearly to explain myself) as the entry in my own Banker' book facsimiled at § 8 of Letter 61,[2] and the "Dec." fo December here facsimiled from a London tradesman's bil just sent in,  or the ornamental R engrossed on m Father's executor's articles of release, engraved at § 3 o Letter 16;[3] but to compel him, on the contrary, to writ whatever words deserve to be written in the most perfec and graceful and legible manner possible to his hand.

And in this resolution, stated long since,[4] I am nov more fixed than ever; having had much experience latel of handwriting, and finding, first, that the scholar wh among my friends does the *most* as well as the best work, writes the most deliberately beautiful hand: and that al the hands of sensible people agree in being merely reduction of good print to a form producible by th steady motion of a pen, and are therefore always round and extremely upright, becoming more or less picturesqu according to the humour of the writer, but never slurre into any unbecoming speed, nor subdued by any merel

[1] [Vol. XXVII. p. 284; Vol. XXVIII. p. 573.]
[2] [Vol. XXVIII. p. 494.]
[3] [Vol. XXVII. p. 280.]
[4] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 276.]
[5] [Dr Caspar Gregory, of Leipsic.]

adì 20 dito

Io iacomo tintoretto dal magnifico
m. domenigo fero degnissimo uardian
per conpuar tele et colori per depenzer
li doi quadri grandi nella sala
nal ducati trenta ——— lire 30 —

adì 3 degenbrio 1577

Io iacomo tintoretto del mag.co m. paulo dorma
degnissimo uardian della scola di m. santo
ducati cento per lanima provision anticipata
dorma uno prossimo uenturo giusta. dal quadri
presa, sono di dri dito in capitolo generale nal D 100 —

adì 13 dito 1579

Io iacomo robusti dito tintoretto dal mag.co m. bortolamio
sopra dito ducati cento quali sono ~~[illegible]~~ per lanima
provision del depenzer li quadri in sala de questo anno del 79 D 100 —

Io iacomo sopra dito dal sopra dito ducati sedese per li
azuri oltra marini messi in li quadri di questo anno
et questo di ordine delli 3 depuiadi sopra li quadri nal D 16 —

echanical habit,* whereas the writing of foolish people almost always mechanically monotonous; and that of egging-letter writers, with rare exception, much sloped, and harp at the turns.

8. It will be the law of our schools, therefore, that e children who want to write clerk's and begging-letter ands, must learn them at home; and will not be troubled y *us* to write at all. The children who want to write like entlemen and ladies (like St. Jerome, or Queen Elizabeth, r instance[1]) will learn, as aforesaid, with extreme slowness. nd, if you will now read carefully the fiftieth letter, above ferred to, you will find much to meditate upon, respect-g home as well as school teaching; more especially the me-teaching of the mining districts (§ 11), and the home brary of cheap printing, with the small value of it to tle Agnes (§ 4).[2] And as it chances—for I have no more me for retrospect in this letter—I will close it with the cord of a lesson received again in Agnes's cottage, last eek. Her mother died three years ago; and Agnes, and r sister Isabel, are at service:—another family is in the ttage—and another little girl, younger than Agnes, "Jane nne,"[3] who has two elder brothers, and one little one. he family have been about a year there, beginning farmer's

* Sir Walter's hand, from the enormous quantity and constancy of his bour, becomes almost mechanical in its steadiness, on the pages of his vels; but is quite free in his letters. Sir Joshua's hand is curiously venly; Tintoret's, grotesque and irregular in the extreme; Nelson's, most a perfect type: especially in the point of not hurrying, see facsimile st before Trafalgar, *Fors*, Letter 66.[4] William the Conqueror and his een Matilda could only sign a cross for their names.

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[1] ["Like St. Jerome" means presumably "like the Greek writing which Carccio represents St. Jerome reading": see Letter 61, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 495). ecimens of Queen Elizabeth's handwriting are exhibited in the British Museum.]

[2] [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 262–263, 256–257.]

[3] [Ruskin refers again to this little girl in Part iv. of *Christ's Folk in the pennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

[4] [See Plate VI. in Vol. XXVIII. p. 625. For an example of Scott's hand in e Novels, see above, p. 264. To show Tintoret's hand (as also to illustrate his ale of payment), Ruskin placed on sale, through Mr. William Ward, facsimiles of Twenty-three Receipts given by Tintoretto between 1553 and 1554 for money ceived by him from the Confraternity of S. Rocco for paintings." A sheet of ese is here reproduced.]

life, after miner's, with much ill-fortune, the last stroke o which was the carrying away of the entire roof of thei grange, at midnight, by the gale of 11th December, th timbers of it thundering and splintering over the roof o the dwelling-house. The little girl was so terrified tha she had a succession of fainting fits next day, and wa sent for a week to Barrow, for change of scene. Whe I went up on Wednesday last to see how things wer going on, she had come back that morning, and was sittin with her child-brother on her lap, in the corner by th fireside. I stayed talking to the mother for half-an-hour and all that time the younger child was so quiet tha I thought it must be ill; but, on my asking,—"Not he," the mother said, "but he's been jumping about all th morning, and making such a fuss about getting his siste back, that now he's not able to stir."

But the dearest child of the cottage was not there.

Last spring they had a little boy, between these two full of intelligent life, and pearl of chief price to them. He went down to the field by the brookside (Beck Leven) one bright morning when his elder brother was mowing. The child came up behind without speaking; and the back sweep of the scythe caught the leg, and divided a vein. His brother carried him up to the house; and what swift binding could do was done—the doctor, three miles away, coming as soon as might be, arranged all for the best, and the child lay pale and quiet till the evening, speaking sometimes a little to his father and mother. But at six in the evening he began to sing. Sang on, clearer and clearer, all through the night,—so clear at last, you might have heard him, his mother said, "far out on the moor there." Sang on till the full light of morning, and so passed away.

"Did he sing with words?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; just the bits of hymns he had learnt at the Sunday-school."

So much of his education finally available to him, you observe.

Not the multiplication table *then*, nor catechism then, or commandments then,—these rhymes only remained to im for his last happiness.

"Happiness in delirium only," say you?

All true love, all true wisdom, and all true knowledge, eem so to the world: but, without question, the forms f weakness of body preceding death, or those during fe which are like them, are the testing states, often the rongest states, of the soul. The "Oh, I could prophesy!"[1] f Harry Percy, is neither dream, nor delirium.

9. And the lesson I received from that cottage history, nd which I would learn with my readers, is of the power or good in what, rightly chosen, has been rightly learned y heart at school, whether it show at the time or not.[2] he hymn may be forgotten in the playground, or in-fective afterwards in restraining contrary habits of feeling nd life. But all that is good and right retains its unfelt uthority; and the main change which I would endeavour o effect in ordinary school discipline is to make the pupils ead less, and remember more; exercising them in com-uitting to memory, not by painful effort, but by patient epetition, until they cannot but remember (and observing ways that the accentuation is right,—for if *that* be once ght, the understanding will come in due time), helping urther with whatever elementary music, both of chant and nstrument, may be familiarly attainable. To which end, nay I modestly recommend all musical clergymen, and hurchwardens, to dispense—if funds are limited—with rgans in the church, in favour of harp, harpsichord, zit-ern, or peal of bells, in the schoolroom:[3] and to endeavour enerally to make the parish enjoy *proper* music out of the hurch as well as in it, and on Saturday as well as Sunday.

10. I hope to persevere in these summaries through ext letter; meantime, this curiously apposite passage in

[1] [*1 King Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 4.]

[2] [Compare the *Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century*, § 82, where Ruskin refers o this passage and reinforces it, giving a passage from the Wisdom of Solomon.]

[3] [Ruskin, it may be mentioned, gave a set of hand-bells to Coniston School.]

one received this morning, from a much valued Companion needs instant answer (she is the second tutress in a school for young girls, which has been lately begun by a German lady, who is resolved to allow no "cramming"):—

"We have nineteen pupils now, and more are promised. The children are all progressing satisfactorily, and seem happy, but our path will be uphill for some time to come. Sewing is in a very backward condition; the children think it would be better done in the machine. Hardly any of them can write, and we can't get any decent large-hand copy-books. And they don't like poetry! What is to be done with such matter-of-fact young persons? On the other hand, they are lovable and intelligent children, much interested in the garden (they are to have little gardens of their own when the spring comes) and the birds. *Birds*, you observe, not merely sparrows; for though we are only on the edge of the Liverpool smoke we have plenty of robins and starlings, besides one tomtit, and a visit from a chaffinch the other day. We have not been able to begin the cookery class yet, for we are not actually living at the school; we hope to take up our abode there next term. Mrs. Green, my 'principal,'—I don't see why I shouldn't say mistress, I like the word much better,—*could* teach spinning if she had a wheel, only then people would say we were insane, and take the children away from us.

"I am very much obliged for last *Fors*, and delighted to hear that there is a new one nearly ready. But would you please be a little bit more explicit on the subject of 'work' and 'ladyhood'?[1] Not that what you have said already seems obscure to me, but people disagree as to the interpretation of it. The other night I proposed to a few fellow-disciples that we should make an effort to put ourselves in serviceable relationship to some few of our fellow-creatures, and they told me that 'all that was the landlord's business or the capitalist's.' Rather disheartening, to a person who has no hope of ever becoming a landlord or capitalist."

11. Yes, my dear, and very finely the Landlord and Capitalist—in the sense these people use the words—or land-taxer and labour-taxer, have done that business of theirs hitherto! Land and labour appear to be discovering—and rather fast nowadays—that perhaps they might get along by themselves, if they were to try. Of that, more next letter;[2]—for the answers to your main questions in this,—the sewing is a serious one. The "little wretches"—(this is a well-trained young lady's expression, not mine—interjectional on my reading the passage to her) must be

[1] [See above, pp. 471–472.]
[2] [See Letter 95, § 2 (p. 493).]

ɔt out of all that as soon as you can. For plain work, ɔt Miss Stanley's book,[1] which gives you the elements of is work at Whitelands,—(I hope, however, to get Miss reenaway to sketch us a pattern frock or two, instead of e trimmed water-butts of Miss Stanley's present diagrams) -and for fine work, make them every one sew a proper mpler, with plenty of robins in it, and your visitors the mtit and chaffinch, and any motto they like in illumiıted letters, finished with gold thread,—the ground, silk. hen, for my meaning as to women's work, what *should* mean, but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping ɔors, making the beds, washing up the crockery, ditto the ıildren, and whipping them when they want it,—mending ıeir clothes, cooking their dinners,—and when there are ɔoks more than enough, helping with the farm work, or ıe garden, or the dairy? Is *that* plain speaking enough? [ave I not fifty times over,[2] in season and out of season, ictated and insisted and asseverated and—what stronger ord else there may be—that the essentially right life for l woman-kind is that of the Swiss Paysanne,—and given otthelf's Freneli for the perfect type of it, and dedicated ɔ her in *Proserpina* the fairest pansy in the world,[3] keepıg only the poor little one of the sand-hills for Ophelia?

12. But in a rougher way yet—take now the facts of ıch life in old Scotland, seen with Walter Scott's own yes:[4]—

"I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first isit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether e told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the lan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case.)n reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive ɔwer and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three ɔns, and perhaps half a dozen attendant *gillies,* all stretched half asleep

[1] [*Needlework and Cutting-out; being Hints, Suggestions, and Notes for the use of eachers in dealing with the difficulties in the Needlework Schedule,* by Kate Stanley, Iead Governess and Teacher of Needlework at Whitelands College, 1883. The ıttle book is dedicated to Ruskin.]

[2] [See, for instance, Letters 5 and 91 (Vol. XXVII. p. 88; and above, p. 441).]

[3] [Compare Letter 91, § 4 (p. 441).]

[4] [Lockhart, vol. i. pp. 141, 142.]

*

in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their 'bowers,' and when they reappeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds. He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days."

You think such barbarism for ever past? No, my dears: it is only the barbarity of idle gentlemen that must pass. *They* will have to fill the carts—you to drive them; and never any more evade the burden and heat of the day—they, in shooting birds and each other, or you in walking about in sun-hats and parasols,—like this

LETTER 95

FORS INFANTIÆ

1. I DO not well know whether it has more distressed, or encouraged me, to find how much is wanting, and how much to be corrected, in the hitherto accepted modes of school education for our youngest children. Here,[1] for the last year or two, I have had the most favourable opportunities for watching and trying various experiments on the minds of country children, most thankfully recognizing their native power; and most sorrowfully the inefficiency of the means at the schoolmaster's disposal, for its occupation and development. For the strengthening of his hands, and that of our village teachers and dames in general, I have written these following notes at speed, for the brevity and slightness of which I must pray the reader's indulgence: he will find the substance of them has been long and deeply considered.

2. But first let me fulfil the pledge given in last number of *Fors*[2] by a few final words about the Land Question —needless, if people would read my preceding letters with

[1] [In the Coniston village school.]
[2] [See Letter 94, § 11 (p. 490).]

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any care, but useful, as a general heading of them, for those who have not time to do so.

The plan of St. George's Guild is wholly based on the supposed possession of land by hereditary proprietors, inalienably; or if by societies, under certain laws of responsibility to the State.

In common language, and in vulgar thought, the possession of land is confused with "freedom." But no man is so free as a beggar; and no man is more solemnly a servant to God, the king, and the laws of his country, than an honest land-holder.

The nonsense thought and talked about "Nationalization of Land," like other nonsense, must have its day, I suppose,—and I hope, soon, its night. All healthy states from the beginning of the world, living on land,* are founded on hereditary tenure, and perish when either the lords or peasants sell their estates, much more when they let them out for hire. The single line of the last words of John of Gaunt to Richard II., "Landlord of England art thou now, not King,"[1] expresses the root of the whole matter; and the present weakness of the Peers in their dispute with the Commons[2] is because the Upper House is composed now no more of Seigneurs, but of Landlords.

3. Possession of land implies the duty of living on it, and by it, if there is enough to live on; then, having got one's own life from it by one's own labour or wise superintendence of labour, if there is more land than is enough

* As distinct from those living by trade or piracy.

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[1] [*King Richard II.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

[2] [A conflict between the House of Lords and the House of Commons was now at its height, owing to the action of the Lords in declining to accept the Reform Bill for the extension of the County franchise, unless it were coupled with a measure for the redistribution of seats (July 9). A vigorous agitation against the House of Lords marked the autumn recess. Ultimately a compromise was arrived at, on the basis of the Government promise to pass a Redistribution Bill, if the Lords first passed the Reform Bill, and to discuss the lines of redistribution with the leaders of the opposition: see Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii. pp. 126–139.]

or one's self, the duty of making it fruitful and beautiful or as many more as can live on it.

The owner of land, necessarily and justly left in a great easure by the State to do what he will with his own, is evertheless entirely responsible to the State for the gener-lly beneficial management of his territory; and the sale f his land, or of any portion of it, only allowed under ecial conditions, and with solemn public registry of the ansference to another owner: above all, the landmarks by hich estates are described are never to be moved.

4. A certain quantity of public land (some belonging the king and signory, some to the guilds of craftsmen, me to the town or village corporations) must be set side for public uses and pleasures, and especially for pur-oses of education, which, rightly comprehended, consists, alf of it, in making children familiar with natural objects, nd the other half in teaching the practice of piety to-ards them (piety meaning kindness to living things, and rderly use of the lifeless).

And throughout the various passages referring to this ubject in *Fors*, it will be found that I always presuppose certain quantity of carefully tended land to be accessible ear our schools and universities, not for exercise merely, ut for instruction;—see last *Fors*, § 5 [p. 484].

5. Of course, schools of this kind cannot be in large owns,—the town school must be for townspeople; but I art with the general principle that every school is to be tted for the children in its neighbourhood who are likely grow up and live in its neighbourhood. The idea of a eneral education which is to fit everybody to be Emperor f Russia,[1] and provoke a boy, whatever he is, to want to e something better, and wherever he was born to think it disgrace to die, is the most entirely and directly diabolic f all the countless stupidities into which the British nation as been of late betrayed by its avarice and irreligion. here are, indeed, certain elements of education which are

[1] [Compare Letter 9, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 150).]

alike necessary to the inhabitants of every spot of earth. Cleanliness, obedience, the first laws of music, mechanics, and geometry, the primary facts of geography and astronomy, and the outlines of history, should evidently be taught alike to poor and rich, to sailor and shepherd, to labourer and shopboy. But for the rest, the efficiency of any school will be found to increase exactly in the ratio of its direct adaptation to the circumstances of the children it receives; and the quantity of knowledge to be attained in a given time being equal, its value will depend on the possibilities of its instant application. You need not teach botany to the sons of fishermen, architecture to shepherds, or painting to colliers; still less the elegances of grammar to children who throughout the probable course of their total lives will have, or ought to have, little to say, and nothing to write.*

6. Farther, of schools in all places, and for all ages, the healthy working will depend on the total exclusion of the stimulus of competition in any form or disguise. Every child should be measured by its own standard, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has. The madness of the modern cram and examination system arises principally out of the struggle to get lucrative places; but partly also out of the radical blockheadism of supposing that all men are naturally equal,[1] and can only make their way by elbowing;—the facts being that every child is born with an accurately defined and absolutely limited capacity; that he is naturally (if able at all) able for some things and unable for others;

* I am at total issue with most preceptors as to the use of grammar to *any* body. In a recent examination of our Coniston school I observed that the thing the children did exactly best, was their parsing, and the thing they did exactly worst, their repetition. Could stronger proof be given that the dissection of a sentence is as bad a way to the understanding of it as the dissection of a beast to the biography of it?

[1] [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 96, and the other places there noted.]

hat no effort and no teaching can add one particle to the ranted ounces of his available brains; that by competition e may paralyse or pervert his faculties, but cannot stretch hem a line; and that the entire grace, happiness, and irtue of his life depend on his contentment in doing what e can, dutifully, and in staying where he is, peaceably. So far as he regards the less or more capacity of others, is superiorities are to be used for *their* help, not for his wn pre-eminence; and his inferiorities to be no ground of nortification, but of pleasure in the admiration of nobler owers. It is impossible to express the quantity of delight used to feel in the power of Turner and Tintoret, when ny own skill was nascent only; and all good artists will dmit that there is far less personal pleasure in doing a hing beautifully than in seeing it beautifully done. Therefore, over the door of every school, and the gate of every ollege, I would fain see engraved in their marble the absolute Forbidding

μηδὲν κατὰ ἐρίθειαν ἢ κενοδοξίαν:
"Let *nothing* be done through strife or vain glory:"[1]

nd I would have fixed for each age of children and tudents a certain standard of pass in examination, so

[1] [Philippians ii. 3. The MS. at Brantwood has an additional passage (headed *Fors* 10. 31st June"):—

"As over the main entrance of every school I would have written the words, 'Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory," so over the door of its library I would have written the words which define the manner of doing—

ἐν παντὶ ἔργῳ ἀγαθῷ καρποφοροῦντες—

'in every good work bearing fruit'; and, as the children become able to understand its meaning, the whole context of that sentence should be explained to them, namely, the eleven verses from the 9th to the 20th of 1st Colossians which define the relations of knowledge to labour, and of both to eternal life, according to the faith of ancient Christendom.

"It may be that the child as it advances in years may become a Mahometan, Buddhist, Positivist, or Materialist. But, supposing it to retain common human intelligence, it will always be glad to have learned as an historical fact what the faith of European Christendom once was; while for Mahometan, Buddhist, Positivist, and Materialist, no less securely than for the Christian, the words of the inscribed text remain the true description of every wise man. To the end of time, for humanity it will remain the law of its being, that truth can only be perceived by the innocent, and knowledge only reached through duty."]

adapted to average capacity and power of exertion, that none need fail who had attended to their lessons and obeyed their masters; while its variety of trial should yet admit of the natural distinctions attaching to progress in especial subjects and skill in peculiar arts. Beyond such indication or acknowledgment of merit, there should be neither prizes nor honours; these are meant by Heaven to be the proper rewards of a man's consistent and kindly life, not of a youth's temporary and selfish exertion.

7. Nor, on the other hand, should the natural torpor of wholesome dulness be disturbed by provocations, or plagued by punishments. The wise proverb ought in every schoolmaster's mind to be deeply set—"You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear;" expanded with the farther scholium that the flap of it will not be the least disguised by giving it a diamond earring. If, in a woman, beauty without discretion be as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout,[1] much more, in man, woman, or child, knowledge without discretion—the knowledge which a fool receives only to puff up his stomach, and sparkle in his cockscomb. As I said,* that in matters moral, most men are not intended to be any better than sheep and robins, so, in matters intellectual, most men are not intended to be any wiser than their cocks and bulls,—duly scientific of their yard and pasture, peacefully nescient of all beyond. To be proud and strong, each in his place and work, is permitted and ordained to the simplest; but ultra,—ne sutor, ne fossor.[2]

And it is in the wholesome indisposition of the average mind for intellectual labour that due provision is made for the quantity of dull work which must be done in stubbing the Thornaby wastes[3] of the world. Modern Utopianism

* Notes on the life of Santa Zita (*Songs of Tuscany*, Part II.).[4]

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[1] [Proverbs xi. 22.]

[2] [Pliny, 35, 10, 36: "ne sutor supra crepidam (judicaret)."]

[3] [Tennyson, *Northern Farmer, Old Style:* compare Vol. XX. p. 87, and (in a later volume of this edition) "Mending the Sieve," § 24.]

[4] [See Vol. XXXII. Part II. of the *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* had been issued in July 1884.]

nagines that the world is to be stubbed by steam, and uman arms and legs to be eternally idle; not perceiving hat thus it would reduce man to the level of his cattle ndeed, who can only graze and gore, but not dig! It is ndeed certain that advancing knowledge will guide us to ess painful methods of human toil; but in the true Utopia, nan will rather harness himself, with his oxen, to his lough, than leave the devil to drive it.

8. The entire body of teaching throughout the series f *Fors Clavigera* is one steady assertion of the necessity hat educated persons should share their thoughts with the neducated, and take also a certain part in their labours. But there is not a sentence implying that the education f all should be alike, or that there is to be no distinction f master from servant, or of scholar from clown. That ducation should be open to all, is as certain as that the ky should be; but, as certainly, it should be enforced n none, and benevolent Nature left to lead her children, whether men or beasts, to take or leave at their pleasure. Bring horse and man to the water, let them drink if, and when, they will;—the child who desires education will be ettered by it, the child who dislikes it, only disgraced.

Of course, I am speaking here of intellectual education, ot moral. The laws of virtue and honour are, indeed, to e taught compulsorily to all men; whereas our present orms of education refuse to teach them to any; and allow he teaching, by the persons interested in their promulgaion, of the laws of cruelty and lying, until we find these British islands gradually filling with a breed of men who heat without shame, and kill without remorse.

It is beyond the scope of the most sanguine thought to onceive how much misery and crime would be effaced from he world by persistence, even for a few years, of a system f education thus directed to raise the fittest into positions f influence, to give to every scale of intellect its natural phere, and to every line of action its unquestioned principle. At present wise men, for the most part, are silent, and good

men powerless; the senseless vociferate, and the heartless govern; while all social law and providence are dissolved by the enraged agitation of a multitude, among whom every villain has a chance of power, every simpleton of praise, and every scoundrel of fortune.

9. Passing now to questions of detail in the mode of organizing school instruction, I would first insist on the necessity of a sound system in elementary music. Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity; and to invent, each for his own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound. No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper as well as the lower classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land. My attention has been long turned to this object, but I have never till lately had leisure to begin serious work upon it. During the last year, however, I have been making experiments with a view to the construction of an instrument by which very young children could be securely taught the relations of sound in the octave; unsuccessful only in that the form of lyre which was produced for me, after months of labour, by the British manufacturer, was as curious a creation of visible deformity as a Greek lyre was of grace, besides being nearly as expensive as a piano! For the present, therefore, not abandoning the hope of at last attaining a simple stringed instrument, I have fallen back—and I think, probably, with final good reason—on the most sacred of all musical instruments, the "Bell."

Whether the cattle-bell of the hills, or, from the cathedral tower, monitor of men, I believe the sweetness of its prolonged tone the most delightful and wholesome for the ear and mind of all instrumental sound. The subject is too wide to be farther dwelt on here; of experiment or progress made, account will be given in my reports to the St. George's Guild.[1]

[1] [This, however, was not done.]

10. Next for elocution. The foundational importance of beautiful speaking has been disgraced by the confusion of it with diplomatic oratory, and evaded by the vicious notion that it can be taught by a master learned in it as a separate art. The management of the lips, tongue, and throat may, and perhaps should, be so taught; but this is properly the first function of the singing master. Elocution is a moral faculty; and no one is fit to be the head of a children's school who is not both by nature and attention a beautiful speaker.

By attention, I say, for fine elocution means first an exquisitely close attention to, and intelligence of, the meaning of words, and perfect sympathy with what feeling they describe; but indicated always with reserve. In this reserve, fine reading and speaking (virtually one art) differ from "recitation," which gives the statement or sentiment with the explanatory accent and gesture of an actor. In perfectly pure elocution, on the contrary, the accent ought, as a rule, to be much lighter and gentler than the natural or dramatic one, and the force of it wholly independent of gesture or expression of feature. A fine reader should read, a great speaker speak, as a judge delivers his charge; and the test of his power should be to read or speak unseen.

11. At least an hour of the school-day should be spent in listening to the master's or some trustworthy visitor's reading, but no children should attend unless they were really interested; the rest being allowed to go on with their other lessons or employments; a large average of children, I suppose, are able to sew or draw while they yet attend to reading, and so there might be found a fairly large audience, of whom however those who were usually busy during the lecture should not be called upon for any account of what they had heard; but, on the contrary, blamed, if they had allowed their attention to be diverted by the reading from what they were about, to the detriment of their work. The real audience consisting of the few for whom the book had

been specially chosen, should be required to give perfect and unbroken attention to what they heard; to stop the reader always at any word or sentence they did not understand, and to be prepared for casual examination on the story next day.

I say "on the *story*," for the reading, whether poetry or prose, should always be a story of some sort, whether true history, travels, romance, or fairy-tale. In poetry, Chaucer, Spenser, and Scott, for the upper classes, lighter ballad or fable for the lower, contain always some thread of pretty adventure. No merely didactic or descriptive books should be permitted in the reading room, but so far as they are used at all, studied in the same way as grammars; and Shakespeare, accessible always at play time in the library in small and large editions to the young and old alike, should never be used as a school book, nor even formally or continuously read aloud. He is to be known by thinking, not mouthing.

12. I have used, not unintentionally, the separate words "reading room" and library. No school should be considered as organized at all, without these two rooms, rightly furnished; the reading room, with its convenient pulpit and students' desks, in good light, skylight if possible, for drawing, or taking notes—the library with its broad tables for laying out books on, and recesses for niched reading, and plenty of lateral light[1] kept carefully short of glare: both of them well shut off from the schoolroom or rooms, in which there must be always more or less of noise.

The Bible-reading, and often that of other books in which the text is divided into verses or stanzas, should be frequently conducted by making the children read each its separate verse in important passages, afterwards committing them to memory,—the pieces chosen for this exercise should

[1] [The Building Schedule to the Elementary Education Code has for some years required that light should as far as possible be admitted from the left side of scholars.]

of course be the same at all schools,—with wider scope given within certain limits for choice in profane literature: requiring for a pass, that the children should know accurately out of the passages chosen, a certain number, including not less than five hundred lines, of such poetry as would always be helpful and strengthening to them; therefore never melancholy, but didactic, or expressive of cheerful and resolute feeling.

13. No discipline is of more use to a child's character, with threefold bearing on intellect, memory, and morals, than the being accustomed to relate accurately what it has lately done and seen. The story of Eyes and No Eyes in *Evenings at Home*[1] is intended only to illustrate the difference between inattention and vigilance; but the exercise in narration is a subsequent and separate one; it is in the lucidity, completeness, and honesty of statement. Children ought to be frequently required to give account of themselves, though always allowed reserve, if they ask: "I would rather not say, mamma," should be accepted at once with serene confidence on occasion; but of the daily walk and work the child should take pride in giving full account, if questioned; the parent or tutor closely lopping exaggeration, investigating elision, guiding into order, and aiding in expression. The finest historical style may be illustrated in the course of the narration of the events of the day.

14. Next, as regards arithmetic: as partly stated already in the preceding *Fors*, § 2 [p. 479], children's time should never be wasted, nor their heads troubled, with it. The importance at present attached to it is a mere filthy folly, coming of the notion that every boy is to become first a banker's clerk and then a banker,—and that every woman's principal business is in checking the cook's accounts. Let children have small incomes of pence won by due labour,—they will soon find out the difference between a threepenny-piece and a fourpenny, and how many of each go to

[1] [For particulars of this book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 114 *n.*]

a shilling. Then, watch the way they spend their money,* and teach them patience in saving, and the sanctity of a time-honoured hoard (but for use in a day of need, not for lending at interest); so they will painlessly learn the great truth known to so few of us—that two and two make four, not five. Then insist on perfect habits of order and putting-by of things; this involves continually knowing and counting how many there are. The multiplication table may be learned when they want it—a longish addition sum will always do instead; and the mere mechanism of multiplication and division and dotting and carrying can be taught by the monitors; also of fractions, as much as that ½ means a half-penny and ¼ a farthing.†

15. Next for geography. There is, I suppose, no subject better taught at elementary schools; but to the pursuit of it, whether in advanced studentship or in common life, there is now an obstacle set so ludicrously insuperable, that for ordinary people it is simply an end to effort. I happen at this moment to have the first plate to finish for the *Bible of Amiens*, giving an abstract of the features of France.[1] I took for reduction, as of convenient size, probably containing all I wanted to reduce, the map in the *Harrow Atlas of Modern Geography*,[2] and found the only clearly visible and the only accurately delineated things in it, were the railroads! To begin with, there are two Mont

* Not in Mrs. Pardiggle's fashion:[3] a child ought to have a certain sum given it to give away, and a certain sum to spend for itself wisely; and it ought not to be allowed to give away its spending money. Prudence is a much more rare virtue than generosity.

† I heard an advanced class tormented out of its life the other day at our school to explain the difference between a numerator and denominator. I wasn't sure myself, for the minute, which was which; and supremely didn't care.

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[1] [The plate lettered "The Dynasties of France," illustrating ch. i. § 12.]

[2] [*The Harrow Atlas of Modern Geography, with Index.* Selected from the maps published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Stanford & Co., 1856. Harrow: Crowley and Clarke, Booksellers to Harrow School. See the map of "France in Departments."]

[3] [See *Bleak House*, ch. viii.]

Blancs, of which the freeborn British boy may take his choice. Written at some distance from the biggest of them, in small italics, are the words "Grand St. Bernard," which the boy cannot but suppose to refer to some distant locality; but neither of the Mont Blancs, each represented as a circular pimple, is engraved with anything like the force and shade of the Argonne hills about Bar-le-Duc; while the southern chain of the hills of Burgundy is similarly represented as greatly more elevated than the Jura. Neither the Rhine, Rhone, Loire, nor Seine is visible except with a lens; nor is any boundary of province to be followed by the eye; patches of feeble yellow and pale brown, dirty pink and grey, and uncertain green, melt into each other helplessly across wrigglings of infinitesimal dots; while the railways, not merely black lines, but centipede or myriapede caterpillars,[1] break up all France, as if it were crackling clay, into senseless and shapeless divisions, in which the eye cannot distinguish from the rest even the great lines of railway themselves, nor any relative magnitudes of towns, nor even their places accurately,—the measure of nonsense and misery being filled up by a mist of multitudinous names of places never heard of, much less spoken of, by any human being ten miles out of them.

16. For maps of this kind, there can be no question with any reasonable human creature that, first, proper physical maps should be substituted; and secondly, proper historical ones; the diagrams of the railways being left to Bradshaw; and the fungus growths of modern commercial towns to the sellers of maps for counting-houses. And the Geological Society should, for pure shame, neither write nor speak another word, till it has produced effectively true models to scale of the known countries of the world.[2] These, photographed in good side light, would give all that

[1] [The MS. adds "like this ."]

[2] [For another reference to the Geological Society in this sense, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 568–569 *n.*]

was necessary of the proportion and distribution of mou tain ranges;* and these photographs should afterwards l made the basis of beautiful engravings, giving the charact of every district completely, whether arable, wooded, rock moor, sand, or snow, with the carefullest and clearest tra ing of the sources and descent of its rivers; and, in equal careful distinction of magnitude, as stars on the celesti globe, the capitals and great provincial towns; but absolute without names or inscriptions of any kind. The boy wl cannot, except by the help of inscription, know York fro Lancaster, or Rheims from Dijon, or Rome from Venic need not be troubled to pursue his geographical studie The keys to every map, with the names, should form part the elementary school geography, which should be the san over the whole British Empire, and should be extreme simple and brief; concerning itself in no wise with manne and customs, number of inhabitants, or species of beast but strictly with geographical fact, completed by so muc intelligible geology, as should explain whether hills we of chalk, slate, or granite, and remain mercifully silent to whether they were Palæo- or Kaino-zoic, Permian Silurian. The age, or ages of the world, are not of tl smallest consequence either to ants or myrmidons,—eith to moths or men. But the ant and man must know whe the world, now existent, is soft or flinty, cultivable quarriable.

Of course, once a system of drawing rightly made un versal, the hand-colouring of these maps would be one the drawing exercises, absolutely costless, and entirely i structive. The historical maps should also, as a matter course, be of every county in successive centuries;[1]—tl

* Of the cheap barbarisms and abortions of modern cram, the frightf method of representing mountain chains by black bars is about the mo ludicrous and abominable. All mountain chains are in groups, not ba and their watersheds are often entirely removed from their points greatest elevation.

[1] [Of late years such maps have been prepared: see, for instance, the *Histori Atlas of Modern Europe*, edited by R. Lane Poole (Clarendon Press, 1902), in whi

ate of things in the nineteenth century being finally simplid into a general brown fog, intensified to blackness over e manufacturing centres.

17. Next, in astronomy, the beginning of all is to teach e child the places and names of the stars when it can e them, and to accustom it to watch for the nightly ange of those visible. The register of the visible stars first magnitude and planets should be printed largely d intelligibly for every day of the year, and set by the hoolmaster every day; and the arc described by the sun, ith its following and preceding stars, from point to point the horizon visible at the place, should be drawn, at least eekly, as the first of the drawing exercises.

These, connected on one side with geometry, on the her with writing, should be carried at least as far, and cupy as long a time, as the exercises in music; and the lations of the two arts, and meaning of the words "composition," "symmetry," "grace," and "harmony" in both, ould be very early insisted upon and illustrated. For these purposes, every school should be furnished with ogressive examples, in facsimile, of beautiful illuminated iting: for nothing could be more conducive to the progress of general scholarship and taste than that the first tural instincts of clever children for the imitation or, en, the invention of picture writing, should be guided d stimulated by perfect models in their own kind.

18. The woodcut prefixed to this number[1] shows very riously what complete harmony there is between a clever ild's way of teaching itself to draw and write—(and no aching is so good for it as its own, if that can be had) and the earliest types of beautiful national writing. The difference as to the places of the letters, or the direction which they are to be read, and the insertion of any that

ps XV.–XXIV. are of England; and Emil Reich's *A New Student's Atlas of glish History* (Macmillan, 1903). So, again, a really good physical atlas, by G. Bartholomew (recently awarded the gold medal of the Geographical Society), now in preparation (vol. iii. was issued in 1899).]

[1] [In the original edition; now transferred to the present place (Plate VII.).]

ttainable information concerning the habits and talents of very bird and beast.[1]

20. Similarly in botany, for which there are quite nlimited means of illustration, in the exquisite original rawings and sketches of great botanists, now uselessly ying in inaccessible cupboards of the British Museum and ther scientific institutions.[2] But the most pressing need is or a simple handbook of the wild flowers of every country —French flowers for French children, Teuton for Teuton, axon for Saxon, Highland for Scot—severely accurate in utline, and exquisitely coloured by hand (again the best ossible practice in our drawing schools); with a text regardess utterly of any but the most popular names, and of all icroscopic observation; but teaching children the beauty of lants as they grow, and their culinary uses when gathered, nd that, except for such uses, they should be left growing.[3]

21. And lastly of needlework. I find among the materials of *Fors*, thrown together long since, but never used, he following sketch of what the room of the Sheffield Iuseum, set apart for its illustration, was meant to contain.[4]

"All the acicular art of nations, savage and civilized—rom Lapland boot, letting in no snow water, to Turkey ushion bossed with pearl,—to valance of Venice gold in eedlework,—to the counterpanes and samplers of our own ovely ancestresses—imitable, perhaps, once more, with good elp from Whitelands College and Girton. It was but esterday my own womankind were in much wholesome nd sweet excitement, delightful to behold, in the practice f some new device of remedy for Rents (to think how

[1] [The continuation, or revision, of *Love's Meinie*, here contemplated, was not arried out.]

[2] [For the collection of Sowerby's drawings in the British Museum, see ol. XXV. p. 421 *n.*]

[3] [Ruskin refers in Part iv. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.) to ome experiments which he made in the spring of 1887 in teaching village children otany.]

[4] [Ruskin, however, never sent any specimens of needlework to the Museum, hough recently some have been exhibited there (see Vol. XXX.) The passage hich here follows (the remainder of § 21) had previously been used by Ruskin hough with a different order in the paragraphs and with some additional phrases) n his *Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery*, 1880: see now the later volume of his edition containing *On the Old Road*.]

much of evil there is in the two senses of that four-lettered word! as in the two methods of intonation of its synonym, Tear!), whereby it might be daintily effaced, and with a newness which would never make it worse. The process began —beautiful even to my uninformed eyes—in the likeness of herring-bone masonry, crimson on white, but it seemed to me marvellous that anything should yet be discoverable in needle process, and that of so utilitarian character.

"All that is reasonable, I say, of such work is to be in our first Museum room; all that Athena and Penelope would approve. Nothing that vanity has invented for change, or folly loved for costliness.

"Illustrating the true nature of a thread and a needle, the structure first of wool and cotton, of fur and hair and down, hemp, flax, and silk:—microscope permissible, *here*, if anything can be shown of *why* wool is soft, and fur fine, and cotton downy, and down downier; and how a flax fibre differs from a dandelion stalk, and how the substance of a mulberry leaf can become velvet for Queen Victoria's crown, and clothing of purple for the housewife of Solomon.

"Then the phase of its dyeing. What azures and emeralds and Tyrian scarlets can be got into fibres of thread!

"Then the phase of its spinning. The mystery of that divine spiral, from finest to firmest, which renders lace possible at Valenciennes;—anchorage possible, after Trafalgar (if Hardy had done as he was bid[1]).

"Then the mystery of weaving. The eternal harmony of warp and woof; of all manner of knotting, knitting and reticulation; the art which makes garments possible woven from the top throughout;[2] draughts of fishes possible, miraculous enough, always, when a pilchard or herring

[1] [See the last chapter of Southey's *Life of Nelson*, where Nelson's dying instructions—"Anchor, Hardy, anchor"—are recorded, and the biographer adds that unhappily the fleet did not anchor. In later editions, however, Southey withdrew the remark, being convinced from the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Collingwood* that the state of the weather, which Nelson could not foresee, would have rendered anchorage dangerous, if not impossible.]

[2] [Compare John xix. 23.]

shoal gathers itself into companionable catchableness;—which makes, in fine, so many nations possible, and Saxon and Norman beyond the rest.

"And finally, the accomplished phase of needlework—the 'Acu Tetigisti'[1] of all time, which does indeed practically exhibit—what mediæval theologists vainly disputed—how many angels can stand on a needle point, directing the serviceable stitch, to draw the separate into the inseparable."

22. Very thankfully I can now say that this vision of thread and needlework, though written when my fancy had too much possession of me, is now being in all its branches realised by two greatly valued friends,—the spinning on the old spinning-wheel, with most happy and increasingly acknowledged results, systematized here among our Westmorland hills by Mr. Albert Fleming;[2] the useful sewing, by Miss Stanley of Whitelands College, whose book on that subject[3] seems to me in the text of it all that can be desired, but the diagrams of dress may perhaps receive further consideration. For indeed the schools of all young womankind are in great need of such instruction in dressmaking as shall comply with womankind's natural instinct for self-decoration in all worthy and graceful ways, repressing in the rich their ostentation, and encouraging in the poor their wholesome pride.

23. On which matters, vital to the comfort and happiness of every household, I may have a word or two yet to say in next *Fors;*[4] being content that this one should close with the subjoined extract from a letter I received lately from Francesca's mother,[5] who, if any one, has right to be heard on the subject of education; and the rather that it is, in main purport, contrary to much that I have both believed and taught, but, falling in more genially with

[1] [*Plautus Rudens*, v. 2, 19.]
[2] [See Vol. XXX.]
[3] [See above, p. 491.]
[4] [This, however, was not done.]
[5] [For Miss Francesca Alexander and her mother, see *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* Vol. XXXII.).]

the temper of recent tutors and governors, may by then be gratefully acted upon, and serve also for correction o what I may have myself too servilely thought respecting the need of compulsion.

"If I have the least faculty for anything in this world, it is for teachin children, and making them good and *perfectly happy* going along. M whole principle is that no government is of the least use except self government, and the worst children will do right, if told which is righ and wrong, and that they must act for themselves. Then I have a fashion told me by a friend when Francesca was a baby; which is this,—*never se evil, but praise good;* for instance, if children are untidy, do not find fault or appear to notice it, but the first time possible, praise them for bein neat and fresh, and they will soon become so. I dare say you can accoun for this, I cannot; but I have tried it many times, and have never know it fail. I have other ideas, but you might not approve of them,—the reli gious instruction I limited to paying my little friends for learning Dr. Watt 'Though I'm now in younger days,' but I suppose *that*, like my syster generally, is hopelessly old-fashioned. Very young children can learn thi verse from it:—

> "'I'll not willingly offend,
> Nor be easily offended;
> What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
> And endure what can't be mended.'

There was an old American sea captain who said he had been many time round the world comfortably by the help of this verse."

24. The following letters necessitate the return to m old form of notes and correspondence; but as I intend no the close of *Fors* altogether, that I may have leisure fo some brief autobiography instead,[1] the old book may b permitted to retain its colloquial character to the end.

"WOODBURN, SELKIRK, N.B., 11*th December*, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—The Ashestiel number of *Fors*[2] reaches me as I complet certain notes on the relationship of Scott to Mungo Park, which will forn part of a History of Ettrick Forest, which I hope to publish in 1884.[3] Thi much in explanation of my presumption in writing you at all.

[1] [The first part of *Praeterita*, here announced, was published in July 1885.]
[2] [Letter 92.]
[3] [The book was ultimately published in 1886: *The History of Selkirkshire; or Chronicles of Ettrick Forest*, 2 vols. The three letters here given are printed (no quite so fully) in vol. ii. pp. 291, 297-298. On p. 298 Mr. Craig-Brown quotes th passage from *Fors*, Letter 92, to which he here takes exception, and in answe to it quotes the story here communicated to Ruskin.]

"Having now had all the use of them I mean to take, I send you pies of three letters taken by myself from the originals—and never published until last year, in an obscure local print:—

"1. Letter from Mungo Park to his sister. 2. Letter from Scott to rs. Laidlaw, of Peel (close to Ashestiel), written after the bankruptcy of lawyer brother of the African traveller had involved his entire family rcle in ruin. The 'merry friend' is Archibald Park, brother of Mungo ee Lockhart, ch. xiii.). It is he Sir Walter refers to in his story out the hot hounds entering Loch Katrine (see Introd. *Lady of Lake*). Letter to young Mungo Park, on the death of his father, the above rchibald.

"I send you these because I know the perusal of letter No. 2 will ve you deep pleasure, and I owe you much. Nothing in Sir Walter's reer ever touched me more.

"May I venture a word for Mungo Park? He brought my wife's aunt to this world in the course of his professional practice at Peebles; and have heard about his work there. He was one of the most devoted, nselfish men that stood for Scott's hero—Gideon Gray. Apropos of which, story. Park, lost on the moors one wild night in winter, directed his orse to a distant light, which turned out to be the candle of a hill-epherd's cottage. It so happened that the doctor arrived there in the ick of time, for the shepherd's wife was on the point of confinement. e waited till all was well over, and next morning the shepherd escorted im to where he could see the distant road. Park, noticing the shepherd g behind, asked him the reason, on which the simple man replied—Deed, sir, my wife said she was sure you must be an angel, and I think tae; so I'm just keeping ahint, to be sure I'll see you flee up.' This have from the nephew of Park's wife, himself a worthy old doctor nd ex-provost of Selkirk. The first motive of Park's second journey ay have been fame; I am disposed to think it was. But I am sure *auri fames* had anything to do with it, it was for his wife and children at he wanted it. Read his letters home, as I have done, and you will oncede to the ill-fated man a character higher than last *Fors* accords im.

"If you place any value on these letters, may I venture to ask you to ischarge the debt by a copy of last *F. C.* with your autograph? I am ot ashamed to say I ask it in a spirit of blind worship.

"I shall not vex you by writing for your own eyes how much I honour nd respect you; but shall content myself with professing myself your bedient servant,

"T. CRAIG-BROWN."

8th May, 1881.

25. Copy of letters lent to me by Mr. Blaikie, Holydean, and taken y him from boxes belonging to late Miss Jane Park, niece of Mungo ark.

(1.) Original letter from Mungo Park to his sister, Miss Bell Park, Hart-oodmires, near Selkirk. "DEAR SISTER,—I have not heard from Scotland

since I left it, but I hope you are all in good health, and I attribute you silence to the hurry of harvest. However, let me hear from you soon and write how Sandy's marriage comes on, and how Jeany is, for I have heard nothing from her neither. I have nothing new to tell you. I am very busy preparing my book for the press, and all friends here are in good health. Mr. Dickson is running about, sometimes in the shop and sometimes out of it. Peggy is in very good health, and dressed as I think in a cotton gown of a bluish pattern; a *round-eared much* (sic,—properly mutch), or what they call here a cap, with a white ribbon; a Napkin of lawn or muslin, or some such thing; a white striped dimity petticoat. Euphy and bill (Bell *or* Bill?) are both in very good health, but they are gone out to play, therefore I must defer a description of them till my next letter.—I remain, your loving brother, MUNGO PARK.—London, Sept. 21st, 1795. *P.S.*—Both Peggy and Mr. Dickson have been very inquisitive about you and beg their compliments to you."

(2.) (Copy.) Letter from (Sir) Walter Scott to Mrs. Laidlaw, of Peel. (See Lockhart's *Life*, chap. xvii., p. 164.) "MY DEAR MRS. LAIDLAW,—Any remembrance from you is at all times most welcome to me. I have, in fact, been thinking a good deal about Mr. Park's (family ?) especially about my good merry friend Archie, upon whom such calamity has fallen. I will write to a friend in London likely to know about such matters to see if possible to procure him the situation of an overseer of extensive farms in improvements, for which he is so well qualified. But success in this is doubtful, and I am aware that their distress must be pressing. Now 'Waterloo' has paid, or is likely to pay me a great deal more money than I think proper to subscribe for the fund for families suffering, and I chiefly consider the surplus as dedicated to assist distress or affliction. I shall receive my letter in a few days from the booksellers, and I will send Mr. Laidlaw care for £50 and three months, the contents to be applied to the service of Mr. Park's family. It is no great sum, but may serve to alleviate any immediate distress; and you can apply it as coming from yourself, which will relieve Park's delicacy upon the subject. I really think I will be able to hear of something for him; at least it shall not be for want of asking about, for I will lug him in as a postscript to every letter I write. Will you tell Mr. Laidlaw with my best compliments—not that I have bought Kaeside, for this James will have told him already, but that I have every reason to think I have got it £600 cheaper than I would at a public sale? Mrs. Scott and the young people join in best compliments, and I ever am, dear Mrs. Laidlaw, very truly yours, WALTER SCOTT.—Edinburgh, 20th Nov. (1815)."

(3.) Letter (original) from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Mungo Park, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Oban. "SIR,—I was favoured with your very attentive letter conveying to me the melancholy intelligence that you have lost my old acquaintance and friend, your worthy father. I was using some interest to get him placed on the Superannuated Establishment of the Customs, but God has been pleased to render this unnecessary. A great charge devolves on you, sir, for so young a person, both for the comfort and support of his family. If you let me know your plans of life when settled, it is possible I may be of use to you in some shape or other, which I should desire in the circumstances, though my powers are very limited

nless in the way of recommendation. I beg my sincere condolence may e communicated to your sister, who I understand to be a very affectionate laughter and estimable young person. I remain very much your obedient ervant, WALTER SCOTT.—Edinburgh, 17th May, 1820."

26. I am greatly obliged to Mr. Brown for his own etter, and for those which I have printed above; but have nly to answer that no "word for Mungo Park" was the east necessary in reply to what I said of him, nor could *ny* word in reply lessen its force, as far as it goes. I poke of him[1] as the much regretted friend of Sir Walter Scott, and as a man most useful in his appointed place of a ountry physician. How useful, and honoured, and blessed hat function was, nothing could prove more clearly than he beautiful fact of the shepherd's following him as an ngel; and nothing enforce more strongly my blame of his uitting that angel's work by Tweedside to trace the lonely rinks of useless rivers. The letter to his sister merely owers my estimate of his general culture; a common ervant's letter home is usually more interesting, and not vorse spelt. A "sacred" one to his wife, published lately y a rabid Scot in reply to the serene sentences of mine, which he imagines "explosive" like his own, need not be rofaned by *Fors'* print. I write letters with more feeling n them to most of my good girl-friends, any day of the ear, and don't run away from them to Africa afterwards.

27. A letter from Miss Russell[2] to the *Scotsman*, written oon after last *Fors* was published, to inform Scotland that Ashestiel was not a farm house,—(it would all, with the atest additions, go inside a Bernese farmer's granary)—that nobody it belonged to had ever done any farming, or anything else that was useful,—that Scott had been greatly honoured in being allowed a lease of it, that his study had been turned into a passage in the recent improvements,[3] and that in the dining-room of it, Mrs. Siddons had called

[1] [See above, p. 453.]
[2] [Ashestiel passed in 1712 to the Russells, whose descendants are still in possession: see Crockett's *The Scott Country*, 1905, p. 160.]
[3] [See above, p. 463 *n.*]

for beer,[1] may also be left to the reverential reading of the subscribers to the *Scotsman*;—with this only question, from me, to the citizens of Dun Edin, What good is their pinnacle in Princes Street,[2] when they have forgotten where the room was, and corridor is, in which Scott wrote *Marmion*?

[1] ["Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a footboy during a dinner at Ashestiel, 'You've brought me water, boy,—I asked for beer'" (Lockhart, vol. ii. p. 267 *n.*).]

[2] [For the Scott Monument, see Letter 31, § 6 (Vol. XXVII. p. 565).]

LETTER 96 (TERMINAL)

ROSY VALE

"St. David, having built a monastery near Menevia, which is from him ıce called St. David's, in a place called the Rosy Valley (Vallis Rosina), ıve this strict rule of monastical profession,—'That every monk should bour daily with his hands for the common good of the Monastery, ac- rding to the Apostle's saying, He that doth not labour, let him not .t.[1] For those who spend their time in idleness debase their minds, which :come unstable, and bring forth impure thoughts, which restlessly disquiet ıem.' The monks there *refused all gifts or possessions offered by unjust en; they detested riches;* they had no care to ease their labour by the use ' oxen or other cattle, for every one was instead of riches and oxen to mself and his brethren. They never conversed together by talking but hen necessity required, but each one performed the labour enjoined him, ining thereto prayer, or holy meditations on Divine things: and having nished their country work, they returned to their monastery, where they ent the remainder of the day, till the evening, in reading or writing. ı the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work and mediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars peared, and then went all together to their refection, eating sparingly ıd not to satiety, for any excess in eating, though it be only of bread, ccasions luxury. Their food was bread with roots or herbs, seasoned with ılt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. upper being ended, they continued about three hours in watching, prayers, nd genuflexions. After this they went to rest, and at cock-crowing they rose again, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward emptations and thoughts they discovered to their superior. Their cloth- ıg was of the skins of beasts. Whosoever desired to be admitted into heir holy convocation was obliged to remain ten days at the door of the ıonastery as an offcast, unworthy to be admitted into their society, and here he was exposed to be scorned; but if, during that time, he patiently ndured that mortification, he was received by the religious senior who ad charge of the gate, whom he served, and was by him instructed. In hat condition he continued a long time, exercised in painful labours, and rievous mortifications, and at last was admitted to the fellowship of the rethren.

[1] [2 Thessalonians iii. 10.]

"This monastery appears to have been founded by St. David, some time after the famous British synod assembled in the year 519, for crushing of the Pelagian heresy, which began again to spread after it had been once before extinguished by St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes. This monastery is not taken notice of in the *Monasticon*, any more than the other two above, and for the same reason, as not coming within any of the orders afterwards known in England, and having had but a short continuance; for what became of it, or when it finished, is not known."

2. I chanced on this passage in the second volume of Dugdale's *Monasticon*,[1] as I was choosing editions of it at Mr. Quaritch's,[2] on one of the curious days which I suppose most people recognize as "white" among the many coloured ones of their lives; that is to say, the days when everything goes well, by no management of their own. About the same time I received the following letter from a very old and dear friend:—

"In an old *Fors*[3] you ask for information about Nanterre. If you have not had it already, here is some. As you know, it is in the plain between Paris, Sèvres, and Versailles—a station on the Versailles line; a little station, at which few persons 'descend,' and fewer still ascend; the ladies of the still somewhat primitive and rather ugly little village being chiefly laundresses, and preferring, as I should in their place, to go to Paris in their own carts with the clean linen. Nanterre has, however, two notable transactions in its community. It makes cakes, sold in Paris as 'Gâteaux de Nanterre,' and dear to childhood's soul. *And*—now prick up your ears—it yearly elects a Rosière. Not a high-falutin' æsthetic, self-conscious product, forced, and in an unsuitable sphere; but a *real* Rosière—a peasant girl, not chosen for beauty, or reading or writing, neither of which she may possibly possess; but one who has in some signal, but simple, *unself-conscious* way done her duty in the state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her,—done it in the open, fresh air, and under the bright sun, in the 'fierce white light' of village public opinion; who is known to young and old, and has been known all her life.

"She is crowned with roses in May, and has a portion of rather more than 1000 francs. She is expected soon to marry, and carry on into the higher functions of wife and mother the promise of her maidenhood."

[1] [The above account is quoted from vol. i. p. 216 of the two additional volumes to the *Monasticon* by John Stevens, 1722; it is incorporated as a footnote in vol. vi. part iii. p. 1629, of the "new edition" (1846) of Sir William Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum* (first published 1665–1673).]

[2] [Mr. Quaritch's shop in Piccadilly was a favourite haunt of Ruskin's, and with Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the founder of the business (1819–1899) he was on terms of personal friendship.]

[3] [Not "in an old *Fors*," but in ch. ii. § 5, of *The Bible of Amiens*.]

3. And with this letter came another, from Francesca, giving me this following account of her servant Edwige's* native village:—

"I have been asking her about 'Le Rose'; she says it is *such* a pretty place, and the road has a hedge of beautiful roses on each side, and there are roses about all the houses. . . . But now I can hardly finish my letter, for since she has begun she cannot stop running on about her birthplace, and I am writing in the midst of a long discourse about the chestnut-trees, and the high wooded hill, with the chapel of the Madonna at its summit, and the stream of clear water where she used to wash clothes, and I know not what else! She has a very affectionate recollection of her childhood, poor as it was; and I do think that the beautiful country in which she grew up gave a sort of brightness to her life. I am very thankful that her story is going to be printed,[1] for it has been a help to me, and will be, I think, to others."

4. Yes, a help, and better than that, a light,—as also this that follows, being an account just sent me by Francesca, of a Rosy Vale in Italy, rejoicing round its Living Rose.

THE MOTHER OF THE ORPHANS[2]

"In the beautiful city of Bassano, on the Brenta, between the mountains and the plain, Signora Maria Zanchetta has passed the eighty-five years of her busy, happy, and useful life, bringing a blessing to all who have come near her, first in her own family, and afterwards, for the last forty-five years, to one generation after another of poor orphan girls, to whom she has been more than a mother. She always had, from childhood, as she herself told me, a wish to enter a religious life, and her vocation seems to have been rather for the active than for the contemplative life. She belongs to an honourable family of Bassano, and appears to have had an especial love and reverence for her parents, whom she would never leave as long as they lived. After their death she continued to live with an invalid sister, Paola, whom she remembers always with great tenderness, and who is spoken of still, by those who knew her, as something very near a saint.

"I have often wondered how much of Signora Maria's sweet and beautiful Christian spirit, which has brought comfort into hundreds of lives, may be owing to the influence of the saintly elder sister, whose helpless condition must have made her seem, to herself and others, comparatively useless in the world, but who lived always so very near to heaven! After Paola died, Maria, being no longer needed at home, resolved to give

* See *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, No. II., p. 80.[3]

[1] [See the "Story of Edwige" in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.).]
[2] [This account was reprinted, with some small revisions (here followed) and with some additional footnotes (here given), in Part iii. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (1887): see the Bibliographical Note, above, p. xxxvi.]
[3] [In Ruskin's Postscript to the "Ballad of Santa Zita."]

herself entirely to some charitable work, and her mind turned to the Girl Orphan Asylum, close to her own house. Her brother and other relatio would have preferred that she should have become a nun in one of tho convents where girls of noble families are sent for education, considerin that such a life was more honourable,* and better suited to her conditio She told me this part of her story herself, and added, 'In the convent should have been paid for my work, but I wanted to serve the Lor without recompense in this world, and so I came here to the orphans There she has lived ever since, *wearing the same dress as the poor girls,* living their life, entering into all their pleasures, and troubles; *overseein the washing, giving a hand to the mending,* leading a humble, laborio life, full, one would think, of wearisome cares and burdens,—a mother burdens, without a mother's instinct to support them; but still, if on may judge by her face, she has lived in perpetual sunshine. And ho young she looks still! She must have been a delicate blonde beauty i her youth; and she still retains a complexion like a sweet-briar rose, an her kind blue eyes are as clear and peaceful as an infant's. Her hai still abundant as in youth, is quite white, and yet not like snow, unle it be snow with the evening sunshine upon it; one sees in a moment th it has once been golden, and it is finer than anything that I ever sav excepting thistledown. Her dress is of the poorest and plainest, and yet cannot feel that she would be more beautiful in any other. A blue cotto dress, and cap of the same, with a handkerchief and apron, such as are wor by the contadine,—nothing else; but all arranged with scrupulous neatnes There is nothing monastic in the dress, nor in the life; Signora Maria is fre to stay or go as she will; she is bound by no vow, belongs to no order; the has been nothing but the love of God, and of the poor children, to hold h to her place all these long years. She has some property, but *she leaves th use of it to her family,*‡ taking for herself only just what is sufficient f her own maintenance in the asylum, that she may not take anything fro the orphans. I had long wished to know this good Signora Maria; an finally, last May, I had the great pleasure of seeing her. I had sent t ask at what hour she could see me; to which she replied, 'Any time aft six in the morning.' Which I thought was pretty well for eighty-five!

"When, the next morning, I went with Edwige to the orphan asylun and we entered the very modest little 'bottega,' as they call it, with i low ceiling, and counter where they sell artificial flowers, and certai

* Let me earnestly pray the descendants of old Catholic families t think how constantly their pride, the primary mortal sin, has been th ruin of all they had most confidently founded it on, and all they strov to build on such foundation.

† The good Superiora's example, comparing what we are told of th dress of the girls themselves at page 525, may well take the place of a I had to say in this last *Fors*, about dress, summed in the simple advic to all women of rank and wealth,—Till you can dress your poor beautifully dress yours*elves* plainly; till you can feed all your poor healthily, live you selves like the monks of Vallis Rosina, and the message of *Fors* is ended

‡ How many, so-called, Reformations, disruptions, dishonours, and agonie of the Catholic Church would have been spared her, had the Popes simpl insisted on this law being observed by her religious orders! [*Note adde in "Christ's Folk."*]

imple medicines of their own preparing in which the Bassano people ıave great faith; and where also they receive orders for ornamental aundry-work, and for embroidery of a religious description;*—when, as I vas saying, we entered this room, half-a-dozen elderly women were standng talking together, all in the same old-fashioned blue dresses. I asked f I could see the Superiora, on which this very pretty and young-looking ıdy came forward; and I, not dreaming that she could be the aged saint or whom I was looking, repeated my question. 'A servirla!' she replied. was obliged to explain the astonishment, which I could not conceal, y saying, that I had expected to see a much older lady. 'I *am* old,' he answered, 'but I have good health, thank the Lord!' And then she ed us through a room where a number of girls were doing the peculiar aundry-work of which I have spoken,—one cannot call it ironing, *for no ron is used about it;* † but with their fingers, and a fine stick kept for the urpose, they work the starched linen into all kinds of delicate patterns. They all rose and bowed politely as we passed, and then the old lady receded us up the stone staircase (which she mounted so rapidly that he left us some way behind her), and conducted us to a pleasant upper hamber, where we all sat down together. On this day, and on those ollowing, when I was taking her portrait, I gathered many particulars of ıer own life, and also about the institution, which I must write down one y one as I can remember them, for I find it impossible to arrange them n any order. She told me that they were in all seventy-five, between vomen and girls. Every girl taken into the institution has a right to a ıome in it for life, if she will; and many never choose to leave it, or if hey do, they return to it; but others have married, or gone to service, or o live with their relations. Once, many years ago, she had seven little lave girls, put temporarily under her care by a good missionary who had ought them in Africa. She seems to have a peculiar tenderness in her emembrance of the poor little unbaptized savages. 'The others call me uperiora,' she said, 'but *they* used to call me Mamma Maria.' And her oice softened to more than its usual gentleness as she said those words.

"And now I must leave the dear old lady for a moment, to repeat vhat Silvia told me once about those same little slave girls. It was a varm summer's evening, and Silvia and I were sitting, as we often do, on he broad stone steps of the Rezzonico Palace,[1] between the two immense ld stone lions that guard the door, and watching the sunset behind the nountains. And Silvia was telling me how, when she was a very small hild, those little African girls were brought to the house, and what wild lack faces they had, and what brilliant eyes. As they were running bout the wide lawn behind Palazzo Rezzonico (which stands in a retired ountry place about a mile from the city), they caught sight of those tone lions by the door, and immediately pressed about them, *and fell to*

* I should be inclined considerably to modify these directions of inlustry, in the organization of similar institutions here.

† I italicize here and there a sentence that might otherwise escape notice. I might italicize the whole text, if I could so express my sympathy vith all it relates.

[1] [The Villa Rezzonica, outside Bassano, celebrated for its views, extending as ar as the Euganean Hills, and over those of the Sette Comuni and Asolo.]

embracing them, as if they had been dear friends, and covered them wit tears and kisses; * and Silvia thought that they were thinking of their ow country, and perhaps of lions which they had seen in their African deserts I asked Signora Maria if she knew what had become of those poor girls She said that she had heard that two of them afterwards entered a con vent; but she had lost sight of them all for many years; and, indeed they had only remained in Bassano for five months.

"While I was drawing the old lady's portrait, a tall, strong, ver pleasant-looking woman of fifty or so came in and stood beside me. Sh wore the same dress as the Superiora, excepting that she had no cap, no other covering for her wavy black hair, which was elaborately braided, an knotted up behind, in the fashion commonly followed by the contadine i this part of the country. She had very bright eyes, in which a smil seemed to have taken up its permanent abode, even when the rest of he face was serious. Her voice was soft (there seems to be something i the atmosphere of that orphanage which makes everybody's voice soft) but her movements were rapid and energetic, and she evidently had supply of vigour and spirit sufficient for half-a-dozen, at least, of averag women. She was extremely interested in the progress of the pictur (which she said was as much like the Superiora as anything could b that was *sitting still*), but it was rather a grievance to her that the ol lady *would* be taken in her homely dress. 'Come now, you *might*[1] wea that other cap!' she said, bending over the little fair Superiora, puttin her strong arm very softly around her neck, and speaking coaxingly as i to a baby; then looking at me: 'She has such a pretty cap, that I mad up for her myself, and she will not wear it!' 'I wear it when I go out, said Signora Maria, 'but I would rather have my likeness in the dres that I always wear at home.' I, too, said that I would rather draw he just as she was. 'I suppose you are right,' said the younger woman, regret fully, 'but she is so much prettier in that cap!' I thought her quit pretty enough in the old blue cap, and kept on with my work. Mean while I asked some questions about the institution. Signora Maria sai that it was founded in the last century by a good priest, Don Giorgi Pirani, and afterwards farther endowed by Don Marco Cremona, whom sh had herself known in his old age. How old this Don Marco was she coul not remember; a cast of his face, which she afterwards showed me, an which she told me was taken after his death, represented a very handsome benevolent-looking man, of about seventy; but I imagine (judging from th rest of the conversation) that he must have been much older. She tol me that the founder, Don Giorgio, having inherited considerable property and having no relations that needed it, had bought the land and three o four houses, which he had thrown into one; and had given it all for poo orphan girls of Bassano.

* This is to me the most lovely and the most instructive fact I ever heard, in its witness to the relations that exist between man and the inferior intelligences of creation.[2]

[1] [Here, in *Christ's Folk*, a note was added: "These three last flashes of italic are F.'s."]

[2] [In *Christ's Folk* the following note was substituted:—

"I think this is the loveliest thing I ever heard of the relations between animals and man."]

"The place accommodates seventy-five girls and women, and is always ll. Thirty centimes (3d.) a day are allowed for the maintenance of each rl, and were probably sufficient in Don Giorgio's time, but times have anged since then. However, they do various kinds of work, principally a religious or ecclesiastical nature,—making priests' dresses, or artificial owers for the altar, or wafers to be used at the Communion; besides wing, knitting, and embroidery of all kinds;—and the women work for e children, and the whole seventy-five live together in one affectionate d united family. The old lady seemed very fond of her 'tose,' as she lls the girls, and said that they also loved her; which I should think ey would, for a more entirely lovable woman it would be hard to d.

"She has the delightful manners of an old-fashioned Venetian, full of ace, sweetness, and vivacity, and would think that she failed in one of e first Christian duties if she did not observe all the laws of politeness. e never once failed, during our rather frequent visits at the institution, come downstairs to meet us, receiving me always at the outside door th a kiss on both cheeks; and when we came away she would accompany into the cortile, and stand there, taking leave, with the sun on her ite hair. When, however, she found this last attention made me rather comfortable, she desisted; for her politeness being rather of the heart an of etiquette, she never fails in comprehending and considering the elings of those about her.

"But to return to our conversation. The woman with the black, wavy ir, whose name was, as I found out, Annetta, remarked, with regard to e good Don Giorgio Pirani, that 'he died so young, poor man!' As it emed he had accomplished a good deal in his life, I was rather surprised, d asked, 'How young?' To which she replied, in a tone of deep com-ssion, 'Only seventy-five, poor man! But then he had worn himself out th the care of the institution, and he had a great deal of trouble.' nnetta calculated age in the Bassano fashion; in this healthy air, and *h the usually simple habits of life of the people,* longevity is the rule, and t the exception. The portrait of Don Giorgio's mother hangs beside his the refectory, with an inscription stating that it was painted 'in the ar of her age eighty-nine'; also that her name was Daciana Pirani, and at she assisted her two sons, Giorgio and Santi, in their charitable work the orphans. The picture itself bears the date 1774, and represents a sh-coloured, erect, very pleasant-looking lady, with bright, black eyes; ry plainly dressed in a long-waisted brown gown and blue apron, with a tle dark-coloured cap, which time has rendered so indistinct that I nnot quite make out the fashion of it. A plain handkerchief, apparently fine white linen, is folded over her bosom, and her arms are bare to e elbows, with a fine Venetian gold chain wound several times around e of them,—her only ornament, excepting her little round earrings. She standing by a table, on which are her crucifix, prayer-book, and rosary. e Superiora told me that when Don Giorgio was engaged in building d fitting up his asylum, sometimes, at the table his mother would observe at he was absent and low-spirited, and had little appetite, at which she uld ask him anxiously, 'What ails you, my son?' and he would reply, have no more money for my workmen.' At this she always said, 'Oh,

if that is all, do not be troubled! I will see to it!' And, rising from tl table, she would leave the room, to return in a few minutes with a handf of money, sufficient for the immediate expenses. Don Giorgio himse must have had, if his portrait tells the truth, a singularly kind, sensibl and cheerful face, with more regular beauty than Don Marco Cremon but less imposing, with dark eyes and white curling hair. Of Santi Pira, I could learn nothing, excepting that he was a priest, an excellent ma and his brother's helper.

"But to return to what I was saying about the Bassano fashion reckoning age. It is not long since a Bassano gentleman, himself quite wonderful picture of vigorous health, was complaining to me that tl health of the city was not what it used to be. 'Indeed,' he said, wi the air of one bringing forward an unanswerable proof of his assertion, ' this present time, among all my acquaintances, I know only one man pa a hundred! My father knew several; but now they all seem to drop between eighty and ninety!' And he shook his head sadly. I asked son questions about his centenarian friend, and was told that he was a po man, and lived on charity. 'We all give to him,' he said; 'he alwa worked as long as he could, and at his age we do not think it ought be expected of him.'

"As nearly as I can understand, people here begin to be consider elderly when they are about eighty, but those who die before ninety a thought to have died untimely. Signora Maria's family had an old serva by name Bartolo Mosca, who lived with them for seventy-two years. H entered their service at fourteen, and left it—for a better world, I hope- at eighty-six. He was quite feeble for some time before he died, and h master kept a servant expressly to wait upon him. A woman serva Maria Cometa, died in their house of nearly the same age, having passe all her life in their service.

"I was much interested in observing Annetta's behaviour to h Superiora; it was half reverential, half caressing. I could hardly t whether she considered the old lady as a patron saint or a pet chil Anxious to know what was the tie between them, I asked Annetta h long she had been in the place. She did a little cyphering on her finge and then said, 'Forty years.' In answer to other questions, she told n that her father and mother had both died within a few weeks of ea other, when she was a small child, the youngest of seven; and her unc finding himself left with the burden of so large a family on his shoulde had thought well to relieve himself in part by putting the smallest a most helpless 'with the orphans.' '*She* has been my mother ever sinc she said, dropping her voice, and laying her hand on the little old lad shoulder. She added that some of her brothers had come on in the worl and had wished to take her home, and that she had gone at various tim and stayed in their families; but that she had always come back to h place in the institution, because she could never be happy, for any leng of time, anywhere else. I asked if the girls whom they took in we generally good, and repaid their kindness as they should do, to which tl old lady replied, 'Many of them do, and are a great comfort; but othe give us much trouble. What can we do? We must have patience; v are here on purpose.' 'Besides,' said Annetta, cheerfully, 'it would nev

o for us to have all our reward in this world; if we did, we could not xpect any on the other side.'

"The Superiora told me many interesting stories about the institution, nd of the bequests that had been left to it by various Bassano families, f which the most valuable appeared to be *some land in the country with ne or two contadine houses*, where the girls are sent occasionally to pass a ay in the open air and enjoy themselves. Many families had bequeathed rniture and pictures to the institution, so that one sees everywhere assive nutwood chairs and tables, carved and inlaid, all of old republican* mes. One picture, of which I do not recollect the date, but it is about wo hundred years old, I should think, represents a young lady with fair urls, magnificently dressed in brocade and jewels, by name Maddalena ernardi, who looks always as if wondering at the simple unworldliness of he life about her; and beside her hangs the last of her race (her son, I uppose, for he is much like her in feature; but no one knows, now); a oor Franciscan frate, 'who did a great deal for the orphans,' Signora Maria says. Next to the frate, between him and good Don Giorgio, she owed me a Venetian senator, all robe and wig, with a face like nobody particular, scarlet drapery tossed about in confusion, and a background f very black thunder-clouds. 'This picture,' she said, 'was left us by the oge Erizzo, and represents one of his family. He left us also a hundred nd twenty staia of Indian corn, and two barrels of wine, yearly; and we ill continue to receive them.' She showed me also a room where the oor was quite covered with heaps of corn, saying, 'I send it to be ground s we need it; but it will not last long, there are so many mouths!'

"During the many days that I visited Signora Maria, I noticed several ings which seemed to me different from other orphan asylums which I ave seen. To be sure, I have not seen a great many; but from what ttle I have been able to observe, I have taken an impression that orphan irls usually have their hair cut close to their heads, and wear the very gliest clothes that can possibly be obtained, and that their clothes are ade so as to fit no one in particular. Also I think that they are apt look dull and dispirited, with a general effect of being educated by achinery, which is not pleasant. Signora Maria's little girls, on the con-rary, *are made to look as pretty as is possible* in the poor clothes which re the best that can be afforded for them. Their cotton handkerchiefs re of the gayest patterns, their hair is arranged becomingly, so as to ake the most of the light curls of one, or the heavy braids of another, nd most of them wear little gold earrings. And if one speaks to them, hey answer with a pleasant smile, and do not seem frightened. I do ot think that the dear old lady keeps them under an iron rule, by any eans. Another thing which I noticed was that while many of the ounger children, who had been but a little while in the place, looked ather sickly, and showed still the marks of poverty and neglect, the lder girls, who had been there for several years, had, almost without xception, an appearance of vigorous health. It was my good fortune to e there once on washing-day, when a number of girls, apparently from

* Old stately times, Francesca means, when Bassano and Castelfranco, adua and Verona, were all as the sisters of Venice.

fifteen to twenty years old, bare-armed (and some of them bare-footed were hanging out clothes to dry in the cortile; and such a picture health and beauty I have seldom seen, nor such light, strong, rapid mov ments, nor such evident enjoyment of their work.

"Next to the room where I did most of my work was a long narro room where many of the women and elder girls used to work togethe An inscription in large black letters hung on the wall, 'Silentium.' suppose it must have been put there with an idea of giving an orderly co ventual air to the place; perhaps it may have served that purpose, certainly did no other! The door was open between us, and the live talking that went on in that room was incessant. Once the old lady i my side called to them, 'Tose!' and I thought that she was callin them to order, but it proved that she only wanted to have a share the conversation. When not sitting for her portrait, she used to sew knit, as she sat beside me. She could do beautiful mending, and nev wore spectacles. She told me that she *had* worn them until a few yea before, *when her sight had come back quite strong as in youth.*

"But I must allow, in speaking of my friends of the orphan asylu that some of their religious observances are a little—peculiar. In t large garden, on the side where Signora Maria has her flower bord ('We cannot afford much room for flowers,' Annetta says, 'but they a the delight of the Superiora!') is a long walk under a canopy grape-vines, leading to a niche where stands, under the thick shade, large wooden Madonna of the Immaculate Conception. She is very ugl and but a poor piece of carving; a stout, heavy woman in impossib drapery, and with no expression whatsoever. The seven stars (somewh rusty and blackened by the weather) are arranged on a rather too co spicuous piece of wire about the head. The last time I saw her, howeve she had much improved, if not in beauty or sanctity, at least in cleanline of appearance; which Annetta accounted for by saying complacently: 'gave her a coat of white paint myself, *oil* paint; so now she will loo well for a long time to come, and the rain will not hurt her.' I observe that some one had placed a rose in the clumsy wooden hand, and th her ears were ornamented with little garnet earrings. Annetta said, 'Th girls put together a few soldi and bought those earrings for the Madonn they are very cheap ones; and I bored the holes in her ears myself wit a gimlet.'* Before this Madonna the girls go on summer afternoons t sing the litanies, and apparently find their devotion in no way disturbe by the idea of Annetta's tinkering. She seems to do pretty much a the carpentering and repairing that are wanted about the establishmen and is just as well pleased to 'restore' the Madonna as anything els I was very sorry, at last, when the time came to say good-bye to th peaceful old house and its inmates. The Superiora, on the occasion o her last sitting, presented me with a very pretty specimen of the girl

* There is no passage in all these histories which claims from th general reader more tender and loving attention; or in reading which h ought to repent more solemnly of light thought and scornful mood, or t remember with more shame the iconoclasm of Churches that had neithe sense nor charity. [*Note added in "Christ's Folk."*]

ork—a small pin-cushion, surrounded with artificial flowers, and surmounted by a dove, with spread wings, in white linen; its shape, and even eathers, quite wonderfully represented by means of the peculiar starching rocess which I have tried to describe. I can only hope that the dear old dy may be spared to the utmost limit of life in Bassano, which would ive her many years yet; for it is sad to think of the change that must me over the little community when she is taken away. She is still the fe of the house; her influence is everywhere. She reminds me always of e beautiful promise, 'They shall yet bear fruit in old age.' Once I was xpressing to her my admiration for the institution, and she said, 'It is a *ppy* institution.' And so it is, but it is she who has made it so."

5. This lovely history, of a life spent in the garden of od, sums, as it illumines, all that I have tried to teach the series of letters which I now feel that it is time to ose.

The "Go and do thou likewise,"[1] which every kindly telligent spirit cannot but hear spoken to it, in each ntence of the quiet narrative, is of more searching and l-embracing urgency than any appeal I have dared to ake in my own writings. Looking back upon my efforts r the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has een in very great part owing to my compromise with the fidelity of this outer world, and my endeavour to base y pleading upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindess, instead of on the primary duty of loving God,—undation other than which can no man lay.[2] I thought yself speaking to a crowd which could only be influenced y visible utility; nor was I the least aware how many ntirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and ve of God as vividly and practically now as ever in the rly enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence f the great illnesses which, for some time after 1878, forade my accustomed literary labour,[3] I was brought into

[1] [Luke x. 37.]
[2] [1 Corinthians iii. 11.]
[3] [For the illness of 1878, see Vol. XXV. p. xxvi. Ruskin was again seriously in 1881 and 1882: see the Introduction to Vol. XXXIII. The friends to hom he here alludes include, no doubt, Professor Norton in America, Dr. John rown in Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. La Touche in Ireland, and Mrs. and Miss rancesca Alexander in Italy.]

closer personal relations with the friends in America, Sco and, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to wri any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe tl best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported ar guided the force of my matured mind. These have show me, with lovely initiation, in how many secret places tl prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at tl corners of the streets;[1] and on how many hills which had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still move in chariots of fire.[2]

6. But surely the time is come when all these faithf armies should lift up the standard of their Lord,—not l might, nor by power, but by His spirit,[3] bringing fort judgment unto victory. That they should no more l hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with goo If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more ma the rivers of Paradise? Are there not fountains of tl great deep that open to bless, not destroy?

And the beginning of blessing, if you will think it, is in that promise, "Great shall be the peace of tl *children*." All the world is but as one orphanage, long as its children know not God their Father; and a wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darknes so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lor

Not to be taken out of the world in monastic sorrov but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace;—ougl not this to be done for all the children held at the fon beside which we vow, in their name, to renounce the worlc Renounce! nay, ought we not, at last, to redeem?

The story of Rosy Vale is not ended;—surely out its silence the mountains and the hills shall break fort into singing, and round it the desert rejoice, and blossoı as the rose!

[1] [Compare Matthew vi. 5, 6.]
[2] [2 Kings vi. 17.]
[3] [Zechariah iv. 6. The other Bible references in § 6 are Matthew xii. 2 Romans xii. 21; Isaiah lix. 19; Genesis vii. 11; Isaiah liv. 13; Isaiah lv. 12; a Isaiah xxxv. 1.]

APPENDIX

ADDITIONAL PASSAGES FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF, AND LETTERS RELATING TO, "FORS CLAVIGERA"

1. PROFIT AND LOSS IN THE IRON TRADE
2. THE DUTIES OF LANDLORDS. THE SHEPHERD, LORD CLIFFORD
3. COMMON SENSE. CASH DOWN
4. OBSERVATION AND DESCRIPTION
5. THE TRUE MEANING OF "MINE" AND "WORK"
6. THE WORTH OF A VOTE
7. RUSKIN AND SCOTT
8. NOTES ON THE LIFE OF SCOTT
9. STREAMS AND THEIR USE: TRANSLATION FROM PLATO
10. ON THE USE OF MACHINERY: LETTERS TO A MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER
11. THE DEFINITION OF MONEY: LETTERS TO THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE
12. DISCRIMINATION IN ART TEACHING
13. LAWS FOR THE WINE TRADE
14. ECONOMY: GOD'S AND THE DEVIL'S
15. THE EIGHTEENTH PSALM

16. THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY: LETTERS TO MR. FREDERIC HARRISON
17. INTEREST; AND RAILWAYS:—
    (*a*) An Additional Passage
    (*b*) A Letter to Mr. W. Walker
18. MORNING THOUGHTS AT GENEVA
19. "THESE THY CREATURES OF BREAD AND WINE"
20. WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN:—
    (*a*) Report of the Trial
    (*b*) "My own Article on Whistler"
21. MYTHS AND NOVELS
22. CORRESPONDENCE WITH T. C. HORSFALL
23. PLATO'S "MUSIC" AND LUDWIG RICHTER
24. GOOD AND EVIL
25. NOTES ON THE LAND QUESTION
26. EPILOGUE

1

PROFIT AND LOSS IN THE IRON TRADE

A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF A PAMPHLET ON "WAGES"[1]

[See Letter 2, § 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 35–37)]

HERNE HILL, LONDON,
January 5th, 1874.

SIR,—I have been much interested by your pamphlet on *Wages,* which I ppose your publisher sent me by your direction. As I observe you honour e by quoting a sentence of mine in it, you will perhaps pardon my truding a question on you privately, which otherwise I should only have entured to state in any notice I may have to take of this important address public.

You limit your estimates and inquiries (as far as I can see) to the profit nd loss, prosperity or depression, of the iron trade only. Have you arrived t any conclusions as to the effect of that trade on other businesses? For stance: in consequence of its flourishing condition, I pay twice as much r the fire by which I am writing as I did last year. You examine the ffect of that rise of price on the coal owner; and you congratulate him nd the country generally on his better remuneration. But you do not xamine the effect of the change on *me,* nor congratulate me. Again. The m I pay extra for firing is withdrawn from that which I am able to spend n art patronage. The coal owner becomes the art patron, instead of me. Iave you examined the effect upon the art of the country which is likely result from making the coal owner its patron, instead of the persons who re occupied in the study of it?

Again. You speak of iron as if it were always useful. Can you give e any estimate of the capital sunk unproductively in the merely ornaental iron railings of London;—or perhaps it will be better to say, he iron railings[2] simply;—I suppose it would be difficult to separate he cost of ornamentation with any definiteness from that of general make. ut I have long wished to obtain from some competent authority a rough stimate of the total sum thus withdrawn from productive labour.

[1] [This letter was first printed in *Poet-Lore,* July 1891, vol. iii. pp. 361–362; nd next in the privately issued *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John uskin to Various Correspondents,* 1892, pp. 54–57.]

[2] [The "iron railings" problem is a favourite one of Ruskin's: see Vol. XXVII. p. 35–37, 68; and the other places noted at *ibid.,* p. 36 *n.*]

These three questions are strictly only branches of the main one; th effect of the iron and coal trade on other trades or occupations.

But I permit myself one more inquiry in another direction. You poi with exultation to the various incapacities of Belgium and Russia for pr duction of iron: do you think, then, that if a little more iron existed those countries, or in the world generally, and if Belgians and Russia were less stupid than they are, the British Nation would find existenc impossible—or even greatly inconvenienced by the increased sagacity an wealth of its neighbours? And might not the sentence in the close your address concerning the dignity of those who are the least depende upon the favours of others, be advisably coupled with an assertion of th dignity of those who are least dependent on the stupidity of others?

I am, Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
J. Ruskin.

2

THE DUTIES OF LANDLORDS

[See Letter 12, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 210)]

Denmark Hill, S.E.,
9th August, 1871.

Dear Mr. Woodd,[1]—I am getting fast better, but am obliged to econ mise returning strength,[2] and Joan writes for me, which is an excuse t get still a little of the "star-light."

Some day she will tell you what need of human comfort I hav felt, and the story of my endeavours to get it—in vain. If I had n had the unfailing comfort of Joan herself, I should not even be dictatin now. Meantime, I have been more and more drawn away from my ow vexations into the plans in which I rejoice to have your sympathy, n do I doubt ultimately that you will be able one way or another to hel me in no small degree.

My chief hope is, indeed, to get the proprietors of land, on whic there is still an uncorrupted English race of peasants, to look upon thes as their greatest possession, and to bring back for good, instead of evi the organization of the Feudal System. You must wait for the forthcomin numbers of the *Fors* before you can judge of my purpose—or, at a definitely, see your way to help me. I go slowly, being resolved that nothin shall interfere with the work in Oxford, which is my immediate duty and knowing also that if I am right, the work will be taken up in du

[1] [The late Charles H. Woodd, Esq., Oughtershaw Hall, Langstroth Dal Skipton. These letters have not before been published. A letter from M Woodd is given in Letter 38, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 43–45).]

[2] [After his illness at Matlock: see Vol. XXII. p. xviii. "Joan" is Mrs. Arthu Severn.]

me by stronger hands than mine; and that if I am wrong, I shall gain nothing by hurry, except the chance of falling into grosser error.

I have often heard of the Shepherd, Lord Clifford, but have never seen a full account of him. Where can I find one? My impression from what I remember is, that his life was the very type of what I want to urge on our nobles as evermore their duty, and at this crisis the only chance they have of saving England from revolution, and themselves from contemptible ruin; but they are far lost, I know not how far redeemable.

I wish I could come to see you, but cannot at present leave my mother, who was much shaken by my illness, nor can I leave the arrangement of plans for schools at Oxford, which are now entirely under my care. You will write to me as things occur to you when you see the next pamphlet? and believe in the unfailing regard which makes your sympathy to me at once more delightful and more helpful as the years pass on.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Hand not so shaky as that from illness, but it's a hot day.

THE SHEPHERD, LORD CLIFFORD

Denmark Hill, S.E.

Dear Mr. Woodd,—Will you forgive my writing with a prettier hand, for mine's very tired just now—and here I've had your books since 9th December it seems without so much as acknowledging them. Whitaker's *Craven* is of great interest to me—in many other matters than this of the Shepherd Lord—and makes me long to come and see your Yorkshire home; but life has been with me nothing but a longing now, except that day by day I get some little bit of old plans accomplished—only they always branch in execution into so many new ones. The Shepherd Lord, however, disappoints me, for he seems to have been made a shepherd against his will, and his accusation of his son, if just in any wise, takes away one's respect for him, as having so little influence, and if unjust, as the book partly hints . . .

Did not you say that there are still vestiges of pleasant tradition in the hills about him?

I forget whether I told you that I have got a little place on Coniston Water with six acres of heather and ten of wood coming down on the house so steeply that the place is called Brantwood—"Brant" being "steep" in old Cumberland.

I will send your books back in the course of this week.

A good New Year to you.

Your affectionate,
J. Ruskin.

3

COMMON SENSE. CASH DOWN[1]

[See Letter 26, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. p. 473)]

We never enough observe that "common sense" is, at least in one-hal of it, a *virtue;* because the habit of self-command enables us constantl to perceive truths to which self-indulgence renders us blind. For instanc in my work with the street sweepers in London,[2] it became a question f how much one of them could get a pair of boots. And I found the con ditions under which the boots were to be got, were always that som intermediate person should answer for the payment to the bootmake The price of the boots was then to be paid by instalments to the inter mediate person. It was impossible to explain to my street sweeper, tha he paid sixpence extra for his boots, in commission to this intermediat person. He remained stolidly blind to that calculable fact, because he ha never in his life possessed self-command enough to save the price of hi boots before he bought them.

The want of intellectual power, definitely connected with the absenc of self-command, is not, as I am sure all of us in some time of our live have painfully felt, confined to uneducated persons. The entire systen of credit on which modern commerce is based assumes for its first principl —that the facility of payment increases by its delay! The actual result to the commercial body are a grievous loss of time and labour, throug complexity of accounts, and debate respecting them;* a still greater los of health through anxiety, and the maintenance of a certain number o rogues at the expense of honest persons. But the community remain intellectually blind to these entirely demonstrable consequences, becaus no one has the self-command to delay purchases till he has the money t make them! Without delaying you by farther instances, I will ventur to state positively that the especial power which we term "common sense," is nothing else than the method of action given by absolute moral self-command to the faculties of art, of knowledge, and of wit, granting firs that these are of a certain rank.

* I have seen my father over and over again lose the pleasant hours of hi summer evening in writing letters to explain to pertinacious customers why the couldn't have credit for nine months instead of six.

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[1] [This passage was printed as Notes 7 ("Common Sense. Cash Down") an 8 ("Wastefulness of Credit") in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 502–503.]

[2] [See Letter 48, § 3 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 204); and the Introduction to tha volume, pp. xvi.–xviii.]

4

OBSERVATION AND DESCRIPTION[1]

[See Letter 28, §§ 17, 18 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 519–520)]

ɔ that this relation of Master and Servant, in the full breadth of it, nbraces your whole existence, but we must begin study of it in various xamples, as one would analyse a small stone that we might understand ıe nature of a rock. And Sir Walter shows, and describes, every honest rm of it, as no other man ever did.

Describes, observe, because he can show; that is to say, has himself ıown in reality, and can therefore make manifest to others. No other scription is of any value, nay, is other than deadly and venomous. From ante's Paradise to Dickens' Prison every word of noble description is ritten by personal vision of the facts. Dante had seen Heaven as truly as ickens the Marshalsea. Understand at once and for ever, if you can, ıis eternal difference between good and bad work. Dante had seen Love, ıd Honour, and Learning, and Patience, and Shame in living human eatures, and the glory and happiness of the creatures in them, and can iumphantly declare that these things make the faces of God's children ine as the sun in their Father's Kingdom. And Dickens had seen Lust, ıd Fraud, and Ignorance, and Covetousness, and Insolent Shame, and all ıe other gods whom England now serves, in their nakedness, and truly rote of the conditions of their service. And Scott is the greatest of ıaginative artists in fiction,* because he is the faithfullest of observers.[2]

* I know the outcry which ordinary critics will raise against this statement. ıey can understand the Flemish art of De Balzac or Thackeray, but have no ıception of the power, scarcely a sense of the purpose, of Scott's Gainsborough-ıuch.

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[1] [This passage is printed from a sheet of MS. at Brantwood.]

[2] [For Scott's "imaginative power," see Letter 34, § 8 (Vol. XXVII. p. 630); r his faithfulness of observation, compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 42), here Ruskin says that Scott's imagination consists in the involuntary remembrance ' things actually seen.]

5

THE MEANING OF "MINE" AND "WORK"[1]

[See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521)]

But the Greeks have another word for "their own"—very different fro this "idios." That is the real power of a fine language, to have separat words for separate thoughts.

When Athena is undressing to arm herself, the *Iliad* says of he that she lets fall on the floor of Heaven "her robe, which she hersel had made, and laboured with her hands."[2]

Whatever you have thus made with your hands is yours indeed utterly and justly, and if well done, to be claimed eternally—with honour or if ill done, to be eternally answered for with shame. In the bes wrought picture which I know in Italy—that in which equality an tranquillity of right emotion have animated the workman's hand mos surely from the beginning of it to the end—the said workman has painte himself kneeling at the side of it; and an angel (one of many imagine there) points down to him, saying, "This one carried the work through. Not merely did it, but did it thoroughly,—per-fecit.[3] Perfected it What you have so done, is yours indeed, yet all men's besides; of that though truly your possession, you will find the theory of Common Propert holds in a divine way; and what is nobly done is done for all: that whic is rightly pleasing to yourself is also pleasing to all. You cannot sel it, if you would. You have given it, without selling, as the earth give her fruit.

A certain portion of the work of man must be for his bread. That i his Labour—with the sweat of his face; accomplished as a daily task and ended as a daily task, with the prayer: "Give us each day our dail bread." But another portion of Man's work is that in which, according t

[1] [The first passage is printed from a sheet of MS. at Brantwood; the secon is from a sheet, formerly in Mr. Collingwood's possession, given by him in facsimil as the frontispiece to vol. ii. of the first edition (1893) of his *Life and Work o John Ruskin*. The facsimile is here reproduced.]

[2] [Book v. 735: compare *Aratra Pentelici*, § 106 (Vol. XX. p. 269).]

[3] [For this inscription—"Iste perfecit opus"—on Fra Filippo Lippi's "Corona tion of the Virgin" at Florence, see *Ariadne Florentina*, § 189 (Vol. XXII. p. 428) Studies of the picture are in the Sheffield Museum (Vol. XXX.).]

A certain portion of the work of man must be for his bread: ~~and~~ That is his Labour; – with the sweat of his face, for accomplished as a daily task – and ended as a daily task – with the prayer – Give us each day our daily bread. But another portion of Man's work is that in which according to his separate poss. gift and strength, he carries forward the purposes of God for his Race: accepts from his Sires their ~~knowledge and~~ Art and their Mystery; adds to the temple of his Race his stone of true craftsmans cutting – bequeaths his own piece and part of the immortal of work

~~it is in Heaven~~ honestly, in our own life of today

And the toil of the hands, for the labor — is our 'labour'.

But the toil of hand and heart, honestly — for the future of life of others — is our 'Opus: — of which when well done — the angels may say: Perfecit opus' — Perfected". Did it thoroughly. and of which before his own eyes are closed — the promise is to every servant of God. 'He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied:

MS. OF AN UNPUBLISHED PASSAGE

pp. 536–537

is poor separate gift and strength, he carries forward the purposes of God or his Race; accepts from his Sires their Morality and their Art; adds o the temple his little stone of true craftsman's cutting; bequeaths his wn piece and part of the Immortal work of *this* World, and therefore of ll others, to the Future, in his own place. And the prayer for this work : "Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it." And the toil of the ands, honestly, for our own life of to-day, is our "labour."

But the toil of hand and heart, honestly, for the future life of others, our "Opus"; of which, when well done, the angels may say, "Perfecit pus"—Perfected. Did it *thoroughly*, and of which, before his eyes are losed, the promise is to every servant of God: "He shall see of the ravail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

6

THE WORTH OF A VOTE[1]

[See Letter 29, § 16 (Vol. XXVII. p. 544)]

THAT is the value I set on my own right of voting. But my correspondent is in a passion with me because I would deprive him (he thinks) of his. I never said so. He may be perhaps one of the persons to whose vote I should attach particular importance. His vote, respecting me, for instance, is that I treat politics with levity, because after separating ten of the best years of life for the study of political economy, and writing a book upon it in the most finished accuracy of terms I could contrive,[2] I now decline to teach him the science by private correspondence. Can he not vote with similar perspicacity, for somebody who is capable of treating politics with seriousness? Who on earth can hinder him, however much they wished it? May not he vote, he and his unanimous friends, for any man, woman, or child in the United Kingdom whose politics they approve; set their elect on the top of Wrekin—within telescopic view of all England and Wales—and listen to his, or her, or its oratory, from that position without any shadow of opposition from the other side of the House—and proceed also to whatever proceedings they may be thereby persuaded—without the smallest reference to me? Who am I, to stand in their way? And if the police happened to do so, why, the police have also, I suppose, a right to their votes: but may be outvoted, with a sufficient number of sticks.

My correspondent will, I hope, not allow his mind to be disturbed further on the subject of his vote. No mortal, nor any mass of mortals, can take *that* from him. But they can seriously interfere with his other properties, which, for my part, I hold even of greatly more importance than my vote. For instance, those little properties of wife and children, which the *Cornhill Magazine* says, looking from its Arable standing-point, are inadmissible for the Agricultural labourer till he is forty-five?[3] How of his rights to these. If my general readers, to whom I must now pass, though closing with regret my talk with my republican correspondent, will look back to the piece of translation from Marmontel's *Contes Moraux*,[4] they will find that the French peasant there described, says of *his* wife and children that "there is nothing else worth having but that." And I may now further confess that it was for the sake of that sentence alone that I translated the whole passage. For it is a divinely and eternally true sentence.

[1] [This passage, headed "*Fors*—May," is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. It was written to follow the note where Ruskin says, "I have never in my life voted for any candidate for Parliament."]

[2] [For the care with which *Unto this Last* was written, see Vol. XVII. p. xxv., and Letter 48, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 218).]

[3] [See Letter 28, § 19 (Vol. XXVII. p. 521).

[4] [See Letter 17, Vol. XXVII. p. 301.]

7

RUSKIN AND SCOTT[1]

[See Letter 33, § 13 (Vol. XXVII. p. 616)]

MUST speak a few words about myself, to-day, before entering on our ject. I should not venture to say anything to you of Scott, or of any er great man, unless I knew myself to be in closer sympathy with them n you can generally be yourselves; but observe, in claiming this sym- hy I do not claim the least approach to any equality of power. I had npathy with Tintoret, with Scott, with Turner, with Carlyle—as a child h its father or mother, not as friend with friend. What they feel, I, in eeble and inferior way, feel also; what they are, I can tell you, because a poor and weak way I am like them—of their race—but no match them. It has curiously happened to me also to have been educated many particulars under the same conditions as Scott, and often in the ne places. My father was a High School lad of Edinburgh; the first ture I ever saw with conscious eyes was of Edinburgh Castle; the liest patriotic delight I can remember, in my life, distinctly, is the ight of crossing the Tweed into Scotland;[2] and I was educated—to all ents and purposes—by my Puritan mother and aunt, first by thorough ining in the Bible, and secondly by being let loose into Homer and tt.

I translated half the *Monastery* into jingling rhyme when I was ten rs old,[3] and had seen before I was twelve every castle in Scotland, gland, and Wales, from Stirling to Dover, and every abbey, from Dunkeld St. Frideswide. Seen them, I say; meaning a very different thing from at you call "seeing" nowadays. On our journeys, above described,[4] her my father, or mother, or nurse Ann used to take me in the quiet mmer afternoons to play or look, as long as I chose, wherever I chose which was always by a river side, or under an abbey or castle wall. ong other inferiorities of power, one good flow in my gifts of thought been in some ways serviceable to me, like Scott's lameness.[5] I am ally destitute of invention, while I have curiously intense and long ctised habits of analysis; hence I am always happy in contemplating or plaining other people's work, and have been—it will be found here- er—a sound interpreter of the genius of others, without being able to

[1] [This passage is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Fors."]
[2] [Letter 51 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 273).]
[3] [See Vol. II. p. 260 *n.*]
[4] [See Letter 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 169, 170.]
[5] [See Letter 32 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 591, 592.]

produce anything of the slightest value of my own. But in the merel contemplative and dreamy conditions of imagination, in the feelings whic change material things into spiritual, I believe none, even of the stronge men, had much advantage of me; and whenever Scott speaks of sensatio or impression instead of invention, I know that I can understand hi better than most of his readers.

Thus much it was necessary to tell you, because henceforward I sha venture to speak of some personal experience of my own in illustration o Scott's.[1]

[1] [In this connexion, see the notes in Vol. XXVII. p. 612.]

8

NOTES ON THE LIFE OF SCOTT[1]

[See Letter 33, § 17 (Vol. XXVII. p. 621)]

. No poet ever "collects materials" for his poetry. He lives his own ife; and its casualties, good and evil, compel him into song. David lives is king's life; and the "materials" for, say, the hundredth Psalm, are ll Lands,[2] seen with kingly sight. Burns lives a ploughman's life; and loughs up his "materials," be they daisy or field-mouse,[3] with no previous earch whatever.

2. Scott wrote three great poems—the "Lay," "Marmion," and the Lady"—and two—"Rokeby" and the "Lord"—so very far from being reat, that, though written in the full noon of his intellectual powers, I an scarcely admit them to the name of being poems at all. He had iligently "gathered materials" for the two last, planned both with his est skill, worked on them under the stimulus of reputation to be kept, nd of fortune to be gained. They came to nothing, however, and he quits ie poetical trade, silenced.

3. The three great ones had been otherwise set about. When he was boy of fifteen or sixteen* he set out on his first independent ride on his wn pony to the Highlands; saw Perth for the first time, pulling rein n the Wicks of Baiglie "without meaning to do so" ("Since that hour ie recollection of that inimitable landscape has possessed the strangest ifluence over my mind and retained its place as a memorable thing, while iuch that was influential on my own fortunes has fled from my recollec-on" †), and stays that autumn with his dear old friend Stewart of Inver-ahyle, from whose life and lips he receives the "materials" of *Waverley* —not to be used yet for twenty-five years—and among whose neighbours e is taught that women may do rough country work and yet lose none f their womanly dignity.‡

* 1786 or 1787 indeterminate (Lockhart, i. 140); he himself says "not above fteen."

† Lockhart, i. 141.

‡ Lockhart, i. 142.

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[1] [These are printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Scott. Recast otes." The numbering of the paragraphs is here inserted. The notes were clearly ntended for a continuation of the sketch of the Life of Scott, which is broken ff in Letter 33.]

[2] ["Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands."]

[3] [For another reference to the poem of Burns, "To a mountain daisy, on urning one down with the plough," see Vol. XXV. p. 431.]

4. The brother-in-law of Invernahyle has some refractory tenants, and a year or two later the young "writer's apprentice" is sent—authoritative—with his party of a sergeant and six men, obtained from a regiment lying in *Stirling*, to enforce execution on these refractory persons, and "to see that the gallant sergeant does not exceed his part by committing violence or plunder." He rides in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear guard and levelled arms. The sergeant is full of stories of Rob Roy and of *himself*, and thus they ride across Teith, by Lochs Vennachar and Achray, into the Trossachs. Captain Thornton's march from the Clachan of Aberfoil[1] is not written till nearly thirty years afterwards, and the Trossachs, as far as I can find, are never seen more. In that one ride from Stirling to Benvenue, the rider, wholly unconscious of any but strictly legal objects, diversified by refreshing admiration of proceedings—not altogether legal stolen delight—sees all the glories of Roderick, Helen, and King James.

5. These "materials" and spiritual provender being laid in, not according to the laws of demand and supply, but as the wild violet sows itself, the seed sown lies buried many a day. This ride is in 1786, and is the first of many such holidays, thought of literally and only as such, while the boy plods on at the work his father desires to the day of his father's death. Thirteen years of obedience, in the strength of his youth, 1786 to 1799, of his own age fifteen to twenty-eight.[2] At eight-and-twenty his father leaves him, established, as it seems, in life. He had married the year before, and was made Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire in the autumn—an active and thorough man of business now, though with a turn for verse-making which his colleagues looked on with some disfavour.

6. The gift was of course in his true Border blood; but he had caught some further trick of song from Bürger and Monk Lewis;[3] and soon after his marriage is, as never before, elated at the honour of being asked by Lewis to dine with him at his hotel, and receives from the reverend "Monk"—whose ear for rhythm was finer even than Byron's—severe correction of his false rhymes and Scotticisms. Under such encouragement and chastisement he makes his first serious attempt in verse, "Glenfinlas." Except "Ellandonnan Castle,"[4] "Glenfinlas" is the exactly worst ballad in all the three volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*. But, though crude and callow, yet the "materials" gathered in his boy's ride into the Trossachs so many years ago, are beginning to move and curdle in the shell. The moon's radiance "quivering on Katrine's lakes" and "resting on Ben Ledi's head," "the lovely Flora of Glengyle," "Thy dame the Lady of the Flood," the watchfire, the hounds, the harp, the seer, the "huntress maid in beauty bright"—what compressed embryo, though as yet wholly

[1] [See *Rob Roy*, chaps. 29 and 30.]

[2] [In the outline of Scott's life in Letter 32, Ruskin makes this period end with 1796: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 587-588.]

[3] [Scott's first attempt in poetry was, it will be remembered, a version of *Leonore*—a spectre-ballad by Gottfried August Bürger (1748-1794). A version of the same ballad was one of the earliest exercises of another poet—D. G. Rossetti. For Scott's intercourse with M. G. Lewis, called "Monk Lewis," after the title of his romance *The Monk* (1795), see Lockhart, i. pp. 290 *seq.*]

[4] [By Colin Mackenzie of Portmore.]

nintelligible, in this first small nest-egg of song under his honeymoon ower of Lasswade!

7. He has the sense still to distrust himself—still to seek for better hings than his own. For four years more—and only in the playtime of hese, following always his sheriff's or advocate's work manfully—he collects hat Border song remains in authentic memory. Even the first two olumes of the *Border Minstrelsy* were not published till January 1802.* During these years he receives his true poetical education by hard work n the Advocates' Library on Border history, and happy gathering of the rue words of Border song by every cottage hearth of the dale and noors.

And at last, in the autumn of 1802, being now well over thirty, his ime comes.

8. The young lady of Bowhill asks of him a ballad on the Legend of Gilpin Horner.[1] He writes the opening stanzas; reads them to his friends Erskine and Cranstoun, who are not enthusiastic; he thinks no more of hem; but gets a kick of a horse on Portobello sands a few days after, nd is laid up for three days in his lodgings, during which leisure he arries on his rhyme to the end of its first canto.† It proceeds—when roceeding at all—at the rate of a canto a week, but is always getting hrown aside, though meditated on doubtless in the intervals. The four rst cantos were read to Wordsworth at Lasswade in September 1803;[2] ut again the work is dropped for another year. At last, on 1st August 804, he writes to Ellis of the "only 150 things he had to do," ‡ Ashestiel o furnish, Rosebank to sell, and among others to go into quarters with he cavalry. For then he wants a good horse, has not its price ready, and, hus pushed, finished the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,§ which was published in anuary 1805.

In the history of British poetry nothing had ever equalled the demand or the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and from the Chancellor of England and Pitt[3] downwards through all ranks, and prevailing over all prejudices, flowed he full current of its power and praise.

Scott heard it all unmoved, his mind bent on what he still held to be he better work of others, and for his own, choosing the true history of is country, be it in prose or rhyme:—

"My present employment is an edition of John Dryden's Works, which is already one to press. As for riding on Pegasus, depend upon it, I will never again cross im in a serious way, unless I should by some strange accident reside so long in he Highlands, and make myself master of their ancient manners, so as to paint hem with some degree of accuracy in a kind of *companion* to the Minstrel Lay."[4]

* Lockhart, i. 343.
† Lockhart, i. 365, 366.
‡ Lockhart, ii. 6.
§ Thus at least must be interpreted his own statement to Crabbe (Lockhart, iii. 8); but compare Messrs. Longmans' gift of "Captain" (ii. 35).

[1] [Lockhart, ii. 24.]
[2] [Lockhart i. 403.]
[3] [Lockhart, ii. 34.]
[4] [Letter to Ellis: Lockhart, ii. 51.]

9. And in the meantime—between his edition of Dryden and his Revie articles on Spenser and Froissart, Godwin's Fleetwood, Colonel Thornton' Sporting Tour, and some cookery books[1]—he writes (1805) the openin chapters of *Waverley*, and copies the MS. of "True Thomas and the Quen of Elfland" in Lincoln Cathedral.[2] He is still, however, "young, *ligh headed*, and happy";* his life at Ashestiel, entirely congenial to hin rhythmic as the sun; and his horses "Captain" and "Lieutenant," an Lord Moira's sham fights and sieges,[3] have exhilarating influences, hard t withstand. He represses, however, as it seems, the newly rising spring of song, until the disordered state of his brother's affairs "rendered i desirable for him to obtain immediate command of a sum," etc.† Where upon he enters into treaty with Constable, and is paid a thousand guinea for the unseen and unfinished MS. This is at the close of 1806. H works prudently and happily on the theme already murmuring in hi mind—the lovely epistles to his friends are dated from Ashestiel—as th months glide, and, "Oh, man, I had many a grand gallop among thes braes when I was thinking of *Marmion*."[4] The Tantallon canto is suggeste to him by Mr. Guthrie Wright during their trip to Dumfries,[5] but the fu passion does not come on him till he is in quarters again with the cavalr in the autumn of 1807:—

"In the intervals of drilling, Scott used to delight in walking his powerfu black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beatin of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and g off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back t Musselburgh he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verse that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."[6]

I wish I knew when the last stanzas of the poem were actually written (is the MS. extant? Lockhart is always inconceivably silent about th little things one most wants to know), but probably in the Christmas tim at Merton House, where "from the first days of his ballad rhyming dow to the close of his life, he usually spent that season with the immediat head of his race."§

10. The immediate sales of *Marmion*, stimulated by the popularity of it

* Introduction to *Marmion*, 1830. That to the first edition of 1808 is curiousl apologetic for a second trespass on public favour.

† Lockhart, ii. 114 *seq.*[7]

‡ By the last stanzas of the poem, I mean mainly the 25th to 32nd of the la canto. The actual close was scamped a little (bills pressing, it appears, agai See his letter to Byron[8], but he was never good at a finish.

§ Lockhart, ii. 123.

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[1] [Lockhart, ii. 52.]
[2] [Lockhart, ii. 73.]
[3] [Lockhart, ii. 46, 47.]
[4] [So he said in later years to Lockhart (ii. 117).]
[5] [Lockhart, second edition, 1839, vol. iii. p. 15 (not in the first edition).]
[6] [Mr. Skene, in Lockhart, ii. 117.]
[7] [See also the prose Introduction to *Marmion*.]
[8] [Lockhart, ii. 399.]

predecessor, were of course greater than those of the *Lay*, but the admiration it excited was less joyous, for three good reasons—the villainy of the hero, the more definitely historical and severe character of the story, and the transference of affectionate description from Melrose to Edinburgh (for all the world cares for Melrose, but only High School boys for the view from Blackford Hill). Also various snappings and scribblings of criticism—partly professional and chaotic (Jeffrey), partly pedantic (Ellis),[1] partly pious and supercilious (Wordsworth)—tried their little forces on him at first, but quieted themselves gradually for shame or in better understanding, and on the whole people felt rightly the fact and enchantment of his advancing power. Wordsworth's letter is monumental of the man—we must not lose a word of it:—

"Thank you for *Marmion*. I think that your end has been attained. That it is not the end which I should wish you to propose to yourself you will be well aware, from what you know of my notions of composition, both as to matter and manner. In the circle of my acquaintance, it seems as well liked as the *Lay*, though I have heard that in the world it is not so. Had the poem been much better than the *Lay*, it could scarcely have satisfied the public, which has too much of the monster, the moral monster, in its composition. The spring has burst out upon us all at once, and the vale is now in exquisite beauty; a gentle shower has fallen this morning, and I hear the thrush, who has built in my orchard, singing amain. How happy we should be to see you here again! Ever, my dear Scott, your sincere friend, W. W."[2]

[1] [For Jeffrey's criticism (in the *Edinburgh Review*), see Lockhart, ii. pp. 146–149; and for that of Ellis, *ibid.*, pp. 143–145.]

[2] [Lockhart, ii. pp. 142–143.]

9

STREAMS AND THEIR USE:

TRANSLATION FROM THE "LAWS OF PLATO,"[1] VI. 761

[See Letter 33, § 18 (Vol. XXVII. p. 622)]

And after they have thus made the land difficult of access to enemies they shall make it as easy as can be, in access and traverse, to friends; and to the utmost possible for men, and beasts of burden, and herds and flocks, caring for the paths of each, that they may be tame * to them, and for the waters from Heaven (that they may not do evil to the country, but on the contrary profit it, in flowing from the heights of the hills into their hollow valleys), restraining the outflowings of them, both with trench and rampart, that so the mountain dells, receiving and drinking the waters of Heaven, may give brooks and fountains to the lower places and meadows and bear to the parchedest grounds fulness of sweet waters.† And these fountain flowings, whether in the passing river, or at their well-head, shall be made beautiful with plantation and fair building.

* "Tame" [ἡμερώσεται], of a path subdued from ruggedness and dangerousness into smooth facility and safety like a rude and wild creature made kind.

† The sweetness insisted on, because in the hot grounds the least stagnant pool becomes poisonous.

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[1] [This piece of translation was published as Note 6 in the Appendix to Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 501–502.]

10

ON THE USE OF MACHINERY:

LETTERS TO A MANCHESTER MANUFACTURER[1]

[See Letter 37, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 21)]

Regarding Ruskin's refusal to allow the use of the steam-engine (Letter 37, § 9, p. 21), Mr. Joseph Brooke, a Manchester manufacturer, wrote (January 18, 1874):—

"I cannot understand you when you exclude from the forces to be employed upon your projected estate that of 'artificial power'—'Wind and Water,' you say, why not Fire? Why deny for desirable ends the use of a steam-engine, which I admit has in common with 'wind and water and animal force' frequently been used for undesirable ends?

"This exclusion of modern mechanism for useful purpose has always been strange to me. Were I to become an inhabitant of your domain I could make many things myself in my household that should not be 'clumsily' fashioned, but to be compelled to forego the use of the 'tools' which I acquired as a boy in doing so—seems to me a hardship indeed, not to say a waste of time. Is there a moral difference between a lathe worked by a traddle and one which is turned by a steam-engine? Would not your fourteenth-century Florentines have used the steam-engine if they had known it?"

To this inquiry Ruskin replied from "Corpus Christi College, Oxford" (no date):—]

My dear Sir,—Please read the 5th *Fors* carefully, May '71, especially pp. 12, 13;[2] also the note on labour near the end of last section of the *Queen of the Air*.[3]

No Florentine would have endured the sight of any smoke or blackness in his city, or near it, for half-an-hour. No art, nor any high moral culture, is possible in filth of soot.

The difference between a traddle and a steam-engine is that for the one you use your legs, and for the other you don't—and that your legs will drop off in lust or idleness if you *don't* use them.

[1] [These letters, not hitherto printed, have been placed at the disposal of the editors by Mr. Brooke.]

[2] [Of the original edition; now §§ 9, 10 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 86, 87).]

[3] [In the original editions, where the passage was reprinted from *Notes on the General Principles of Employment:* see now Vol. XVII. pp. 545–546.]

You may use *Natural* Air, Water, *or* Fire. And you must not manufac ture Air, Water, or Fire but at your peril.

Use the sun, the wind, and the rain. And, under certain limited needs you may light fire, or use a fan, or distil water. But to live by Fire i diabolical.

Truly yours,
J. R.

[The manufacturer replied as follows:—

HOLLIN HALL, BOLLINGTON, NEAR MACCLESFIELD,
January 25th, 1874.

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—It was kind of you to answer my letter.

I have read again the number of *Fors* and the passage in the *Queen of the Ai* to which you direct me.

I have felt, and feel again, the force of these, and other, sayings of yours—perhaps more deeply this time, for I have just returned from a day's journey t Doncaster and back *via* Stockport, Hyde, Penistone, Barnsley, Mexborough, etc. a line of country which involuntarily called up another of your recent sayings—"loathsome to live in"—throughout the journey, and I thought, in response to you letter, that truly such living was "diabolical."

But I wish I knew more clearly where we must draw the line—what are you "certain limited needs" under which we may "light fires"—where the human necessity ends and the devilish life begins.

Were such men as Watt, Boulton, Stephenson, Arkwright, Jacquard, Willian Lee benefactors or malefactors to their race?

I have inherited the sole charge of a large cotton-spinning business, and were I to extinguish my fire (which of course partakes of the diabolical) I must ruin myself and some thousand or so others.

I could cavil at your letter—could tell you, for example, that I cannot see why a man is better protected from lust begotten of loss of his legs because his lathe is moved by a legitimate "fall of water" which would leave them "idle" equally with the steam-engine you prohibit.

But I will not; I feel that you see clearly a living truth which we who are perforce in the "peril of fire" can but grope after.

Yearningly some of us do this, and as you write books which seem to indicate that truth (faintly perceived though it be), you cannot wonder that I should crave a clearer vision.

My question is, what is to be done?—done by *us!*

Faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ. JOSEPH BROOKE.

To this letter Ruskin rejoined:—]

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
28th Jan. '74.

DEAR MR. BROOKE,—Your letter is deeply interesting to me. It is the first I have received from any man in business, showing earnestness of thought.

There is no need for any of us to be ruined. All useful change must be slow and by progressive and visibly secure stages. The evils of centuries cannot be defied and conquered in a day.

But I am only enigmatical and obscure because I know this, and do not want people to think me expectant of everything in an hour.

I know perfectly, and with absolute clearness, what I want and mean; ıt dare not say it publicly, yet.

Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright were not malefactors,[1] but the good they ıve has been abused by malefactors, and in the present state of general orality, every good would be turned to its opposite.

But the use of the steam-engine is not in daily life—but for violent and, enerally, distant efforts.

May I, without of course name or place, print your letter, and answer it *Fors* more deliberately than I can to-day?

Ever most truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

One thing only let me say privately. Do not let us confuse the in-estigation of what should be with what we can do, or must suffer.

Let us ascertain, abstractedly, whether Interest, or manufactures, be ght. After that comes the quite separate question, what am I to do with y Bank Stock, or you with your cotton-mill?

[Mr. Brooke replied that he by no means stood alone in the attitude escribed in his previous letter:—

"Indeed it is not so. Although we cannot by any means yet mark a first isibly secure stage' of improvement, still I can testify that apprehension of chaos ıd disaster has entered the minds of some whom I meet. Within the last ten ıys I have had said to me on the Manchester Exchange, in reference to the arful anarchy of competition obtaining there: 'Sir, I fear we must admit that e all assemble here to do each other what injury we can.' . . .

"It is the startling distance between what is right and what is immediately ssible in direction of right—which you have, tenderly I feel, shown me to be parate considerations—that so much try one's fortitude."

Ruskin replied (no date):—]

My dear Sir,—I am deeply interested by your last letter. For indeed was thinking of you as almost alone. I have had no letters of the kind om any one else.

Have you read Carlyle's *Shooting Niagara,* carefully? Every sentence of is pregnant and intense.[2]

For me, I have always been misunderstood in the strangest way. People *ill* have it that I want them to be moral and *un*businesslike, whereas my ssertion always has been—you cannot be businesslike *but* by being moral.

Meet to injure each other, and you will all—be injured. Meet to help ach other, and you will all—be helped.

That is absolute common-sense in all human business. Morality alto-ether apart.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. Ruskin.

[1] [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 134.]
[2] [Ruskin refers to this piece by Carlyle in Vol. XXII. p. 173, and Vol. XXIII. . 131.]

There are three things necessary to be done in commerce to make i healthy—

A. To make things always of the best, whether cheap or dear.
B. To give and exact cash payment.
C. To let nobody live by lending money.

The manner of *approach* to these three perfections must be determine by each of us according to our means and position. Is it impossible t begin an association of merchants, more or less independent, who would a least observe *B*?

[Mr. Brooke replied:—

"I think you would be surprised if you knew how often I for one hav declared myself (to myself) willing to accept your invitation—*Fors*, May 1871 p. 22;[1] and before you wrote it I could envy a man I knew in Wales whom w caught once digging his own potatoes, with a volume of Essays open near hin —a fair sample of his life. But who is ever to restore truth and faithfulnes between Capitalists and Labourers, to stay the rush of competition in Trade an its attendant crimes, to bring back again that pride of service, much of whic *I* even have seen corrupted, and thus perhaps eventually to 'make England' face something cleaner again,' if we don't stand to our posts? God knows I don't feel any special mission for the task—none less; but I think if I were t shirk my share of it, I could never feel that He had given me the case.

"A friend of mine,* wealthy and highly gifted, has deliberately educated his son with the injunction that they shall follow him in this work. He gives his life t it, and is at this time planning a new scheme whereby the interests of the Work people shall be from the first legally involved in those of their Employers in a new 'Concern' which he is establishing *for the purpose of trying the experiment.* I know that the idea of profit-accruing to himself does not enter his calculation further than is necessary to establish the success of his scheme and recommend it adoption to others. He has read *Munera Pulveris*, and I want, Sir, to modify your assertion that 'people *will* have it that you want them to be moral and unbusinesslike'—it may be true, probably is, of many, but other some think and feel differently about you. Surely you don't gauge public opinion of your utterances by the criticisms of the Daily Press, blatant pest that it has become!

"Your second precept for rendering commerce healthy—'To give and exact cash payments'—is in my business practised as nearly as is possible—the terms of the Trade being for purchase of cotton cash in ten days and for purchase of produce from cotton cash in fourteen days. These terms are rigid, and we know no 'paper' except bank-notes.

"But your first and third precepts—'To make things always of the best, whether cheap or dear' and 'To let nobody live by Interest'—are hopeless indeed. How can we obey the first when often *the demand* is for poor quality (though I hope that's mending), and when our values are for ever interfered with by speculation totally unlawful?"

* The Chairman of the Associated Employers of Labour.

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[1] [See now Vol. XXVII. pp. 96–97.]

Ruskin replied (no date):—]

Dear Mr. Brooke,—*Please* glance over these rough pages[1] written for e May *Fors;* and I'm sorry to send you such a scrawl, but can't write tter now, in average work. If you will further criticize and question, I ink we shall make it a useful number, between us. . . .

Ever gratefully yours,
J. R.

[Mr. Brooke continued the correspondence, and Ruskin replied, sending some more bits of *Fors,* Letter 44:—]

Corpus Christi College, Oxford,
15*th Feb.*

Dear Mr. Brooke,—I'm very sorry you're ill. Here are two bits you ght to have—but the continuation has gone on continuing into too uch to send. Tell me first what you feel about what you have—if you n read it.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.

[In reply to a further letter from Mr. Brooke, Ruskin wrote:—]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
25*th Feb.*

Dear Mr. Brooke,—Thanks for all your letters. I fear you were a tle hurt by the manner of mine, but I am obliged to think of you as presenting your class—not as yourself. I did not reply to your last cause you said you were unwell. There is no haste; I have plenty in nd. When you are ready to go on we must be very steady in keeping one point at a time. . . .

Nor is it a question whether *you* are making a bad article or not, but hether you are co-operating in their make. You don't forge notes; you ly supply the forgers with *good* paper, which, luckily for you, they ant *thin.* (That is the gist of your last letter, you know.)

But all these personal questions are irrelevant until the general points d laws are *fixed.** When you are ready to go on, we will, if you please, egin with your admission (is it not?) that machinery does not enable us

* Thus in your last note you say, "Don't stop building dwellings for the poor; s long as the bank will give you interest, *that* is a benefit at any rate." Now, ppose the bank were a brothel on a vast scale, would you say the same of its rofits? That I ought to go on building for the poor out of them? You must *rst* determine what the bank *is.* *Then,* what I am to do.

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[1] [The "rough pages" were for the most part printed in *Fors,* Letter 44, §§ 8, , 13 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 132–134, 137–138). For an additional passage, now printed om the MS., see the note in Vol. XXVIII. p. 132.]

to produce more food, but only to buy it of others. Which you think w have, or may have, a "call" to do.

This is quite a new element in the debate, and we must clear it up

Are we to debate on the ground of Christianity? or of science only. do not care which, but let me know which, and let us keep to it.

Ever truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

Parcel of MS. received all right. This is a private letter altogethe meant only to clear the way.[1]

[1] [Here on Ruskin's side the correspondence ceased. He went abroad in Marc (see Vol. XXIII. p. xxx.).]

11

THE DEFINITION OF MONEY:

LETTERS TO THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE[1]

[See Letter 44, § 11 *n.* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 134)]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 18th, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—You call me "Master" in private. I know ou dare not confess me for one in public; but do you know accurately and oroughly *why* you dare not?

In your article[2] on *Money* you quote an entirely common and valueless it of me, but you repeat deliberately the lie which I have been twenty ears fighting against, with my entire heart and soul. You have much ore than the power of mind necessary to understand the nature of that ie. What is it that makes you shrink from using the mind God gave you, this one direction? The Lie is, apparently, a very innocuous one— Money is a Medium of Exchange."

You might find it out to be a lie merely by defining its words. Ask st *what is* a Medium? Having defined that, ask farther, when you give penny for a loaf, *where* is the *Medium?* *You* have a penny; somebody lse has a loaf; you exchange the penny for the loaf. But where's the *Iedium?* But you might find it out to be a lie by substituting the false efinition in the most important passage in which the word Money is used all human literature.

"The love of Money is the root of all Evil."[3] Try it with: "The love f a Medium of Exchange is the root of all evil." Will it still be true? s it still "Word of God," in evangelical sense? Is it still word of a wise

[1] [The letters in this section of the Appendix are here reprinted from *Letters rom John Ruskin to Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A.*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, rivately issued 1895, vol. i. pp. 21–41.]

[2] [The reference is to "Lesson XLIV.: Money" in *Household Science: Readings Necessary Knowledge for Girls and Young Women*, edited by the Rev. J. P. aunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands College, 1881. The Lesson begins (p. 391) ith the statement "Money is the medium of exchange." The "entirely common nd valueless bit" of Ruskin (quoted on p. 397) is from *Time and Tide*, § 18 Vol. XVII. p. 334): "whether a shilling a day be good pay or not, depends holly on what a 'shilling's worth' is," etc.]

[3] [1 Timothy vi. 10.]

man, in human and common sense? Now *you* have assuredly common sense enough, and divine spirit enough, to understand the difference between this Lie-definition and the true one. "Money is an order for goods." And you can see that though the Bible sentence will not read so musically it will read as truly, and with much *more* meaning, when you substitute *this* definition: "The love of Orders for Goods is the root of all Evil." That is to say, the love of Power, to begin with, and of Consumption, to end with. The endeavour to get the *grasp* of Goods, instead of to *produce* them, and to get the privilege of devouring them, instead of the faculty of *creating* them.

You can see, also, that when you define the terms farther this true definition becomes a hundred-fold more precious. For you have to define the word "Goods," and to distinguish "Goods" from "Evils," which to do is of all the work proposed in any Training College the precisely Primary. I am going to print this letter in next *Fors*; and probably also for separate circulation.[1] But will you first give me an answer to be printed with it? And be assured that I should not have written it unless, first, I had trusted much in your friendship, your courage, and your sincerity; and, secondly, so much admired both the substance and arrangement of this volume of yours on Household Science, as to hope with all my heart that it may become oracular in every English and un-English Household, alike to those that are far off, and to them that are nigh.[2]

Ever yours respectfully and affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

The Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M.A.

Postscript.—Note to be put to the question, "Where is the Medium," when the letter is published.

You would probably at first answer, "It is not a penny, but my knowledge, that I *really* exchange with the baker for bread, and the penny is the 'Medium' of *that* exchange!"

But, if the Baker wanted your knowledge, you would not need the penny, *nor he take it*. He would give you the loaf for the Latin lesson at once. That exchange needs no "Medium," and can have none. The exchange of English coals for American meat indeed needs the "Medium" of a ship, but not of money. If there were none in the world the exchange would still take place, as it does now, and a tally of notches on the masts would express every condition of debt and credit. And you will find, in every other conceivable instance, that money is not a "Medium of Exchange," but an "Order for Goods"; and that, therefore, its reality as Money depends on there *being* Goods to Order,—which your vulgar economist, and your England taught by him, never considers it his or her business to ascertain! And the essential difference between having a thousand pounds in your pocket-book, or only a penny in your purse, is not that you can become a Mediator of your Exchanges, but that you *can* become a consumer of more goods.

[1] [This intention, however, was not carried out.]
[2] [Ephesians ii. 17.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE
(*December*, 1880).

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—You would see that my letter was written
astily, in the first passion of sorrow at finding you still in that net of
e Fowler, and amid noisome pestilence.[1] My secretary sent it off before
had revised either it or your article, and I must throw it into com-
eter form. But the first appeal of it, the main thing, is the question,
hy you do not examine into the truth of this mighty thing, this *accurate*
nemy of God?

Your whole article is a series of confusions between Coin, Money, and
oods, not worth separate notice, but leading to such terrific generaliza-
ons, as "if everybody agreed to take tin, tin would do as well," etc.,
c., and "the use of money is to *buy* what we want," as if it could not
used to *produce* it also; as if it could not be *abused*, in that fatallest
all ways, for reproducing itself! Not but that, for your simple readers,
e immediate purchase is of course the thing to be lectured on first, but
w of saving? how of living? The postscript, scribbled yesterday, then
pied that you might see it clearer, I send to-day, copy and manuscript
aft, in case you like to keep the letter by itself! There are all sorts
verbal niceties requiring to be dealt with in your definitions. "Means,"
English, has entirely ceased, like "moyen," to translate "medium."
at word is properly used in science (and in Spiritualism?), but in your
ticle it stands for "instrument," method of, way of, a totally different
ing. Again, "Money is the measure of value"; consider what equivoca-
n is in that sentence. It is the *denomination* of value, but not the
ans, instrumentum of measurement. A pint *pot does* measure bulk of
uids, a foot *rule* bulk of solids, and a pound weight the weight of
th. But the thing that you say Money is the measure of, *Value?*
hat *is* that itself? You *mean* that *Money* measures *Money* price—*i.e.*, is
e denominator of it. But, what is it that money price measures?

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 23rd, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am deeply grateful for your kind letter. It,
th others equally kind, but not a thousandth part as important, must
only thanked to-day, for Christmas brings more duties than I am able
r, and I have only read yet the beginning and end of yours.

But at once let me pray you to reconsider your first sentence, "The
sence of a lie is its intention." The essence of *being a liar* is intention;
e essence of a Lie is—its own falsehood. If you affectionately tell a
ild that hemlock is good for him, the memory of your intentions may
ake your regret light, but not the earth on his coffin. I criticise your
ok for your *readers*, not for *you*. And I used the ugly word "lie" as
e equivalent of a Falsehood—first, because it is shorter and plainer;

[1] [Psalms xci. 3.]

secondly, because (not by you, but by those whose teaching you hav followed) the Falsehood *is* intended, deliberate, continual, and in its wor Deadly, more than the black plague.

I can say no more to-day, but am ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
December 24th, 1880.

Dear Mr. Faunthorpe,—I wish you a Happy Christmas. But so I d to the robins, and the wrens. *You* cannot but have a Thoughtful Christmas *if* a happy one, being a Messenger of Christ. And are you not also by vo a priest of the Most High God? And are you not trusted with the trainin of the trainers of Christ's little ones in the way they should go—govern-esse to whom, more than to their mothers, England now trusts her girl-souls the mothers, being mostly incompetent, and having wings only like butter flies, not hens.

Governesses, or Schoolmistresses, or teachers in schools of this or tha useful thing, whatever they are to be, in whatever rank, over whatever rank what a mighty power this is given to you! I do not know, clearly, how wid it is, or how deep. For the lowlier it is, the deeper it is, and the more neces sary it should be true and pure in its teaching. The Mistress may learn a any time of her life, but the Servant must at the village school, if ever.

To *you*, therefore, if to any ordained man in all this England, come straight and close home St. Paul's charge:[1] "*Thou*, O Man of God, fle these things, and follow after righteousness. I give thee charge in th sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ, who before Pilat bore the good confession, *thou* who before many witnesses hast confesse the good confession, that thou keep the commandment spotless, unrebukable until the Epiphany of our Lord." Flee *these* things! What things? Kee *the* Commandment! What Commandment? Will you look, and tell me What things? What Commandment? and if you are minded to obey it or to dispute it?

Ever your loving friend,

John Ruskin.

P.S.—Perhaps this letter may begin a quieter and more accuratel arranged examination of the matter at issue between us, than my firs hastily written appeal to you. And, for the first step in the scientific par of it, will you tell me why, if money be a Medium of Exchange, and n more than that, we may not all of us have all we want of it, and equal us of it. Why should not the government issue any quantity; and why shoul a miser be looked on as unkind, if the thing he pleases himself in hoardin can be supplied for the asking to everybody else? Why should any sou of us be poor, if the issuing of bank-notes by the ton would make us rich Can a Medium of Exchange in your pocket be rendered useless by puttin more of it in mine?

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 11–14. Ruskin's translation differs somewhat from the Author ised Version.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
December 31*st*, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—The Camellias are here, and I thank Mrs. unthorpe for sending them.

But I have written to you in weariness and painfulness, and I must have swer to the three quite definite questions in my last letter before I speak any of the matters entered upon in your non-answer of two days ago. u cannot possibly begin the year with any work more pertinent, or more perative. Very earnestly I wish you health, and power, and peace in days. And am,

Your faithful friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, M.A.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 2*nd*, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am most truly grateful for your loving and d letter. A good deal of what is worst in the bottom of me, and saddest the midst, had been stirred up by the implication in your former letter that vas likely to engage you in oppositions of science, falsely so called;[1] and by e reading of the *Whitelands Annual*, which I will not speak of to-day, but ly ask you to add to your present compliance with me the careful read- of paragraphs 120 to 137 in the old copy of the *Queen of the Air*,[2] which rhaps you may like to keep, only you must make some of the girls copy e corrections on a copy[3] I will send for that operation; and please let em also copy the enclosed note[4] into it, and into their own, which I will d also if they haven't one.

I have sent a book[5] to Whitelands, which, if they could study every word (I doubt not their willingness) would be an education better than any ing queen's.

Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

[1] [1 Timothy vi. 20.]

[2] [For §§ 120–127 (in part), see Vol. XIX. pp. 400–406. The rest of § 127, 128–132 (in part), and § 134 (in part) in the original edition were reprinted from *Notes on the General Principles of Employment:* see Vol. XVII. pp. 541–546. r the rest of § 132, § 133, and the rest of § 134, see Vol. XIX. pp. 406–408. 135–137 in the original edition were reprinted from *Cestus of Aglaia:* see Vol. X. pp. 72–76.]

[3] [These corrections were made by Ruskin on a copy of the first (1869) edition the *Queen of the Air*. They were, however, but trivial, and were made use of Mr. Faunthorpe when preparing the fourth (1883) edition of the work, which edited for Ruskin. See Vol. XIX. pp. lxxi., 285.]

[4] [The "Note" referred to follows this letter, below, p. 558.]

[5] [The edition of 1710 (with glossary) of *Virgil's Æneid, translated into Scottish rse by Professor Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld.* See references to it in tters 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 500), and 92 (above, p. 455).]

[The following is the "Note" referred to in the preceding letter. It is to b observed that the Note is headed "Denmark Hill," although the letter itself addressed from Brantwood. Doubtless it was an old note, written in London a some earlier date, and now for the first time made use of.]

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

Real value, as opposed to mere price in market, which is the receive value among buyers and sellers of it under particular circumstances.

The conditions of real money-value may be best understood by supposin the represented property first infinitely large, and then infinitely small.

Imagine a territory so richly productive as to require no labour. Ever kind of necessary or pleasant food, fruit or flower, laid up in store or gather able on the instant, and only a few inhabitants on it unable to consume th thousandth part of its abundance. No one would have to pay for anythin but the trouble of carriage, and for an incommensurably small sum migh possess whatever he chose—the value of money being thus infinitely large, an passing through that infinity into nothing.

Suppose, on the contrary, the food consumed by pestilence, gradually t the last grain of corn; the inhabitants would gradually pay more and mor for a little food, their whole fortune at last for a handful of corn, and th value of money thus becoming infinitely small, would pass on this side als as the last food was consumed, into zero.

Between these two zeros, the uselessness which signifies that everythin may be got *without* money, and the uselessness which signifies that nothin can be got *with* it, the real value of money oscillates according to the actuall attainable quantity of goods, and the market value of money according to th caprices and panics of commercial minds.

12

DISCRIMINATION IN ART TEACHING[1]

[See Letter 57, § 7 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 407)]

HE first need is to be assured that there is a bad and good in art and literature, and that some people know the one from the other.

If once we are assured of that, we are able to deal with the second uestion—Shall we let everybody, young people or uneducated people, ok at and read what they like, and so find out what is good for themlves? or shall we give them only good art—only good literature—and rbid them bad art and bad literature?

Forbid; but how can you, says John Milton, wisest of the Liberty men. et us hear him first, nevertheless, on this point of absolute goodness:[2]—

"I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonealth, to have a vigilant eye how Bookes demeane themselves as well as men; and ereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: or Books are not absolutely dead things, but doe contain a potencie of life in em to be as active as that foule was whose progeny they are; nay they do prerve as in a violl the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that ed them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those bulous Dragons teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up med men. And yet on the other hand unlesse warinesse be us'd, as good almost ll a Man as kill a good Book; who kills a Man kills a reasonable creature, Gods nage; but hee who destroyes a good Booke, kills reason it selfe, kills the Image God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the Earth; but a od Booke is the pretious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof erhaps there is no great losse; and revolutions of ages doe not oft recover the sse of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole Nations fare the worse. We ould be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of ublick men, how we spill that season'd life of man preserv'd and stor'd up in ooks; since we see a kinde of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a artyrdome, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kinde of massacre, whereof e execution ends not in the slaying of an elementall life, but strikes at that hereall and first essence, the breath of reason it selfe, slaies an immortality rather an a life."*

* It seems to me that in this passage there must be some gap; to make it clear asoning it ought to have "not only" inserted here after "therefore," and "but uch more" after "public men" in the next line.

[1] [This passage is printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood, headed "Fors."]

[2] [The passage is not given in the MS., but Ruskin obviously refers to *reopagitica* (p. 35 in Arber's Reprint) as here given.]

Now, in this passage you may read "picture" or "work of art" for book, with entirely the same force in the passage.

Which, so generalized, is literally and entirely true. And the Essay which I have printed, to take the lead among all that I have ever myself said which seems to me deserving not to die,[1] is the amplification of this; of which if you will now read §§ 32, 38, and 41[2]—the latter in connection with our recent studies in *Fors* from Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard[3]—you will be better prepared for what I have to say next, namely, that you cannot, then, at present, teach the British public anything but evil, by putting means of information indiscriminately within their reach.

The Crystal Palace proposes to do this. You have there casts of the best Greek statues, made entirely accessible to the British public, but at the same time the Soho Bazaar and the Surrey Pantomime in the central aisle.[4] And the only word I have ever heard spoken by the British public concerning the Greek statues was an indecent jest by a drunken sailor; while the decent and undrunk portion of the British public entirely abjures that region of plaster anatomy, delights itself with its own dress and chattery under the monster organ, and makes the lovely Temple of Minerva at Ægina serve as a vestibule to the Ladies' Cloak-room.

At Kensington matters are still worse. For there fragments of really true and precious art are buried and polluted amidst a mass of loathsome modern mechanisms, fineries, and fatuity, and have the souls trodden out of them, and the lustre polluted on them, till they are but as a few sullied pearls in a troughful of rotten pease, at which the foul English public snout grunts in an amazed manner, finding them wholly flavourless.[5] Now, therefore, the first thing we need in England is an accessible museum, however small, containing only good art, and chiefly of a quality which the British public can understand, or may in time come to understand, and which therefore will be in some degree attractive to it.

Good water-colour drawings, for instance, are pleasant to everybody. Not so pleasant as bad ones to the general mob; but never offensive, and in time attractive. Such a drawing, for instance, as that I named[6] of Mrs. Allingham's, in the water-colours of this year, could not fail to teach rightly, when it taught at all.

But even the best Greek vases must always be entirely unintelligible and useless to the British public, and need never be put in a museum * intended for them.

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

* *Cf.* p. 5 of Letter 23 [§ 5 (Vol. XXVII. p. 398)].

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[1] [*Sesame and Lilies* was reissued in 1871 as the first volume in a collected Works" series of Ruskin's books: see Vol. XVIII. pp. lix., 9.]

[2] [Vol. XVIII. pp. 84–86, 96–99.]

[3] [See Letters 52 and 56 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 298, 393).]

[4] [For the casts, see Vol. XX. p. 237; for the pantomime, Vol. XIX. pp. 216–218.]

[5] [For a similar reference to the South Kensington "labyrinth," see (in a later volume of this edition) the letter of March 20, 1880, on *A Museum or Picture Gallery*.]

[6] [In *Academy Notes* for 1875: see Vol. XIV. p. 264.]

13

LAWS FOR THE WINE TRADE[1]

[See Letter 58, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 429)]

Now, therefore, to begin one little piece of construction work, and as far s possible conclude it, let me state the main clauses of St. George's laws oncerning wine.

The disorder of life and degradation of temper which attend the growth f the vine in many districts of Europe result either from the cupidity of he masters (reducing the vineyard labourers to serfdom), or the ignorance f the peasant and his consumption of the precious yearly fruit of his round in his own careless thirst. Of all material tests of high civilization one can be more simple than the storing of corn and wine. You cannot ave the highest civilization but in districts producing both, and that both hould be rightly cultivated and distributed will always signify a nearly erfect condition of the commonwealth.

By prudent industry the corn and wine district of the temperate zone ay be greatly extended beyond its present limits. But within their ttainable limits no ground should ever be allowed by the Government to e put under vine but that which has good exposure and fitting soil. The orthern and eastern slopes of hills, so often put under vine by the proietors in districts of reputation for wine, must be authoritatively reduced lower produce, and no grapes grown but such as will give wine that ill keep.

The most accurate and scrupulous skill being spent on these, and the reparation of the wines conducted under Government inspection preventg, by quite crushing penalties, all adulteration and imposture, the wines re to be finally sealed with the Government seal in bottles of accurate nd equal measure in all Christian countries, admitting of course division f such measure according to the preciousness of the wine; and the storeouses on each estate are to be proportioned in size to the time which e wine requires to be matured in, so that, supposing it is at its best at e end of ten years, the storehouses must hold the produce of ten vinges, and as the new year's wine is put in wood at one end of them, the n years' old wine taken out for sale at the other, the sale of the newer ine being permitted if the consumer ask for it, but not at a lower price, that there may be no temptation to any one to drink, or give immature

[1] [Printed from a MS., with no heading, at Brantwood.]

wine because it is cheaper. The measure of wine therefore from the inspected stores will always be of the same known and unquestione money value, inevitable and minor variations in flavour being noticed on for the better pleasing, in courtesy, of individual taste, but not permitte to affect price, and the wines of entirely rare quality retained by Gover ment for gifts of honour or use in medicine.

I have no occasion to say more than this on the subject of win growth in the text of *Fors;* but I will admit into its correspondence ar useful letters of suggestion or statement from wine-growers. Of letters objection I shall take no notice because no rational objection *can* be mac to this system except on grounds of selfish interest which I refuse recognize.

14

ECONOMY: GOD'S AND THE DEVIL'S

[See Letter 58, § 12 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 429)]

Devil's, and Fool's Political Economy.	God's, and His Servant's Economy.
1. That good things are only good, if they can be turned into money.	1. That money is only good, if can be turned into good things.
2. That all human prosperity must be founded on the vices of human nature, because these are the essential powers of human nature, and its virtues are accidental and impotent.	2. That all human prosperity mus be founded on the virtues of huma nature, because these are the essentia powers of human nature, and its vice are accidental and impotent.
3. That every man is bound to form, and at liberty to follow, his own opinion on all matters concerning him.	3. That every man is bound to know and under orders to follow, God' opinion, on all matters concernin him.
4. That there is no Devil, no Life, and no God.	4 (*indivisible*). That there is a Eternal God, an Eternal Life, and a Eternal Death.

[This section of the Appendix was printed as Note 5 in Mr. Faunthorpe' *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* p. 301.]

15

THE EIGHTEENTH PSALM[1]

[See Letters 61 and 64]

'HEREFORE she is the teacher, and shelter of Israel; a hard taskmaster, et needful, serviceable. "Out of Egypt have I called my son;"[2] yes, ut the Son was first sent there.

There is continual debate among learned men nowadays whether the rt of Greece came from Egypt or Tyre. But they debate without themelves knowing what *could* be got from either of them, and in the meantime he Turks have hindered Count de Cesnola from going on with his diggings n Cyprus, where the marbles are the key to everything. The noble collecion of them which, made out of the temple at Golgos three years ago, he ffered for an old song to the British Museum,[3] and which its authorities my own impression is, through pure and mere jealousy) offered him an older ong for, and let it be bought over their heads by New York, where doubtess the enlightened public will soon break it all up for soft building aterials, contained the entire evidence needed respecting what was western nd southern in Greek art. Unquestionably, however, one elementary ranch of the arts—letters and the art of writing them—did come from the eed country. Egypt is not only the great Engraver on stone, but the reat Scribe on Papyrus. And the Ark which her princess found, itself of eed, among the paper reeds by the brooks, is the first origin and type of ll noble Library.

Whereupon we may proceed to our writing lesson—progress in which is r the most part dependent on your obeying the general order, never to rite anything but what you sincerely suppose needs to be written, and ill be good, if written, for yourself in future and for others at present. nd plant that written word thoroughly and accurately, as you would lant potatoes or vines or anything else meant to grow, in true lines and ith due pains, and no hurry. The words which you copied for a first esson were Greek for, "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength," the eginning of the 18th Psalm.

[1] [This passage is printed from MS. sheets at Brantwood, headed "New Copy." t was clearly intended to follow Letter 61, for it takes up the writing exercise, ere set (Vol. XXVIII. p. 494); but it also connects with what is said of Egypt n Letter 64 (*ibid.*, p. 563).]

[2] [Matthew ii. 15.]

[3] [For another allusion to this collection and its refusal by the British Museum, ee Vol. XXV. p. 161.]

Now I only myself understand the beginning and end of that Psalm, and have not the slightest notion what all the middle of it means. It is very fine, no doubt, if we take it as a description of a storm; and I have before now expatiated on it as such, in *Modern Painters*,[1] but I don't see what clouds, or hail or lightning, have to do with the rest of the Psalm; it having certainly been by none of them that God had discomfited Saul; and neither had David himself anywise rejoiced over that discomfiture. I leave therefore the ten verses of the mid-Psalm as absolutely enigmatic and useless, for the present, but from the first to the seventh and from the seventeenth to end, commend them to your attention, as in all literalness what according to your truth and usefulness you will be able one day to say for yourself.

And of the first six verses, I will at once translate from Vulgate and Septuagint more accurately for you:—

"I will love thee, O Lord, my Fortitude.

"The Lord is my Firmament, and my refuge, and my Deliverer. My God is my helper, and I will hope in Him; He is the Holder of Shield above me,[2] and the horn of my safety, and the taker up of my battle. Praising, I will call on the Lord."

Now, you see I have written Fortitude instead of strength. Not because it is a longer or more handsome word, but a quite different word. Any impious lout may be strong. But only a man who loves God and has obeyed His law can have Fortitude.

Also, you see I have written Firmament instead of rock. That makes a considerable difference. For in the first chapter of Genesis you have the word puzzling you as if it never occurred anywhere else; and it is entirely proper for you to know that the word *does* occur again here, and has nothing to do with the word used of the Rock which Moses struck, or with St. Peter.

"Then the Heavens are telling the Glory of God,
And the Firmament shows His *Doing*."[3]

Now, what Firmament have you got to show for yourselves? Can you make so much as a brick? You are poor weak things. Grasshoppers.

Yes, and you hope to hop to heaven, do you, and whistle and eat yourselves into eternal life and the Glory of God?

[1] [In the chapter on "The Firmament": see Vol. VI. pp. 109, 110.]

[2] [*Adjutor* in the Vulgate; ὑπερασπιστής in the LXX.]

[3] [Psalms xix. 1: compare the title, *Cœli Enarrant*, given to one of Ruskin's sets of reprints from *Modern Painters* (Vol. III. p. lxiii.).]

16

"THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY":

LETTERS TO MR. FREDERIC HARRISON[1]

[See Letter 66 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 618)]

THE absurdity of the sentence as it stands (with "whole" italicised too) I leave to your own comments after reflection and repentance.[2] But I must definitely show you the inconsistency of what you meant by it, with the "religion you so ardently advocate." You say, in your account of your birth to the light of it (p. 863[3]) that "somehow you found yourself thinking that a religious life meant conscious devotion to human welfare." (In other words, you did not at that time know so much as the proper scholarly use of the words religion and philanthropy.) At page 869 you say: "Our religion means the devotion of our life to the supreme Master of our life." Curious to know who this may be, I wade through four more pages of gossip, to the statement (p. 874) that the word Humanity centres our reverence in that which is itself homogeneous—"a real unity, which is also moral, sympathetic, and benevolent."

Now, my dear friend, I doubt not that the word Humanity does all this and more for you; but when you come to know something of that whole of life which you suppose so summarily comprehensible, you will find that it can do nothing of the sort for other people. Some thirty years ago, in my first work for Turner, I had with sorrow to myself to expose the good old chevalier Bunsen's illogical Trinity of God, Man, and Humanity, and did so by requesting him to consider instead the Trinity of Man, Dog, and Canineness.[4] Using now, as I always find it best to do, an English word for the Latin, and calling this Trinity the Trinity of Man, Dog, and Dogity, suppose I was to be told by some of my lady friends whose religion is Lap-dogity, that the word Lap-dogity centred their reverence in that which was itself homogeneous, a real Unity which was also moral, sympathetic, and benevolent: would you not instantly feel it necessary to observe to them, that the reverend, moral, sympathetic and benevolent homogenesis of lap-dogity was absolutely dependent on the much more reverend,

[1] [This passage, printed from unheaded sheets of MS. at Brantwood, clearly formed part of the first draft of the reply to Mr. Harrison in Letter 66.]

[2] [For the reference here, see note on page 568, below.]

[3] [The page is that of vol. 27 of the *Contemporary Review*, containing Mr. Harrison's article on "Humanity" (see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 614, 619 *nn.*).]

[4] [See Appendix II. to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. V. pp. 424–425).]

moral, sympathetic, and benevolent homogenesis of ladyhood, and that if tl lady were nothing without a lap-dog to adore, the lap-dog would also l nothing without a lady to adore him. Now the question which is vital f the Dog's reverence, namely, that he should have a mistress, is also vital the man's, that he should have a master.[1]

[The published correspondence between Ruskin and Mr. Harrison w. accompanied by private letters. Several of Ruskin's, placed at the dispos of the editors by Mr. Harrison, are subjoined.]

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
1st June, '76.

My dear Harrison,—I did not think *Fors* would have kept its time th month, or should before have told you that I had written a letter to you the course of it,[2] which I trust you will not think done in unkindly feelin but which nevertheless expresses some condition of antagonism between us a way which I thought necessary, for many reasons, too long to enter int If you care to make any answer, and the questions put are entirely serious c my part, you shall of course have open pages, and if I think the answ forcible and interesting, full type print. But probably some private corr spondence may prepare the way best for what is to be public on either sid Only, in every case, believe me,

Most truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
8th June, 1876.

My dear Harrison,—I was *very* glad of your kind letter from the shor of Solent, and I trust you will find nothing in the paper, after you have tin to read it, to make you at all waver in your trust in its being done in goo feeling. There is one somewhat insolent expression about your not knowin good traceries,[3] which may seem gratuitous, or ill founded (for this yo very letter about Salisbury, Romsey, and the rest, means true interest architecture). But if you ever took up the subject, or any other branc of great art, so as to *know* thoroughly the difference between the design of Salisbury and Mr. Scott, or between Titian and Mr. Leighton,[4] yo constant sense of the degradation of the existing human intellect wou

[1] [Compare Letter 69, § 16 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 701).]
[2] [Letter 66, §§ 9–15 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 618–625).]
[3] [Letter 66, § 11 (*ibid.*, p. 620).]
[4] [Mr. Harrison had doubtless made some reference to Leighton's fresco (1866) "The Wise and Foolish Virgins" in the church at Lyndhurst.]

become so horrible to you that you could not think of any general conditions of development, but only of the immediate causes of the intellectual ruin.

But besides this, the unconsciousness in your paper of the misery of the persons who used to believe truly in a personal Deity, and now cannot find him any more, and you therefore resting satisfied in such a system as that which your paper metaphorically supports as an equivalent for Religion, is the real reason of my attacking the paper. And some day I shall go on to that, but was not up to it in this *Fors*. The usury questions[1] are of course most earnest, pressing, and practical.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
19*th June*.

My dear Harrison,—I wish I had time to answer your kind and tender private letter, but it is impossible. The public one[2] I fear must be answered somewhat haughtily, but there is no time to ask you to reconsider it; only, please tell me if you object to the insertion of letters of reference to the paragraphs that have to be commented on (as always in *Fors* correspondence). If so, I must put them at the side, bringing the letter into narrower column of type.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

My dear Harrison,—I am very deeply touched by your to-day's letter, and am, in consequence of it, going to pray you to permit me to withhold the one intended for publication till you have reconsidered it, and until we each understand the other better. *I* had no conception of your depth of feeling; you have none of my modes of using language, nor, therefore, of the extreme difficulty of our conversing at all; we are simply fighting at present about the black and white shield.

I can say no more to-day—but this only, that I *cannot* understand now, with the feeling of regard to me that you have always shown—and the far more flattering estimate of me than I thought you had formed, which you now express—you never either wrote to me as a friend, or attacked me as a foe, for those sayings which you think so deadly and blasphemous in *Fors*. If I had ever been taught anything true and of much value to me by a man whom I regarded as a friend, I should have been earnest to plead with him against what I felt to be any horrible error in his public work.

Why have you let me go on, and never either supported me, in my war with the iniquity of England, or corrected me, in my own?

[1] [See Letter 66, § 14 (p. 624).]
[2] [Printed in Letter 67, § 24 (pp. 662–663). Ruskin's answer followed, pp. 663–664.]

I am stupid and tired to-day. I have a thousand things to say, of which the first is—forgive me for not publishing your public letter, and have patience with me. The second is, that with such earnestness as I find yours to be, and know my own to be, it *must* be possible for the one of us who is wrong to be shown that he is so by the other. And we *can't* be both right.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
3rd July.

DEAR HARRISON,—I was obliged to publish your letter after all, for I wanted the usury bit;[1] and besides—there was some nice little game in it otherwise useful. You will perhaps get to understand me a little better, some day.

Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—You won't be able to stop at this point of the talk—I did not put you into *Fors* to let you go so easily. You will have to answer for your creed, or else let it be what you call "reviled,"[2] to an extent which, all I can say is, I wouldn't stand if I were you; but then I'm not you. You know I have not touched on what you call your religion yet. And I am going to attack you, not at all for what you believe, but for mere impertinence and falseness of language—for bad *writing*, in short—which I abhor as I do bad painting; and do verily, whether you think it or not, know something about the causes and kinds of. When, for instance, you talk of a man's being acquainted with the whole of life and thought[3] (when no living being yet ever knew so much as his own life and thought, let alone his wife's, or his dog's, though with him always), I don't dispute or debate about the saying, as *you mean* it, but I attack you for saying what you don't mean, and never could for a moment have meant. So also I shall attack you, not for professing Positivism, but for not knowing the meaning of the word Positive, and

[1] [Compare Ruskin's introductory remarks in Letter 67, § 24 (pp. 661–662).]
[2] [See Letter 67, § 24 and § 25 (Ruskin's note *b*); pp. 662, 663.]
[3] [For Mr. Harrison's remark, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 663; for Ruskin's comment, p. 664 (note *h*), and, above, p. 88 *n*. A letter (July 1876) to Mr. Girdlestone (for whom, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 555, 575, 606) refers to the same passage:—

"You have a way of always bringing out what snappishness is in me—in spite of our general harmony of thought. That sentence about 'the whole of life and thought' could only have been written by a man who really knows *nothing*. I could puzzle Harrison, Comte, or the wisest of encyclopædists with the first dead twig I snapped from a tree, or the first word I read from a wise man's saying: they know neither Death nor Life."]

onfusing pono with scio, and both with sapio, until you even translate ositio into sapientia.

Well, you will, I hope, whether I plague you into reply or not, remain n your present trust that I care for you all the while.

And now, let me just know two things more privately. What do you nean by my "*genius.*"[1] Genius for what? What do you think I have ver either seen or taught, rightly? and what do you feel "blasphemous" n anything I have said?

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—It is precisely because you "decline debate bout *words*" that you are at present using your strength in vain, and alking nonsense without knowing it. The first education of a man is to se his language accurately. You continually say what you don't mean; nd read entirely bestial rubbish as if it were human sense, because you ave never been at the pains to learn language accurately. When you *an* read Pope, Horace, or Dante, you will know why there may be alvinism, Comtism, Positivism, or even so small and paltry a heresy as uskinism. But no Popism, Horaceism, or Dantism.

All debate *must* be FIRST about words. Else we debate merely about osh-mosh-posh. We must first define Bosh-mosh-posh—in classical, or ccepted terms.

But your present letter speaks of the Life after death. Now it was recisely because I saw no reference to such a life in your letter from xford[2] that I attacked it. If you will refer me to any of your writings n which you give account of your own or of Positivist views in that natter, I will read them with utter earnestness before saying more.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

You must forgive the brief rudeness of my letter; in general I don't are for, nor write to the persons who misunderstand me, or care for the eople I hate (Mill, Spencer, etc.). But you are very different from the est. Only how CAN—I would underline to bottom of page if I had me—you think that I use my powers against Humanity—when the second rticle in my creed for Companions of St. George is

"I believe in the Nobleness of Human Nature!"[3]

[1] [The reference here is to Mr. Harrison's reply in the *Fortnightly Review* for uly 1876, in which, after an acknowledgment of Ruskin's services to his age, he lds, "Genius, like nobility, has its duties."]

[2] [That is, the article in the *Contemporary Review*, from which this correspondence arted—the scene of the article being laid in Oxford (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 619).]

[3] [See Letter 58, Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]

17

INTEREST; AND RAILWAYS[1]

[See Letters 68, § 4; 47, Notes and Correspondence; and 70 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 669, 201, 712)]

1. The effort to confound interest with wages is one of the stupidest and wickedest of modern diabolic lies. I take, as I have said again and again, from ten to fifteen per cent. interest[2] for my money in the Bank of England. But I don't superintend the Bank of England in any one moment or any one particular. I am, therefore, a mere and pure usurer. Every clerical or feminine railroad shareholder, taking a dividend on the traffic, without attending to it, is a usurer. Every landlord living away from his estate is a usurer, who lives by lending land. If he live *on* his estate, manage it for his own advantage, and take the produce (as the *Daily Telegraph* says idea landlords should[4]) "all for himself,"—he is indeed a slavemaster and thief but not an usurer. And in any of these cases one may be an amiable slavemaster, a brave thief, or a well-meaning usurer; but our first moral business is, to know clearly—as every man may know if he will—what we *are*.[5]

It is enough to show the especial and subtle evil of usury, to reflect on the general fact in human nature, that while we won't give anybody half-a-crown without asking what he wants with it, we will lend him any quantity of millions, to commit murder with, or do what else he likes.

2. For definition of the sin, put it to yourself thus. You have something by you—tool, money, land, house, or what not—which you cannot or don't want to use yourself, but somebody else does. Say your umbrella—to begin

[1] [This portion of the Appendix is printed from a corrected proof, headed "Fors Clavigera. Letter 70." This proof has been placed at the editors' disposal by Mr. William White, formerly Curator of the Ruskin Museum. The sections are here numbered for convenience of reference. §§ 1–4 were printed as Note 1 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index to "Fors Clavigera,"* pp. 497–498, but from an uncorrected and incomplete proof; for the variations, see the Bibliographical Note, below, p. 606. After § 4 there comes in the proof the passage (not very closely connected with the context) which is Note 7 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index*: see above, Appendix 3, p. 535. The proof then continues with §§ 5–7. § 6 was printed as Note 2 in Mr. Faunthorpe's *Index*, but again from an uncorrected proof; for the variations, see below, p. 606.]

[2] [See, for instance, Vol. XXVII. p. 364, and Vol. XXVIII. pp. 139, 673.]

[3] [That is, on the par value of the stock.]

[4] [See Letter 10, § 1 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 165–166).]

[5] [Compare Letter 44 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 139).]

ith.[1] You are not going out in the rain yourself to-day—your neighbour ; and if he have a new coat on, he can afford to pay you something for ie loan—but, if you take such pay, *that is* Usury. From a succession of eighbours, asking the same favour, you may, and should, take what will ay for a new umbrella, when the one for lending is worn-out. But you ust not live on your umbrella.

3. So with a piece of your land. If you can plough it, or delight in it urself—do so. If you can't plough it yourself—or don't mean to, and ur neighbour would thankfully do so, you must lend him the land;—if he turn it less fit for a crop, next year, he must pay you for that harm, and if ore fit for a crop, you must pay him for that good.

At present, he not only pays rent for the ground, but has his rent raised if e benefit it!

4. "But, at that rate, nobody would lend anything"? Yes. Everybody ould lend, as they do now, but with conscious justice, and charity; and life the whole world, be stronger and easier than it is now, by the precise gree in which the sums now paid for interest of money, would be better plied in the hands of laborious good men, in the beginning of life, than in e hands of idle wicked men at the close of it.

By the way, I see that His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is setting for a Usurer on Book-lending—and in very good company too—as Pre-lent of the East Surrey Hall, Museum, and Library Company, Limited.[2]

5. "Well, but we can't get dividends by road *mending*—so we must by ad making."

Suppose I want a footpath made through my land, I hire a labourer, d pay him for his work, and dismiss him when it is done. But I do t give him the right, thenceforward for ever, to charge me sixpence ery time I walk over it.

Suppose a nobleman wants a road made through his park. He hires a mber of labourers, pays them so much a day, and dismisses them when e road is made. He does not give them a right to have a turnpike his lodge, and make him pay a toll every time he drives in.

6. The people of Manchester and London want a road made between e two places. Then what they wisely and rightly should do, would be, at the private persons did—pay at once for the work of making the ad, and dismiss the labourers when it is made.

Instead of doing that honestly, they borrow the money, and agree to y the lenders a tax whenever they travel, thenceforward for ever. It is e that this arrangement for them, if the traffic be not great, may turn t advantageous by the ruin of the lenders. And if all the sums sunk in ilroads in England were now accurately estimated, I have little doubt, would be seen that the British public had got their railroads, on the ole, made, by the entirely involuntary subscriptions of the mites—even their living—by a large number of single old ladies and gentlemen.

But that is not the proper way to make any sort of road, or accom-sh any public work; nor is it, in the end, advantageous even to the blic. The money of those simple persons, would in reality have been

[1] [Compare Letter 80, § 10 (above, p. 179).]
[2] [See Letter 70, § 9 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 721–722).]

spent more advantageously for the British people, in the general expend ture of domestic life, than in dragging the movable population about th country, or feeding surveyors and mechanicians. Nor do I suppose that in such true terms, any Bill were brought before Parliament, definitel proposing to construct a railway by some method of delicate mechanic abstraction from the pockets of private persons, even though it wer guaranteed that the persons to be sucked by the ferruginous vampir should imagine, till the operation was completed, that their pockets wer being filled instead of emptied;—I do not suppose, I say, that such a Bi would pass.

7. But, on the contrary, the theory of railroads, however erroneou which has possessed itself of the public mind, is that they are a goo investment. That is to say, that when the road makers have done thei work for Lord John, in my Lord John's park; cut down his trees, filled hi lake, dug up his lawn, and burnt his fruit-trees, the Jew who has pai them will be thankfully permitted by my Lord John to put a turnpike o his drive, and charge him ten per cent. on all the expenses incurred, t the end of time! Propose even that popular arrangement in Parliament i its absolute truth; call the shareholders, what they are—children of th true Israel—Jew-usurers; separate the expenses of construction and work ing from their "dividends"; show the proportion of every man, woma and child's fare which is to be paid to them for ever; and I don't believ the Bill would pass.*

FLORENCE, *September 20th*, 1874.

DEAR MR. WALKER,[1]—I got your obliging note all right. I should hav acknowledged it before, but wanted to say a word about interest, for whic I only to-day find time. Your position and knowledge give you so grea an advantage in thinking of these things, that if you will observe only tw great *final* primal facts, you are sure to come to a just conclusion.

Interest is always either Usury on loan, or Tax on industry (of cours often both, and much more), but always one of these!

* The following perfect little sketch of what he supposed the next newspape article would be on this passage, was sent me by Mr. Somervell. If any real edito can better it, he may try, before I answer.

Editor of the ——, expressing the convictions of most readers.—"Mr. Ruski displays his wonted incapacity to comprehend the simplest problem involving an commercial or financial considerations, when he talks of London and Mancheste paying for their road, out and out. He forgets that the Corporations of Londo and Manchester, in order to do so, would have to borrow the money, and, c course, pay interest upon it. As things are now managed, the persons who len

[1] [Mr. William Walker, of the Union Bank of London; one of the auditors c the accounts of the St. George's Guild (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 556). This letter wa first printed in *Ygdrasil*, for *December* 1891, pp. 226–227; and next in the privatel issued *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Corr spondents*, 1892, pp. 58–60.]

I get interest either by lending or investing. If I take interest on nvestment I tax industry.

A railroad dividend is a tax on its servants—ultimately, a tax on the raveller, or on the safety of his life (I mean, you get your dividend by leaving im in danger).

You will find there is absolutely no reason why a railroad should pay a ividend more than the pavement of Fleet Street.

The profit of a contractor—as of a turnpike man or paviour—is not a ividend, but the average of a chance business profit.

Of course I may tax Theft as one of the forms of industry—Gambling, tc.; that is a further point. Keep to the simple one. To make money ither by lending or taxing is a sin. If people really *ought* to have money ent to them, do it gratis; and if not, it is a *double* sin to lend it them or pay.

The commercial result of taking no interest would be: First, that rogues nd fools could not borrow, therefore could not waste or make away with oney.

The second, that the money which was accumulated in the chests of the ch would be fructifying in the hands of the active and honest poor.

Of course the wealth of the country, on these conditions, would be eble what it is. Interest of money is, in a word, a tax by the idle on the usy, and by the rogue on the honest man.

Not one farthing of money is ever made by Interest.

Get that well into your head. It is *all* taken by the idle rich out of e pockets of the poor, or of the really active persons in commerce.

Truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

e money to make the road, subsequently undertake the business of conducting e traffic upon it; and their dividends consist of the fairly-earned profit upon such affic, in addition to the interest—or usury, as Mr. Ruskin is pleased, incorrectly, term it—upon the original outlay. How matters could be mended by virtually viding this payment between two sets of people, we fail to perceive. It would well if Mr. Ruskin could divest himself of these absurd notions about the terest of money, which he has probably acquired from a too reverent study of me of the wise men of old. Mr. Ruskin forgets that Plato and Dante, though in any respects very remarkable personages, were not business men of the nineteenth ntury."

18

MORNING THOUGHTS AT GENEVA[1]

[See Letter 72, § 10 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 766)]

Hôtel des Bergues, Geneva,
28th August, 1876.

I woke at three this morning, and as soon as my window became glimmering square,[2] rose every now and then to watch the light increas The dawn was fair and clear, and the long slopes of the Buet, and doubl pillars of the Aiguilles d'Argentière,—"well-known" masses, a youn member of the Alpine Club would perhaps write—but to me, still mysteric though seen these forty years and more,—were traced dark against th softly glowing sky.

But, precisely between them and my window, a little chimney of som "works" on the opposite quay was throwing up its thread of brown smok which, the air being perfectly calm, stayed, in a browner cloud, precisel at the level of the brightest low sky, and dimmed the aiguilles, so that the was no drawing or seeing their outline, any more than through a smoke glass.

Also, just under my window, at the corner of the bridge, there was a apparatus for laying asphalte with a vaporous boiling-pot, and a little funn besides, sending up as much smoke as a small steamer, which, being clos by, floated about in gusts and rags, sometimes over the rosy clouds, som times over Mont Blanc, and sometimes over the piece of lake yet left visib to the north, round the corner of the Hôtel de Russie.

Under which circumstances, I not only lost all pleasure in my view Mont Blanc and the dawn, but received very distinct and severe pa from it.

"I am a foolish, crabbed old fellow—am I,—and shouldn't have minde the smoke?"

Well, my friend, I know I am foolish,—and God knows it better tha I: but it is at present chiefly in coming to this place at all, and wanderin

[1] [This passage is printed partly from a proof of "Over matter for *Fors*," a partly from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. The passage was intended for *Fors* February 1877.]

[2] [For the reference to Tennyson's *Princess*, see Vol. VII. p. 459, and Vol. XI p. 101.]

up and down its streets—(such as are left of what once was Geneva), with continual echo from the walls on each side, "Dead—all dead,"—(who, all, are dead, I will tell you perhaps, some day, if I ever get more autobiography written). And it is not at all in being unable to enjoy Mont Blanc through smoke.

For let me ask you a question or two.

(Domo d'Ossola, *3rd September.*)

(I suppose, in doing so, that *Fors* by chance has been taken up by some traveller of the modern school,—and I am not speaking now to my own St. George Companions, but to him or her. You most probably care as little for the sight of Mont Blanc as the Genevese themselves, and you came to Geneva merely to buy jewellery and live in a fashionable hotel: but by the price I see Moet stand at on the wine-card, I perceive you at least care for champagne. Well,—suppose, at table-d'hôte to-day, turning to take it just at the creamiest, you saw that the waiter had cut his finger with the wire, and dropped some blood into the glass. You would not enjoy your champagne with blood in it, would you? Still less, if the blood were blood of a diseased person? Well, my eyes are educated just as your mouth is; and I enjoy the morning light on Mont Blanc as you do champagne; and rather more (for, mind you, I know and understand all *your* tastes perfectly, and am just as fond of Moet as you; but you know none of *my* pleasures, and must take my estimate of them on trust). And, believe me, the trained eye has higher pleasure than the trained mouth; and in this higher pleasure it is capable also of more bitter pain. I would drink all the nastiest stuff you could mix, out of the English chemist's round the corner, if I could only get that smoke swept off Mont Blanc; and, besides, you probably would not really *taste* the blood in your champagne, you would only fancy you tasted it. But I not only can see the horrible smoke, but *can't* see the snow; I can't taste my wine because of the blood. I am a nasty creature, am I, and it isn't the taste merely, it is the idea that would be sickening to you? Yes; and it isn't the taste, but the idea that is sickening to *me.* That smoke *means* blood, as surely as the smoke from Joan of Arc's pile of faggots meant it. That smoke means the blood of the souls of the Swiss nation, perverted into vile tavern keepers from righteous citizens; it means the blood of the English nation degraded into acrobats from gentlemen, and into street swaggerers from gentlewomen; it means the blood of all nations degraded into atheists and usurers—travellers to that eternal ice which would not bend under Pietrapana[1]—from Christians, and travellers to the Celestial mountains above the crystal sea.

But I must go back to the question of loss in the pleasure of sight only. For I mean more than you do in speaking of that pleasure itself. Among the points of true value in the first and second volume of *Modern Painters,* none were more vital than the distinction made between ordinary sight, and what—there being no English word for it—I was forced to call

[1] [*Inferno,* xxxii.: see Vol. V. p. 297; and compare Vol. XVIII. p. 99, and Vol. XXVII. p. 412.]

by the Greek one "Theoria," "Contemplation"[1]—seeing within the templ of the heart. And I never, through all the years that have passed since felt the full value of the power I had in this kind as I did, by the wil of Fors, yesterday in walking down the Simplon Pass. It had becom nobler to me than ever, in the degree of the advance of my own power of thought and reach of sympathy, and I felt as if I had never seen i truly until now.[2]

And just as I was passing between the shade and sun, after passin the bridge at the great gallery, there came out of the gallery, followin me, a caleche, with four foreigners in it, one a lady, well featured an with considerable character and power in her expression—the men, as fa as I could judge, average conditions of the somewhat stout and coars Frenchman, well to do in the world.

And in all the world they were well to do in, there is not assuredl a more dramatically exciting mountain scene than that at the grea gallery of Gondo. Two torrents meeting each other, both powerful—on in a fall of some four hundred feet—a bridge over the face of the fall entering a cave—what Adelphi manager could concert for his playbil better material than this! Alps above in a sea of them, tossed breake over breaker in hollow-crested crags, soft wreathing woods of Italy in th ravine below, and all this bursting on the eyes in an instant, not by th slow raising of a curtain, but the passing through a rock gate.

The four travellers never moved their heads, nor raised their eye They were talking, of course, but not of anything particularly interesting not in the least eagerly. They simply continued their conversation, un disturbed by any of these external phenomena. Now, the difference be tween these people and me was not that at all that they were ordinar persons, and I a man of genius. It would be very pleasant to think that I should not gnash my teeth at them and feel my whole day at Dom d'Ossola embittered by the sight of them—if I thought that I was s much their better; I should be walking about with my nose in the ai and my toes turned out, on *that* supposition! It is true that I see colour better than most people, and know a thing or two that few do abou rocks and clouds. I am very glad I do. What I am *not* glad of, bu horror-struck to feel is, that while I was taught in early youth to look a Nature with the joy of a child in its Father's work, these who drive pas me, blind—nay, the nations among whom I live—are now taught to see i her nothing but a chaos of the clay they would fain forget they are mad of, these persons being, in all probability, just as capable of good an happiness as I—wittier assuredly, being French; stronger and braver being healthy and young—and I doubt not in their hearts capable of a average human goodness, are yet spoiled and poisoned into this wreck o animal stupidity in comparison of me, because if you will look back t

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. ii., and vol. ii. sec. i. ch. xv (Vol. III. pp. 140 *seq.*, and Vol. IV. pp. 208 *seq.*). Compare "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (1877), where Ruskin says that the main value of the book is "exactly i that systematic scheme of it which I had despised, and in the very insistence upo the Greek term Theoria, instead of sight or perception, in which I had though myself perhaps uselessly or affectedly refined" (Vol. XXII. p. 512).]

[2] [For Ruskin's early love of the Simplon Pass, see *Præterita*, ii. § 131.]

he chapters on Theoria in *Modern Painters*, you will see that the entire lifference between the human sight of beauty and the animal scorn of it 's shown to consist, in this concurrence, with physical sense, of Mental Religion.[1] I use the word in its true meaning—the acknowledgment of Spiritual Power. But with this, or faith in God, there must also, in true contemplation, be joined charity to men, and such lower form of charity as may tenderly cherish all lower creatures. No beauty is visible to human eyes but through this arc of triple light. Religion, without love of man, becomes madness; love of man, without tenderness to the lower creature, becomes insolence; and as

> "The bat that flits at close of eve
> Has left the brain that won't believe,"[2]

so also Religion, without love of man,—is that possible? Alas, too possible. God forbid but that some of the people who go to church in England should not be sincere in their worship; but they are trying to love their God, and not their brothers, and their worship is fit only for Bedlam.

Here in Italy, on the other hand, their Religion is ended; but their affectionateness, not yet. I was up last night among the vast stone pines of the Sanctuario of Orta. Aisle after aisle of temple in those mountain cedars, and chapel following chapel, for succession, formerly, of secret prayer.

All of them closed, now; but built against the side of one of them a "Caffè Ristorantè," and at the opposite side over the closed door, written: "Qui si chiamano i custodi del monte per visitare le cappelle."

Not to be pulled wholly down for a while, if perchance yet a penny may be turned out of the religion of their fathers.[3]

[1] [See Ruskin's analysis of the contents of section i. in vol. ii. of *Modern Painters* Vol. IV. pp. 11–17).]

[2] [Blake's *Auguries of Innocence*. The lines are quoted in Letter 74 (above, 36).]

[3] [The entry in Ruskin's diary is as follows:—

"(*September* 3, 1876.) *Sunday evening, Orta.*—Up at the Sanctuario; one of the dismallest walks I ever had in this world! the vast stone pines and closed chapels being monuments of religion wholly gone; a party of blackguards making the loveliest of the green avenues horrible with their laughs; shrieking children, rude and graceless in gesture, rushing about the 'Caffè Ristorantè' opposite the main terrace, with door beside it inscribed, 'Qui si chiamano,' etc. They came out, two of them, and staggered and spit about on the terrace till I was obliged to go. But such stone pines I have not seen since the Farnese."]

19

"THESE THY CREATURES OF BREAD AND WINE"[1]

[See Letter 73; above, p. 24]

I can't completely tell you how to regulate the price of a cabbage, or of a pint of milk, unless I clear your minds first on the principles of currency, free trade, corporal punishment, and commercial remuneration; and to clear your minds on these matters is not only to sweep out nearly the entire mass of what you have been taught since you were born, but also to explain the mechanism to you of a system of true government, of which the working must be by the concurrence of a system of cog wheels infinitely more complex than those of a chronometer, and of which the Spring must be Faith, and the Diamond, Honour.

And if such my difficulty in expressing, much more that of proving, the truth to you, must be extreme, because in every application of such laws to actual life their good result must be for some time thwarted by the collaterally adverse conditions under which they are lived; and even their accurate application is impossible, in any particular instance, without a knowledge of detail which it will take time to acquire.

But, with careful reading of my previous statements, I think you may possibly now at least understand the broad principles by which true commerce must be regulated in food. God has given us imperishable gold—perishable, but preservable for all necessary time, bread and wine. "These thy creatures of bread and wine,"[2] brought forth to us by the Eternal Priesthood of Justice, are to be distributed in purity to all who need them, at the time that they need them; and the sign of the quantity which any person may claim of them is to be written in sacred Gold.

That is the Divine law—simple, universal, and constant. So far as you keep it, you shall live happily and decently in regard of bodily nourishment; so far as you break it, you must live miserably and indecently. But to apply it with immediate precision to the question—vital to you after hard fag work—the present price of a pot of beer in Sheffield, I must know all the conditions of making beer good, and the quantity you

[1] [Printed from sheets of MS. at Brantwood. The sheets are headed "Conclusion"; i.e., probably the intended conclusion of Letter 73, a passage from Plato (§ 15) being afterwards substituted.]

[2] [See the Prayer of Consecration in the Communion Service.]

will on the average need of it, and a great deal more—which I don't know, and which you can only find out by experience.

But get this at all events into your heads clearly. A pound of bread and a pint of beer are to be standards of currency, *always* to be given by your Ducal Government in exchange for a given weight of silver; or a certain number of pounds of bread and pints of beer in exchange for a given weight of gold. (If you like, for lightness, paper and leather better than silver or gold, the Ducal Government will let you have them, provided you keep them clean.)

This current bread and beer, with other standards (a flask of wine, a square yard of cloth, and the like), are to be of standard quality, answered for by the Ducal Government as it answers for its gold—all of the purest and best in its power. Accordingly, the Ducal Government must have mills and breweries. The miller, the brewer, and the gold-coiner are all to be its salaried servants, and all liable to precisely the same punishment (whatever that may be determined as fitting—a huge question, you perceive, having several knots in it!) if they be detected adulterating the bread, the beer, or the gold. Only one coiner will be needful, and perhaps three or four millers and brewers; but these officers of food and coin, be they few or many, will all be equally well looked after, equally in honourable position, equally paid, and equally, as I have just said, liable to be—let us use for the present the more or less parliamentary and elastic expression—"suspended" if they be found adulterating the products under their care.

It is perfectly ridiculous—and a great deal more than ridiculous—to say that these things are impossible. You can elect your Duke and Duchess to-morrow, Lady Day, if you will; you can elect your Brewers and Millers, and their men; you can enable them to grind and to brew on some small scale somewhere; you can agree among yourselves to buy the bread and beer so produced, and none other. You need not ratten anybody, you need not abuse anybody, you need not—until you see occasion—"suspend" anybody, you need not send anybody to Parliament, and you need not ask what Parliament is about. If you can only find a dozen of honest people among you, and agree among yourselves to buy of them, you have solved, in essentials, every politico-economical problem of this present world. If you can't find a dozen honest people among you, nor agree upon anything with yourselves, no least politico-economical problem will ever be soluble to you.

And as for building a system of Economy on Dishonesty and Disagreement—*i.e.*, "competition" among yourselves—my hungry friends, every word you hear of advice in that direction is only the rising echo of the eternal cry of the Furies on the walls of Hell—"Venga Medusa."[1]

[1] [*Inferno*, ix. 52: compare Vol. V. p. 285, and Vol. XXVII. p. 427.]

"WHISTLER *v.* RUSKIN"

[See Letter 79]

(*a*) REPORT OF THE TRIAL[1]

[In consequence of a passage in Letter 79, § 11 (above, p. 160), Whistler brought an action for libel against Ruskin. The case has considerable interest in the history of English art-criticism, and as the report is not easily accessible, it is here printed.]

EXCHEQUER DIVISION—November 25

(*Before Baron Huddleston and a Special Jury*)

This was an action for an alleged libel which the plaintiff said had been falsely and maliciously published, and had greatly damaged his reputation as an artist. The defendant pleaded that the article complained of was privileged as being a fair and *bona fide* criticism upon a painting which the plaintiff had exposed for public view.

Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. Petheram appeared for the plaintiff; the Attorney-General and Mr. Bowen for the defendant.

In opening the case, Mr. Serjeant Parry said Mr. Whistler, the plaintiff, had followed the profession of an artist for many years both in this country and abroad, and Mr. John Ruskin, the defendant, held the highest position in Europe and America as an art critic. Mr. Whistler was the son of an eminent military engineer, a citizen of the United States, who for many years was engaged in superintending the construction of the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Having passed some years of his life in St. Petersburg, the plaintiff went to France and Holland, where he studied his profession, and he also acquired a great reputation as a painter in America. He was also an etcher, and in that capacity had likewise distinguished himself. He occupied a somewhat independent position in art, and it might be that his theory of painting was, in the estimation of some, eccentric; but his great object was to produce the utmost effect which colour would enable him to do, and to bring about a harmony in colour and arrangement in his pictures. Although a man adopted such a theory and followed it out with earnestness, industry, and almost enthusiasm, yet it was no reason why he should be denounced or libelled. In the summer of 1877 the plaintiff exhibited several of his pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery; and shortly afterwards there appeared in a pamphlet, edited and chiefly written by Mr. Ruskin, entitled *Fors Clavigera*, an article in which he criticised the modern school of art. He said, "Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either the one or the other business

[1] [This report is quoted from the *Times*, by the courtesy of the proprietors.]

f he would prosper in either;" and then referring to Mr. Whistler, he wrote as follows:—

"Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures (alluding to the pictures of Mr. Burne-Jones), whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us, and is wrought with the utmost conscience of care, however far to his own or our desire the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely as much can be said for any other pictures of the modern school; their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced, and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the Gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face."

The learned counsel contended that these words could not, in any sense, be said to be a fair and *bona fide* criticism, and coming as they had from so great an authority as Mr. Ruskin, they had, in fact, done the plaintiff a great deal of injury in his profession and in the public estimation.

Mr. James Abbott M'Neill Whistler was then examined by Mr. Petheram. He was of American parentage and born in St. Petersburg, where he lived until he was twelve or fourteen years of age. His father constructed the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. He was educated at West Point, America, and afterwards studied in Paris with M. Gavie for two or three years. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Poynter, and Mr. Du Maurier were his fellow-students. He finally settled in London and continued his career as an artist. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, and sold his first picture there to Mr. Philip, the well-known artist of Spanish subjects. He also exhibited at Paris and at the Dudley Gallery. During the whole of his career he had been in the habit of etching, and he had received a gold medal for his etchings exhibited at The Hague. There were collections of his etchings in the British Museum and Windsor Castle. In 1877 he exhibited eight pictures at the Grosvenor Gallery—a portrait of Mr. Carlyle; "A Nocturne, in Blue and Gold," and other "Nocturnes" in "Black and Gold," and "Blue and Silver"; "An Arrangement in Black," representing Mr. Henry Irving as Philip II. of Spain; "A Harmony in Amber and Black"; and "An Arrangement in Brown." Carlyle's picture had been engraved. He sold one of the "Nocturnes" to Mr. Percy Wyndham for 200 guineas, and he had a commission for another for 150 guineas. Since the publication of Mr. Ruskin's criticism he had not been able to get the same price for his pictures.

Cross-examined by the Attorney-General: He had sent pictures to the Royal Academy which were not accepted, but that was the experience of all artists. The first picture rejected was "An Arrangement in Gray and Black: portrait of the Painter's Mother." It was afterwards exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. The "Arrangement in Black and Gold" was a night view of Cremorne with the fireworks. Asked the meaning of the word "Nocturne," Mr. Whistler said that a picture was to him throughout a problem, which he attempted to solve, and he made use of any incident or object in nature that would bring about a symmetrical result. "An Arrangement" was an arrangement of light, form, and colour. Among his pictures were some night views, and he chose the word "Nocturne" because it generalised and simplified them all. As he had happened to use some musical terms it was supposed he intended to show a kind of connection between the two arts; but he had no such intention. It was probably the view of Mr. Ruskin that an artist should not let a picture leave his hands which he could improve by labour of his own, and that he should give value for what he received. He had been told that his pictures exhibited eccentricities. Of course he expected that his pictures would be criticised. The "Nocturne in Black and Gold" he knocked off in a couple of days. He painted the picture one day and finished it off the next. He did not give his pictures time to mellow, but he exposed them in the open air, as he went on with his work, to dry. He did not ask 200 guineas

for two days' work; he asked it for the knowledge he had gained in the work of a lifetime. In the course of his evidence the plaintiff said that he sometimes put colour on the frame, saying it was a part of the scheme of the picture, and that he also placed his monogram on the frame as well as on the canvas.

Some of the pictures were exhibited in court, and the jury went to see the rest at the Westminster Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti, who said he had made art his special study for years, said he appreciated the meaning of Mr. Whistler's pictures. The blue and the silver picture, being a view of Old Battersea Bridge, he thought was very artistic and a beautiful representation of a pale bright moonlight. He held the same opinion of another picture in the same style. The black and gold picture represented the darkness of night mingled and broken by the brightness of fireworks. The picture of Carlyle was a fine portrait with a certain peculiarity. He admired sincerely some of Mr. Whistler's works in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877, and he thought they were the works which a conscientious artist might put forth.

Cross-examined: The black and gold picture was not a gem nor an exquisite, nor beautiful work, but it was a work of art. Asked if it was eccentric, he said it was unlike the work of most other painters. Two hundred guineas was its full value, not a stiffish price.

Mr. Albert Moore, an artist, said he thought Mr. Whistler's pictures had a large aim in which he had succeeded as no living artist had done. They were beautiful works of art, and 200 guineas was not too large a price for them.

In cross-examination he said he thought there was great originality in the plaintiff's pictures. He could not call it eccentricity.

Mr. W. G. Wills, dramatic author and artist, said that the plaintiff's pictures betrayed a great knowledge of art. Mr. Whistler looked at nature in a poetical light and had a native feeling for colour. His works were those of a man of genius and a conscientious artist. He described his pictures as original. This was the case for the plaintiff.

The Attorney-General said that after the evidence for the plaintiff he should be compelled to call some witnesses well acquainted with the principles of art to give their opinion on the plaintiff's pictures; but the question for the jury was whether Mr. Ruskin had or had not criticised the plaintiff's productions in a fair, honest, and moderate spirit. A critic might use strong language, and even resort to ridicule, without exposing himself to the charge of acting maliciously. Perhaps some people would extinguish critics altogether; but they had their value; and what would become of the fine arts if there was no incentive to excel? If art was to live and flourish, so must criticism. He regretted he was unable to call Mr. Ruskin as he was too ill to attend the Court. That gentleman, it was well known, had devoted himself for years to the study of art. From 1869 he had been Slade Professor at Oxford; he had written much on art, and judging from his works it was obvious that he was a man of the keenest susceptibility. He had a great love and reverence for art, and a special admiration for highly finished pictures. His love for art almost amounted to idolatry, and to the examination of the beautiful in art he had devoted his life. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Ruskin had not a very high opinion of the days in which we lived. He thought too much consideration was given to money making, and that the nobility of simplicity was not sufficiently regarded. With regard to artists, he upheld a high standard and required something more than a few flashes of genius. He required a laborious and perfect devotion to art, and he held that an artist should not only struggle to get money, but also to give full value to the purchaser of his productions. He said it was the ancient code that no piece of work should leave the artist's hands which his diligence or further reflection could improve, and that the artist's fame should be built not upon what he received, but upon what he gave. Entertaining these views, it was not wonderful that Mr. Whistler's pictures should attract Mr. Ruskin's attention and that he should subject them to criticism. He did subject them to a severe and slashing criticism, and even held them up to ridicule and contempt; but in doing so he only expressed, as he was entitled to do, his honest

pinion. The learned counsel then dealt with the evidence of the plaintiff, and ontended that his pictures were marked by a strangeness of style and a fantastical xtravagance which fully justified the language employed by Mr. Ruskin in regard o them. He hoped to convince the jury before his case was closed that the 'efendant's criticism, however severe, was perfectly fair and *bona fide*, and could ıot be reasonably objected to. In the present mania for art it had become a kind f fashion among some people to admire the incomprehensible, to look upon the ıntastic conceits of an artist like Mr. Whistler, his "nocturnes," "symphonies," 'arrangements," and "harmonies," with delight and admiration; but the fact was hat such productions were not worthy the name of great works of art. This was ıot a mania that should be encouraged; and, if that was the view of Mr. Ruskin, ıe had a right, as an art critic, to fearlessly express it to the public. It was said hat Mr. Ruskin had ridiculed Mr. Whistler's pictures; but if he disliked criticism, ıe should not have rendered himself open to it. Quoting from *Fors Clavigera*, the Attorney-General showed that Mr. Ruskin was neither a partial nor a stern and ıard critic, and that while he aimed his trenchant criticisms right and left, he ıngrudgingly gave high praise where it was due. The whole article complained of vas a sweeping condemnation of the modern school, and, as regarded Mr. Whistler, ›ointed out that his conceits and extravagances did not redound to his credit, and hat he was careless of his name and fame when he offered such things for sale. t was objected that Mr. Ruskin had said he was "ill-educated"; but if that was Mr. Ruskin's opinion, judging from his productions, was it libellous to say so? t was also complained he had written, "I never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 00 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face," but the term "coxcomb" vas applied to him as an artist, and not as a man. What was a "coxcomb"? He ıad looked out for the word, and found that it came from the old idea of the icensed jester, who wore a cap and bells with a cock's comb in it, and went about naking jests for the amusement of his master and family. If that were the true lefinition, Mr. Whistler should not complain, because his pictures were capital ests, which had afforded much amusement to the public. Mr. Ruskin had lived long life without being attacked. No one could say that he had purchased his ›raise, and no one had attempted to restrain his pen through the medium of the ury. Mr. Ruskin did not retract one syllable of his criticism upon Mr. Whistler' ›ictures. He believed he was right. For nearly all his life he had devoted himself to criticism for the sake of the art he loved, and he asked the jury not now o paralyse his hand. If they gave a verdict against him, he must cease to write. 't would be an evil day for the art of this country if Mr. Ruskin were prevented 'rom indulging in proper and legitimate criticism, and pointing out what was ›eautiful and what was not, and if critics were all reduced to a dead-level of forced ınd fulsome adulation.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones said he had been a painter for twenty years, and luring the last two or three years his works had become known to the public. Complete finish ought to be the standard of painting, and artists ought not to fall short of what for ages had been acknowledged as essential to a perfect work. The "nocturne" in blue and silver representing Battersea reach was a work of ırt, but very incomplete. It was an admirable beginning—simply a sketch. In no sense whatever did it show the finish of a complete work of art. It was masterly in colour but deficient in form, which was as essential as colour. Its merits lay only in colour. Neither in composition, nor in detail, nor in form had it any quality whatever. As to the next picture, "Battersea Bridge," the colour was better, but it was even more formless than the other. A day or a day and a half seems a reasonable time for its production. It was, as he said, a mere sketch, and he did not think Mr. Whistler ever intended it should be finished. The "Nocturne" in black and gold representing the fireworks at Cremorne had not the merit of the other two. It was not a work of art; it was one of thousands of failures to represent night. It was not worth two hundred guineas.

Mr. Bowen wished to produce a picture by Titian to show what was a finished work.

Baron Huddleston thought this was going too far. The learned counsel would have to prove first that the picture was Titian's.

Mr. Bowen said he should do that.

Baron Huddleston referred to the story of the "genuine" Titian which was purchased by some artists to determine the secret of that master's wonderful colouring. On being rubbed down the explorers found a red surface, and exclaimed, "Here's the secret"; but on going a little further in the process it was discovered that the red substratum was a portrait of George III. in a militia uniform. (Laughter.)

After some discussion the picture was produced, and appeared to be a portrait of a "Doge" of Venice.

Mr. Edward Burne-Jones described it as a beautiful example of Titian's works. It was a portrait of Andrea Gritti, and a splendid arrangement of flesh and blood. It was a most perfect specimen of a highly finished work of ancient art. He considered that Mr. Whistler possessed great power, but had not fulfilled his early promise. He had evaded the difficulties of painting by not carrying his pictures far enough. He had an unrivalled sense of atmosphere.

Cross-examined: The value of this specimen of Titian depended upon the accident of a sale-room. It would be worth many thousands to him, but might have been sold for forty guineas. Lord Elcho had a beautiful Titian which he purchased for twenty guineas. It now belonged to Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Whistler had an almost unrivalled appreciation of atmosphere, and his colour was beautiful, especially in moonlight seas; but there his merits stopped.

Mr. Frith, R.A., said he did not consider the pictures of Mr. Whistler which had been produced in court were serious works of art. There was beautiful colour, but it was no more than could be had on a wall-paper or a piece of silk. To him they did not represent either moonlight or water. The one in black and gold was not worth 200 guineas. He had come reluctantly to speak against a brother artist, and had only attended upon subpœna.

In cross-examination he said one of Turner's pictures—"The Snowstorm"—had been properly described by Mr. Ruskin as a "mass of soap-suds and whitewash." Turner was an idol of Mr. Ruskin's, and should be of all painters; but that applied to his early works. His latest pictures were as insane as the people who admired them.

Mr. Tom Taylor, as an art critic, also expressed an unfavourable view of the pictures exhibited by Mr. Whistler at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1877. He read a criticism which he wrote at the time, in which he said that they were only one set nearer pictures than delicately tinted wall-paper.

In cross-examination he admitted Mr. Whistler had high merit as an artist, but all his work was unfinished.

The learned counsel on each side having addressed the jury,

Baron Huddleston, in summing up, said that if a man committed to paper language disparaging to another and holding him up to hatred, contumely, and contempt he was guilty of a libel. The law presumed malice, but that might be rebutted by the author of the language proving that it was a fair and *bona fide* criticism, therefore the question in the present case for the jury was whether Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet was a fair and *bona fide* criticism upon the plaintiff's works; and it was for the defendant to make that out. It was of the last importance that a critic should have full latitude to express the judgments he honestly formed, and for that purpose there was no reason why he should not use ridicule as a weapon; but a critic must confine himself to criticism, and not make it the veil for personal censure, nor allow himself to run into reckless and unfair attacks merely for the love of exercising his power of denunciation.

The jury after being absent for an hour came into the court for an explanation from the learned judge of the words "wilful imposture" in the alleged libel, and, again retiring, came back shortly afterwards and gave a verdict for the plaintiff—damages one farthing.

The learned judge gave judgment for the plaintiff, but without costs.

(*b*) "MY OWN ARTICLE ON WHISTLER"

[Ruskin at the time of the trial was not well enough to attend. among the MSS. at Brantwood are the following passages, headed "My wn Article on Whistler"]:—

It has long been alleged against me,[1] with much indignation, that in riticism I do not help my friends. The sentiment that every expression f a man's opinions ought to help either himself, his friends, or his party, now so completely the first commandment of English morality that I ave ceased to be surprised when, if I say anybody's picture is good—nough I don't know the painter from Noah—he immediately writes to thank e for my unexpected kindness; and if I say it is bad, similarly writes to sk what he has done to offend me, or institutes an action for libel, in hich the English law will politely estimate the force of my injurious pinion at a farthing, and make my friends pay it four hundred pounds[2] r the expression of its own opinion to that effect.

The function of the critic, in his relation to contemporary art, is of ourse the same as that of the critic with respect to contemporary literaire; namely, to recommend "authors" (the word is properly common men of original power in both the arts) of merit to public attenon, and to prevent authors of no merit from occupying it. All good ritics delight in praising, as all bad ones in blaming (there is an nteresting letter in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, describing the vital difference etween Scott and Jeffrey in this respect[3]); and I am both proud and appy in being able to say of myself that the entire strength of my life as been spent in the praise of artists who among the ancients had reained unappreciated, or among the moderns, maligned or unknown.

I use the word "maligned" deliberately and sorrowfully in thinking f the criticisms which first provoked me into literature;[4] before I was old nough to learn with Horace and Turner "*Malignum* spernere vulgus."[5] If ttacks such as those I refer to (in *Blackwood's Magazine*, anonymous, and in ecent periodicals by persons who even assert their ignorance for the pledge f their sincerity) could be repressed by the care and acumen of British Law, would be well alike for the dignity of Literature and the interests of

[1] [See, on this point, *Academy Notes*, 1875 (Vol. XIV. p. 261).]

[2] [This, the amount of Ruskin's costs, was paid by a subscription among his riends and admirers: see the Introduction, above, p. xxiv.]

[3] [See Lockhart, vol. ii. pp. 156–157. "It struck me," writes the correspondent uoted by Lockhart, "that there was this great difference—Jeffrey, for the most art, entertained us, when books were under discussion, with the detection of aults, blunders, absurdities, or plagiarisms; Scott took up the matter where he eft it, recalled some compensating beauty or excellence for which no credit had een allowed, and by the recitation, perhaps, of one fine stanza, set the poor ictim on his legs again." For Ruskin's views on the function of criticism, see urther *The Art of England*, § 192.]

[4] [For the anonymous article in *Blackwood* which provoked Ruskin, see Vol. I. . xxxiii., and Vol. III. p. xviii. Ruskin's article replying to *Blackwood* was subnitted to Turner, who, despising the "malignum vulgus," dismissed the attack s "of no import": see *Præterita*, i. § 243.]

[5] [*Odes*, II. xvi. 39, 40 (quoted also in Vol. XVII. p. 228, and see Vol. XX. . 358).]

Art. But the Bench of honourable Criticism is as truly a Seat of Judgment as that of Law itself, and its verdicts, though usually kinder, must sometimes be no less stern. It has ordinarily been my privilege to extol, but occasionally my duty to condemn, the works of living painters. But no artist has ever been suspected of purchasing my praise, and this is the first attempt that has been made through the instrumentality of British Law to tax my blame. I do not know the sense attached, legally, to the word "libel"; but the sense rationally attaching to it is that of a false description of a man's person, character, or work, made wilfully with the purpose of injuring him.

And the only answers I think it necessary to make to the charge of libel brought against me by the plaintiff, are first, that the description given of his work and character is accurately true so far as it reaches; and secondly, that it was calculated, so far as it was believed, to be extremely beneficial to himself and still more to the public. In the first place, the description given of him is absolutely true. It is my constant habit, while I praise without scruple, to weigh my words of blame in every syllable. I have spoken of the plaintiff as ill-educated and conceited, because the very first meaning of education in an artist is that he should know his true position with respect to his fellow-workmen, and ask from the public only a just price for his work. Had the plaintiff known either what good artists gave, habitually, of labour to their works, or received, contentedly, of pay for them, the price he set on his own productions would not have been coxcombry but dishonesty.

I have given him the full credit of his candid conceit, and supposed him to imagine his pictures to be really worth what he asks for them. And I did this with the more confidence, because the titles he gave them showed a parallel want of education. All well-informed painters and musicians are aware that there is analogy between painting and music. The public would at once recognize the coxcombry of a composer, who advertised a study in chiaroscuro for four voices, or a prismatic piece of colour in four flats, and I am only courteous in supposing nothing worse than coxcombry in an artist who offers them a symphony in green and yellow for two hundred pounds.

Nor is the final sentence, in which the plaintiff is spoken of as throwing his palette in the public's face, other than an accurate, though a brief, definition of a manner which is calculated to draw attention chiefly by its impertinence. The standard which I gave, thirty years ago, for estimate of the relative value of pictures, namely, that their preciousness depended ultimately on the greatness and the justice of the ideas they contained and conveyed,[1] has never been lost sight of by me since, and has been especially insisted on lately, in such resistance as I have been able to offer to the modern schools which suffer the object of art to be ornament rather than edification. It is true that there are many curious collectors of libraries, in whose eyes the binding of the volumes is of more importance than their contents; and there are many patrons of art who benevolently comply with the fashion of the day, without expecting to derive more benefit from the fronts of their pictures

[1] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 92).]

than from the backs of their books. But it is a critic's first duty in examining works proposed in public exhibition to distinguish the artist's work from the upholsterer's; and although it would be unreasonable to expect from the hasty and electric enlightenment of the nineteenth century, any pictorial elucidations of the Dispute of the Sacrament, or the School of Athens,[1] he may yet, without any severity of exaction, require of a young painter that he should work a little with his head as well as with his fingers; and may explain to the spectator, without libellous intention, the difference between Attic air and a London fog.

It gives me no little pain to be compelled to point out, as the essential grounds of the present action, the confusion between art and manufacture, which, lately encouraged in the public mind by vulgar economists, has at last, in no small manner, degraded the productions even of distinguished genius into marketable commodities, with the sale of which it is thought as unwarrantable to interfere as with the convenient dishonesties of popular trade.

This feeling has been still farther increased by the idea of many kindly persons that it is a delicate form of charity to purchase the feeble works of incompetent artists, and by the corresponding efforts of large numbers of the middle classes, under existing conditions of social pressure, to maintain themselves by painting and literature, without possessing the smallest natural faculties for either.

I will confine myself, with reference to this, in my estimate, infinitely mischievous tendency of the public mind, to the simple statement that in flourishing periods, whether of trade or art, the dignity, whether of operatives or artists, was held to consist in their giving, in every sense, good value for money and a fair day's work for a fair day's wages. The nineteenth century may perhaps economically pride itself on the adulteration of its products and the slackness of its industries. But it ought at least to instruct the pupils of its schools of Art, in the ancient code of the Artist's honour, that no piece of work should leave his hands, which his diligence could further complete, or his reflection further improve, and in the ancient decision of the Artist's pride, that his fame should be founded on what he had given, not on what he had received.

[Here the MS. breaks off.]

[1] [For Raphael's "Dispute of the Sacrament," spoken of by Ruskin as "the most perfect effort yet made by art to illustrate divine science," see *Eagle's Nest*, § 46 (Vol. XXII. p. 156); for the "School of Athens," Vol. V. p. 49, and Vol. XXII. p. 422.]

21

MYTHS AND NOVELS[1]

[See Letter 79, § 7 (above, p. 150)]

"For our working men, no such tales exist." The question is, how w are to get on without them. For when Plato comes to attack the chie of all political difficulties—the incontinence of the masses—he does not a all attempt to attack it by Teetotal Societies, illusive liquor laws, or th like, but essentially by three things, namely, stories, sermons, and songs called in Greek, myths, words, and melodies.

The entirely worst book, so far as I know, produced by the moder insolence of infidelity contains the following sentence: "Greek myths hav no moral purpose whatsoever." Which is accurately and exquisitely th reverse of fact. For not only every Greek myth has a moral purpos which is its entire life, as much as the breath is of the human body but no good myth, or, as we call it, novel, was ever written, or can be without such a purpose;* only in the finest forms of myth it is always s hidden, and partly beyond the consciousness of the story-teller himself that it heals and saves like the medicinal power in a herb, which w gather only for its sweet scent and beauty.

* My literary readers may fancy they know a great many good and yet immor novels. There are no such things. Whatever good there is in immoral nove writers depends on some instinct they have for good, which may be polluted o directed in a thousand ways, but in which their strength wholly consists. Georg Sand will not live indeed, nor Victor Hugo, being both too far tainted;[2] but bot of them got their power from the sense of Justice, and George Sand from he enjoyment of the simplicities of real virtue (read *La Petite Fadette*, and the *Peck de Monsieur Antoine*). De Balzac and all other strong tellers of his school deriv their power from the analysis of crime—the moral sense never failing (read *L Père Goriot*, for a type[3]). The moment the moral sense really fails, all genius i dead; in its vitality, all genius revives. The best novel in the world is the *Vica of Wakefield*.

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[1] [This passage is printed from the *Fors* MSS. at Brantwood.]

[2] [For other references to *Le Péché de Monsieur Antoine*, see *Fiction, Fair an Foul*, §§ 107, 109; and to George Sand generally, Vol. V. p. 360, and Vol. XII p. 121. For references to Victor Hugo, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 14, an *Praeterita*, i. § 164.]

[3] [For Ruskin's summary of this story, see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, § 5; an for other references to Balzac generally, see Vol. V. pp. 323, 330, 332.]

22

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. T. C. HORSFALL[1]

[See Letters 79 and 81]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
28*th July*, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am most deeply grateful for your letter—and you cannot, I think, but feel assured that I must be — and I think it extremely probable that you have been ordered by Fors herself to write it, at the time when she wishes me to change the tone of my own letters. For their past tone I am no more answerable than the men whom you regret my blaming are answerable for their mistakes, or rather, let me say, than a tree is answerable for being bent by storm. I *could* only write as I felt and thought, and whatever harm the book has done, or whatever good it has fallen short of doing, I cannot regret its inevitable form. But all this year, it has been more or less shown me that such form may now change. I can only answer your letter to-day with my truest thanks. I have not yet read more than the letter itself, nor can, till to-morrow.

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

10*th August*, 1877.[2]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am heartily sorry to have delayed till now the acknowledgment of your kind letters. One especially I meant to have answered instantly, but was hindered—the apologetic one. I can't understand how you could have thought for a moment any of your letters had

[1] [In *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (dated June 18, 1877), Ruskin had quoted with much approval and some criticism a paper contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* on February 27, 1877. The writer of the paper was Mr. T. C. Horsfall, who thereupon put himself into communication with Ruskin. One of his letters (July 25, 1877)—a remonstrance with Ruskin for the denunciatory tone of *Fors*—was printed in Letter 81, § 6 (p. 195). A passage from the MSS. at Brantwood, replying further to the remonstrance, is now appended to the text (see above, p. 196 *n.*). To Mr. Horsfall himself Ruskin sent the letter here given.]

[2] [Mr. Horsfall among other letters wrote the one printed in § 6 of Letter 81. The following letters (2, 3, and 4) refer to Ruskin's intention to publish it.]

been other than courteous and kind. The greater part of the one on Museums you will see printed in next *Fors* Correspondence, with a few comments. I am entirely unable for private correspondence, but if you read my fourth inaugural lecture (*Lectures on Art*, Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1870[1]) you will see clearly how far I can go with you, and if you look for the accounts of the Sheffield Museum in *Fors*, gradually how far I am going by myself. I am much interested by what you tell me of your Bishop,[2] but in what do you suppose it inconsistent with *my* words? I assert that he refuses to state the whole Gospel of God that he may keep smooth with Manchester. You tell me how smooth he has kept—where is the inconsistency?

Very heartily yours,
J. Ruskin.

August, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I made all the corrections as you direct—the queried sentence was by the printer, not me (I scratched out his query). The places of omission have been marked by stars. I left out the bit about cups, because pottery is too serious a piece of education to be spoken about so slightly.

You have not answered my chief query in last *Fors*, Why *we have less leisure than the Greeks?*[3] Please send me just a line about this. If you will look at the abstract of the history of usury, given in White's *Warfare of Science*, prefaced by Tyndall[4] (in which the writer is triumphing in the victory of the Usurer in these latter days), I do not think you will again call usury a sin "invented by Mr. Sillar." It is a sin of the same unnatural class as Cannibalism. I have nothing to do with judging the culpability of Robinson Crusoe's Friday. But when once he is told that Cannibalism is wrong—if he goes on supposing himself wiser than God and all his old servants—I have no civil language, for him, and I believe, of all existing vices, usury to be the most pernicious in its essence—in its effect on the modern mind. Of whoredom and theft a man repents—in usury he triumphs.

If I believed men *were* better now than of old, my dear Sir, I never should write a word more in this world. God knows how tired I am, and that nothing but the fiercest agony of indignation would wring a word more from me. But I will answer your letter tenderly and accurately; forgive any over-impetuosity in this, but the horror to me of the things done in modern life is quite unspeakable otherwise.

[1] [See Vol. XX. pp. 95–117.]
[2] [See the reference to this in Letter 81, § 8 (above, p. 198).]
[3] [See Letter 79, § 8 (p. 153).]
[4] [*The Warfare of Science*, by Andrew Dickson White, LL.D., President of Cornell University, with Prefatory Note by Professor Tyndall, 1876. The theme of the book is "the great, sacred struggle" of science; and one of the victories, won after "centuries of war" against "rigid adherence to the Bible," is "the taking of interest on loans" (pp. 122 *seq.*). For another reference to the book, see (in a later volume of this edition) *Usury: a Reply and a Rejoinder*, § 26.]

August 24th, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I am deeply interested by your gentle and wise letter, and am more than ever grieved that your state of health prevents your doing all that your kindly will and good sense would enable you to effect. You must please pardon the tone in which, in the forthcoming *Fors*, some parts of your letter, considered as the expression of many other persons, are answered.[1] I am not able always to write as I would—the thoughts take their own way in form when I begin to get them down. The principal difference between us—the conviction, on your part, of national progress, on mine, of national decline—has not been touched upon. It requires most careful statements and explanations, for which I have neither time nor, at present, power, being nearly as ill, I fancy, as you are, though without pain, but with threatening, if I over-think myself, of worse than headache.

Always believe me faithfully and affectionately yours
(Whether *Fors* reads rough or smooth),
J. Ruskin.

I may give your name, may I not?

August 25th, 1877.

Dear Mr. Horsfall,—There was no mistake of any import in your former letters. I have, alas, no time even to read their correction this morning, but I chance to open on a leaf of your former about your Bishop, which I never answered. Your Bishop was challenged, as the Overseer of the greatest Mercantile City in England, by Mr. Sillar, to say whether the Bible (whether the Word of God or not) did or did not condemn the taking of Interest on loans. To this the Bishop answered, "He had not time to inquire."[2] An answer which, *had it been true*, would have been so intensely idiotic that I cannot believe it to have been anything else than a lie of the basest kind. I believe he knew perfectly well what his answer must be, if he answered at all.

But, grant him to be so foolish as to suppose his time better occupied than in determining such a question, and so ignorant as not to be aware of the nature of such a struggle as the Church fought against usury for ten centuries, I challenged him again through my own private secretary[3] that it might be done in perfect courtesy. And he remained utterly silent. What was to hinder him from expressing the conviction that his time was better occupied than in acquainting himself with the facts of this matter? or, if he knew the facts, his resolution not to assert them, on the pleas which you now find for him?

Ever most truly yours,
J. R.

[1] [See above, pp. 197–200.]
[2] [See Letter 56 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 401).]
[3] [See Letter 78 (above, p. 136).]

August 27th, 1877.

Dear Mr Horsfall,—Neither our pain nor pleasure have anything whatever to do with this matter.

The declaration of a Bishop of any Christian body of men that he has not time to ascertain the meaning of a Scriptural prohibition, which possibly affects the entire system of the commerce of his day, is either madness of folly or equivocation—for which I use the briefer word—having never, as I have stated in *Fors* before now, met with *one* honest clergyman in my life, except Bishop Colenso.[1]

They are *all* partizans, concealing what they think makes against their opinions, or against the good of men—as they in their better wisdom than God's understand it—and sophistically urging what they think advantageous.

You are also separated from me by one great difference in principle. I never judge, or attempt to judge, men's conscience. I never praise myself or blame others—they may be infinitely better men than I, for aught I know. My business is only to declare that they are lying, stealing, or equivocating, if they *are so*. Their consciences are God's field, not mine.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

August 28th, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I find your letters so interesting that—without being able to read them straight through—I let them lie among my papers and take a bit every now and then.

I had not before noticed your reference to Savonarola. Yes, both he and Botticelli[2] were, I thank God, utterly of one mind with me, and both spoke absolutely truth to the falling Florence they alone saw Death in the face of. And, refusing their testimony, she died. You don't suppose there is any life in Florence *now!* She is not even a whitened sepulchre, but a blackened and foul one. And the signs of England's ruin are as clear and fearful as of hers, yet the life in us is larger and the rural population more active. The future of England may be, for aught I know, redeemable, but she must first recognize her state as needing redemption.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

August 29th, 1877

My dear Sir,—I am very grateful for your letter of yesterday (of which I at once destroyed the first part). But I think you were perfectly right in calling the man a liar; and, so far as you were not, only wrong if you allowed the sense of personal injury to make your language violent.

[1] [See Vol. XIV. p. 285 *n.*, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 244.]
[2] [Compare *Ariadne Florentina*, § 199 (Vol. XXII. p. 436).]

All such expressions in *Fors* are the deliberate assertions of what the hypocrisy of the age can not discern in itself, and the unconsciousness of the lie, which you think its palliation, is, in my mind, its completion.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

We are in the extremest at issue in all our views of Facts. That is the real reason of your regret at my manner of statement. *I* think the good which it seems to you your Bishop is doing, no good whatever. I think the harm you believe Colenso did, the only good done by any Bishop in my day. I think of men like Dr. Guthrie,[1] and the great popular Glasgow Editor of *Good Words*,[2] and your Bishop, as men who make all things smooth and smiling for the Devil's work, and daub every wall with untempered mortar.[3]

[1] [Thomas Guthrie (1803–1873), preacher and philanthropist. Ruskin admired his work (see Vol. XII. p. xxx. *n.*), though criticising his theology (Vol. VI. p. 483).]

[2] [Norman Macleod (1812–1872); minister of the Church of Scotland; one of the founders of the Evangelical Alliance, 1847; chaplain to Queen Victoria, 1857–1872; D.D., Glasgow, 1858; editor of *Good Words*, 1860–1872.]

[3] [This correspondence led to a visit by Mr. Horsfall to Brantwood; while at a later date (1883) Ruskin contributed an Introduction to a pamphlet by Mr. Horsfall, entitled *The Study of Beauty and Art in Large Towns* (see a later volume of this edition).]

23

PLATO'S "MUSIC" AND LUDWIG RICHTER[1]

[See Letters 82 and 83]

I MUST pause here to collect the meaning thus far. Education, properly so called, begins in earliest infancy, by making the child like what it should like, and hate what it should hate (as, for instance, like milk, and dislike gin; like playing with animals, dislike hunting them; like playing in clean water, and dislike dirt; like hearing truth, and dislike being deceived; and so on), but that these rightly-formed instincts are likely to pass away in advancing life, unless maintained by discipline under three Gods, of which music, the art of motion in the voice, is that which preserves virtue in the soul; and gymnastic, the art of the motion of the limbs, that which preserves virtue in the body.*

The last point to be dwelt on in the Platonic teaching is the vital principle that all our singing is to be with the help and fellowship of certain Gods—namely, the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus. Translating this into a faith acceptable (whether we accept it or not) by faithful Christians it means that all good music must be sung by the help and companionship of angels. Suppose we at all believed in angels, and in their guardianship of children, and guidance of men, we should be interested in trying to conceive their different ranks, and the kind of fellowship they have with us, and with the lower animals. Of which the only

* Now this, however useful, is an illogical decision; for, to be accurate in terms, it should run that music, being wise motion of the voice, preserves the virtue of the voice; and gymnastic, being wise motion of the limbs, preserves the virtue of the limbs. But logic would only here lead us into false forms (as it always does when it becomes a guide instead of a method). Plato is essentially right, though informal. Music is not the movement of the voice only, but the production of a new condition in external things (sound), and is not at all an opposite to gymnastic, but a different art altogether, acting, not on its instrument, the mouth, but on the ear and intellect, while gymnastic re-acts only on its own instrument, the limbs, and affects the moral disposition only, not the intellect; and practically, on the whole, the one disciplines (as Plato says it does) the soul, and the other the body.

[1] [These passages are printed from proofs of *Fors* "over matter," headed "Take out and keep."]

H. S. Uhlrich, after Ludwig Richter

"Our Father which art in Heaven"

H. S. Uhlrich, after Ludwig Richter.

beautiful or in any wise faithful imageries that I know in Protestant art, are those by Ludwig Richter.[1] Get, if you can, at least his lovely illustration of the Lord's Prayer, where, in the first ("Our Father, which art in Heaven"), the child-angel is seen at the baby's bedside, making it dream of Christ; while outside the cottage, the father and mother and elder children sit in the starry and moonlit night—the little spring beside them plashing into the wooden trough, giving the only sound through its silence. Then in the next picture ("Hallowed be Thy name") the slowly flying angel brings the sound of the church bells through morning sunshine; and in the next ("Thy kingdom come"), while one crowned with flowers teaches the elder children (one with a dock-leaf for a parasol) what they should begin to know of flowers, another—itself no more than just able to fly—helps the baby up the steep rock-steps, a third, hidden behind the tree-trunk, prompts the two who are learning their first prayer from their mother, and on the lowest branch, the tiniest angel of all, with a tiny pipe, is teaching two callow birds to sing. In the fifth picture ("Give us each day")—the most beautiful piece of religious art that I know in modern work—while the sower sows, and the mother under the shadow of the hedge feeds her two little ones with a spoon, the dog waiting with his patient head between them, and the elder boy pausing with his piece of bread, two large bites out of it, held behind him,—above, the bird feeds her nestlings, and a fairy angel, in the cup of a flower, holds a pitcher of honey to the bee. Last, in the eighth picture comes the Angel Deliverer from Evil. I repeat, with wonder to myself, these German pictures are the only faithful imageries of divine companionship that I know of in modern art to illustrate Plato by.*

* Richter's imaginations, lovely always, are even to himself more symbols than assertions. They degenerate continually into idle ornamental fancy, and have no saving religious power to most minds.

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[1] [Compare *Art of England*, §§ 29, 51, where Ruskin commends these designs for use in country village schools, and again describes the fifth picture. Plates IX. and X. here are facsimiles, respectively, of the first illustration ("Our Father which art in Heaven") and of the third ("Thy Kingdom Come").]

24

GOOD AND EVIL[1]

[A First Draft for Letter 87, with additions made in 1881]

BRANTWOOD, 22*nd Jan.*, 1878.

I HAVE been to-day re-reading with care the ordinances for the separation of the Nazarite (Numbers vi.), followed as they are by the great form of blessing to all Israel, as a consecrated and separate people; not less mystically related to the separation of our own souls from the evil world, —which the Grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to us that it may teach—purifying us for a nation of overflowing power, zealous of good works.[2]

And there is perhaps nothing more pressing of my constructive work than the full explaining of the second article of St. George's creed,[3] in its opposition to the doctrine of the "corruption of human nature" as it is commonly taught.

Human nature *is* corrupt—too sorrowfully and deeply so. What you have first to perceive concerning it is exactly *that*—namely, that all the evil of it *is* its corruption, not itself! That our sin is our Death; not our Nature, but the destruction of our Nature. And that through and within all such horror of infected plague, the living soul, holy and strong, yet exists, strong enough with its Maker's help to purge and burn itself free, to all practical need, from the body of that death, and rise up in its ancient noblesse, overflowing in strength, and zealous of good works.

And on either side of this quite demonstrable and incontrovertible truth there are two infinitely fatal, infinitely false, Lies—the first, that our Nature itself is ignoble, and to its core, vile; the second, that the evil now visible in the world is not its corruption, nor its death, but a part of its necessary being, and therefore essentially good, not evil.

I have myself passed through both these heresies; in the first I was bred, and held it as a solemn article of religious faith until I began to be able to think for myself. Then, perceiving what I had been taught to be wholly false, I fell (partly also in consequence of respect for the teachers, who had made me think) into the other heresy, and for some years I felt and wrote that the world was all good, and that there was no evil in it

[1] [This fragment, of autobiographical interest, is printed from MSS. at Brantwood, headed "*Fors*, March," and dated as above.]

[2] [Titus ii. 11, 14.]

[3] [See Letter 58, Vol. XXVIII. p. 419.]

out of our own foolish making or thinking; that death was good and pain good, and earthquake and pestilence good, if only we received them as God had willed, and dealt with them as He appointed. Either of these heresies may—perhaps one or other must—be held with sincerity, and supported with plausible reason by any person who is not trying his utmost to do *all* the good he can in the world. But the moment that effort is made (and *less* than that effort, observe, is not Christianity),—the moment it is made, a quite new experience

[Fragment of 1878 ends here, curiously enough.]

Before I could write what the "new experience" was, I got it myself—a little too hot; and was laid on my back by anything but an advantageous illness, the first which broke my strength and scattered all my plans, now at last slowly being gathered into practicable order again. But, lest the "new experience" should never be explained at all, I now (11th August, 1881, after a second illness of the same kind,) finish my sentence of 1878. . . .

A quite new experience will present itself to him, namely, the power of the Spirit that "*letteth*"—"He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way."[1] That is to say, in combination with his own personal faults, follies, and weaknesses, and turned with or lance-cast from them as a snake on and from a deadly tree, he will find a distinct Adversary, which is not his Fault, but its true Accuser; not his lameness, but the presenter of Stones of Stumbling to it; not his folly, but the follower and Avenger of it; and similarly in all things round him an Opposer or Destroyer, powerful in proportion to the disbelief in his existence—an Adversary against whom no vigilance is constant enough, no shield strong enough, but that his Lion's tooth will sometimes scar, and his fire-dart pierce—only, in right battle

γνῶ δ᾽ Ὀδυσεὺς ὅ οἱ οὔτι βέλος κατακαίριον ἦλθεν.[2]

[1] [2 Thessalonians ii. 7.]
[2] [*Iliad*, xi. 439.]

25

NOTES ON THE LAND QUESTION[1]

To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette"

March 15th [1887].

In looking over the material which the discontinuance of *Fors Clavigera* prevented my using, I have come on the enclosed, to my mind, every way sensible and thoughtful letter, entering into close detail respecting recent errors in land management, which I thought might—under present condition of land question—be permitted space in your columns.

The enclosure is as follows, the writer being Mr. Stephen Rowland of Cranleigh:—

"I saw in last *Fors* that you are going to write on the land question. I therefore send you word what a good many farmers here think is the cause of their present difficulties. I daresay it is not different from what you know about the matter, but I thought it would do no harm to write. In the first place, some few years ago some manufacturers and others who had made large fortunes in trade came into the country and bought farms, or hired them at much higher rents than had ever been paid before. This led to a rise in rents all through the district. Well, then, the new farmers gave their labourers more money for their work than anybody else had ever done; but the worst of it was that, the masters not knowing themselves what a fair day's work was, the men gradually did less and less work, and what they did was worse done than it used to be, until now it takes two men to do what one did in the old time. The farmers say, though, that there are still a few men who have always done, and do, their very best and put their heart into their work, but there are but few such now.

"The new farmers soon had a new house or two built about the farm, and then compelled the parish to make the old green lanes—for which this country is famous—into hard roads, at a great expense and consequent increase in the parish rates, which are paid chiefly by the farmers. Then the Education Act was passed, which keeps the boys off the land until they pass a certain standard in the school. By the time they do this most of them don't want to drive plough, but get into some other employment that they think is more genteel, so that the farmer has to pay a man instead of a boy to drive plough, and has also to pay the greater part of the boy's schooling although he wants him more than enough on the farm. To make matters worse, the seasons have been against the farmers. They also tell me that the tithes are higher than they used to be: why this should be I cannot understand, but it seems that when tithes were taken in kind, every tenth

[1] [This section of the Appendix is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 17, 1887. It was reprinted in *Idyllist*, September 1890, vol. i. pp. 346–347, and again in the privately issued *Ruskiniana*, Part I., 1890, pp. 64–65.]

shock of corn was taken, whether the shock was good or bad, and so a fair average tenth was got, but now the tithe is calculated on the market price of corn, and as the farmer always sends his best corn to market, and keeps what he calls the trail corn at home to feed cattle and pigs with, the tithe is really levied on the best corn only, and not on the good and bad together, as it used to be. There is also the game difficulty, and the imports from foreign countries, which you most likely know a good deal more about than I do; but, right or wrong, most farmers that I have talked to about these matters think as I have written. I forgot to tell you, though, that there is one farmer here who never uses a machine for anything that he can get done by hand. He has told me that he would have his corn threshed with a flail if he could get any one to do it. He says that the straw is better for cattle."

26

EPILOGUE[1]

I BEGAN the second series of these letters in the hope of completing their broken teaching in many particulars and fulfilling at least to some extent their promise of notes on the life of Scott, with as much memory of my own as might be worth keeping. But I believe now that the serious matter of which they mainly consist had better not be further extended, or diluted, by personalities. I find in reviewing the book that it contains much more than I knew, and is written with a vigour and precision which I do not in future years hope to equal, and that on the whole with a systematic index, these letters had better now be placed before the public in concluded form, and what gossip about his favourite author, or himself, may be indulged to an old man's garrulity, prevented from encumbering the conclusion of his careful and earnest thought.

Of the too sanguine passages in which I have spoken of the conditions of happiness which Sir Thomas Browne and Bacon only ventured to design in ideal light, as within the actual reach of present effort, I will only say that they were written with a faith in the sense and courage of living Englishmen in which I am neither shaken nor ashamed; and that my own failure in proving the possibility of such things came only of the diversion of energy to the subjects of art which my dearest friends insisted was my only proper province; and of its arrest in 1875 by personal sorrow. And I have more than once expressed my conviction, nor do I see reason now to doubt its soundness, that had I given my whole strength and heart to the leadership of the St. George's Guild, it would ere now have accomplished all I hoped.

Putting aside, however, these expressions of trust in the immediate realization of my objects, there is no [statement] of principle throughout the book which I am the least inclined to qualify. Far the contrary; it appears to me that the state of society is rapidly drawing to a crisis in which all that *Fors* proclaims false will be found fatally so, and in which, of pure necessity, some respectful experiment will be made on the lines it has pointed out. More especially this seems to me probable with respect to the primary need of the organization of labour, pleaded for by me in *Unto this Last*, and variously insisted upon through all my other books. As I grow older, and have further experience of and insight into life, nothing impresses me so much as the useless affliction of its anxieties and uncertainties, in that no one, ordinarily, is *sure* of daily bread, or safe and calm in their daily toil. And I am every day more vexed at the loss of benevolent effort in contest with narrow forms of vice or distress, when it ought all to be concentrated into the order and discipline of totally governing power.

[1] [This passage is printed from MS. at Brantwood. It seems to have been written for Letter 96, being afterwards displaced by the letter from "Francesca": see p. 519.]

RUSKIN'S INDEX

TO SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL TOPICS IN "FORS CLAVIGERA"

[*Bibliographical Note.*—There have hitherto been published three kinds of Index to *Fors Clavigera*—(1) two Indices published, and in part prepared, by Ruskin himself, to Letters 1–24 and to Letters 25–48 respectively; (2) a General Index to the whole work, prepared under the superintendence of the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe; (3) Indices, prepared by Mr. W. G. Collingwood, at the end of each volume in the "Small Edition" of *Fors* (for which, see Vol. XXVII. p. c.). These indices (3) were to a curtailed edition of the book.

The Index contained in the following pages (609–676) is a completion of Index (1), as explained below (p. 607). First, however, in this Note particulars are given of the previous publications (1) and (2).

RUSKIN'S INDEX TO LETTERS 1–24 (1873)

First Edition (1873).—The title of this Index is as follows:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Supplementary Number. | Index to Vols. I. and II. | [*Rose*] | London: printed for the Author | by Watson and Hazell, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. G. Allen, Heathfield Cottage, Keston, Kent.

Octavo, pp. 28. The headline is "Index" on each page. Issued, in September 1873,[1] in pale grey paper wrappers, with the title on the front, there being no title-page. On p. 1 is the drop-title—"Fors Clavigera. | Index | To the Volumes for 1871 and 1872," with the explanation, "The larger black numerals indicate the number of the letter; the smaller numerals, the pages." The "Advertisement" of *Fors Clavigera* appears on p. 4 of the wrapper. The Index was distributed gratis. 1000 copies.

Some original notes by the author were introduced into this Index. These are given in this edition as notes to the text: see Vol. XXVII. pp. 29, 54, 85, 90, 94, 117, 130, 149, 184, 185, 186, 187, 191, 194, 209, 260, 297, 323, 346, 347.

Second Edition (1877).—The title (again on the wrapper) is altered, as follows: "(Second Thousand). | [*Rose.*] | London: Printed for the Author by | Hazell, Watson, & Viney, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent." Page 4 of the wrapper is blank. On p. 1, after the drop-title, are the words "Second Thousand (*revised*)."

Issued, as before, in November 1877. 1000 copies. Out of print.

[1] Such is the actual date of publication. Ruskin's reference to it in the Letter for July 1873 (Vol. XXVII. p. 568) must be taken as anticipatory.

The revisions were numerous, but unimportant. Ed. 1 contains 15 lines on the last page; ed. 2 (owing to additions on preceding pages), 31. The proofs of ed. 1 were not read very accurately; thus, on p. 20 of it, lines 1 and 2, which really belonged to the heading "Obedience," were printed under "P" with no heading at all; occasionally also, references to letters or pages were left blank.

In ed. 2 such errors were corrected, and a few additional entries were made. The principal revision was, however, the alteration of references to pages, so as to make them apply to the later editions of the several Letters; for, as explained in the Bibliographical Note to Vol. XXVII. (p. xcii.), the pagination of Letters 1–20 had been altered after the first editions.

RUSKIN'S INDEX TO LETTERS 25–48 (1876)

First Edition (1876).—The title (again on the wrapper) is as follows:—

> Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By John Ruskin, LL.D. | Supplementary Number. | Index to Vols. III. and IV. | [*Rose.*] | London: printed for the Author by | Watson and Hazell, London and Aylesbury; | and to be had of | Mr. George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

Octavo, pp. 36. The headline is "Index" on each page. Issued, in January 1876, in pale grey paper wrappers. The "Advertisement" of *Fors Clavigera* appears on p. 4 of the wrapper. The Index was distributed gratis. 1000 copies.

Second Edition (1878).—A reprint of the First, with the addition of the words "Second Thousand" on the cover and on p. 1, and the alteration of the imprint to "Hazell, Watson, & Viney."

The following Prefatory Note appeared on p. 1 of the Index:—

> "*Though the kind friends who have drawn up this and the earlier index are not content with their work, I believe it will be found entirely sufficient for its purposes, until the system of the whole is more developed. As soon as it has received anything like conclusive form, I will index its subjects, in connection, myself.*"[1]

Issued in June 1878. 1000 copies (of which a few are still, 1907, obtainable).

A *review* of this Index appeared in the *Monetary Gazette*, January 8, 1876.

MR. FAUNTHORPE'S INDEX TO THE COMPLETE WORK (1887)

In addition to the indexes described above, Ruskin made a large number of notes and memoranda for similar indexes to the remaining volumes. These memoranda have been much used in the present edition (see below,

[1] It is clear, however, that much of the work was Ruskin's own; the wording of many of the entries is conclusive. Probably what he left to friends was the arrangement of the entries.

p. 608). He did not, however, complete the work, and the task of compiling an Index to the whole series of Letters was undertaken by the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands College, who issued the following "Editor's Note":—

"SOME years ago Mr. Ruskin expressed a wish to have a complete Index to *Fors Clavigera*, and gave me permission to make it. I have worked at it steadily ever since, not without much kindly assistance; and my pleasure at its appearance in complete form is marred by one abiding regret.[1]

"There were in existence, Indexes to Vols. I. and II., published in Vol. II.; to Vols. III. and IV., published in Vol. IV.; and in addition to these, various notes, memoranda, partial indexes of separate letters; and a complete, but brief, MS. Index to Vols. V., VI., and VII.; none of which I have made much use of, because it seemed necessary to do the whole thing on one plan, or not do it at all. So I read every word.

"No one who admires *Fors Clavigera* will, I think, object to the length of the Index, nor to the numerous cross references,—which, indeed, might have been multiplied almost *ad infinitum*. But any reader not finding what is wanted under one letter, will most probably find it under another, in intimate, and what seemed to me at the time to be superior, connection. Thus, if the names of Italian painters are not found under 'Names,' they will be found under 'Italians,' or 'Painters,' or under their own letter.

"Some classification has been, and perhaps more might have been, given. Some, perhaps many, references, might have been omitted, and some no doubt are, for it is not a Concordance.

"I have one hope left, that it may be useful to readers of *Fors Clavigera*; one confession to make, that it is not perfect; and one clear intimation to give, that Mr. Ruskin is wholly irresponsible for its present shape, because he never saw the proofs.

"*January* 1887."

The title-page of Mr. Faunthorpe's Index is as follows:—

Index | to | Fors Clavigera. | Letters | to the Workmen and Labourers | of Great Britain. | By | John Ruskin, LL.D., | Honorary Student of Christ Church, | and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. | Vols. I. to VIII. | [*Rose.*] | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1871–7. 1878–80–83–84. | 1887.

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 503. Title-page (with imprint at the foot of the reverse—"Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury"), pp. i.–ii.; "Editor's Note" (as given above), with blank reverse, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents of the eight volumes of *Fors Clavigera*, pp. v.–xii.; List of Illustrations in the eight volumes, pp. xiii.–xv.; "Addenda et Corrigenda" (in the Index), p. xvi.; text of Index, pp. 1–494; Appendix (see below), pp. 495–503.

Issued, in March 1887, in mottled-grey paper boards, with a white paper label on the back, which reads, "Ruskin | Index to | Fors Clavigera." 2000 copies. Price 10s. In 1893 copies were bound in cloth and the price was reduced to 7s. 6d. The volume is still (1907) obtainable.

The references in the Index are (in the case of Letters 1–36) to the Letters and pages of the Letters; (in the case of Letters 37–96) to the Letters and pages of the Volumes. It should be noted that the Index

[1] Mr. Faunthorpe had hoped that Ruskin would write a Preface to the Index.

was compiled from the second editions of the earlier Letters, which, as mentioned above, vary in their pagination from the first editions. This Index, not being by Ruskin, is not included in this edition of his Works (see below, p. 607).

The Appendix consists of "Notes" 1–8, being "Over-matter, on various subjects, put in type for, but not included in *Fors*." To the following Contents of the Appendix (p. 495 of the Index) are added the pages in the present volume where this over-matter is printed :—

1. Usury (Interest, Rent, etc.) . . . . . page 570
2. Railways and Interest . . . . . ,, 570
3. S. George's Laws not New . . . . (see below, ,, 606)
4. Mr. Ruskin—Curious Autobiography . . . . . ,, 607
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Of these "Notes," Nos. 1 and 2 are now printed together, in accordance with a proof corrected by Ruskin which Mr. Faunthorpe had not seen. Between his uncorrected proof and the latter there are the following variations :—

§ 1, line 4, "of England" added after "Bank," and "any one" before "particular"; line 10, "indeed" added after "he is"; line 11, "And in" for "In"; last line, "or do" for "or." At the end of § 1 the "Note" adds "And an average gentleman will not charge his friend on a loan; but will, the public, all he can."

§ 2, line 1, after "definition of the sin," the "Note" adds "obscured as it has been by metaphysical indignation on one side, and by dull equivocation on the other"; lines 4–6, the "Note" reads ". . . your neighbour is; and you will feel yourself a surly sort of dog if you don't lend it him. If he have a new coat on, he can afford to pay you something for the loan—but you are worse than a surly dog, if you take such pay. *That is* Usury . . ."; the end of § 2 in the "Note" reads ". . . when the lending one is worn out. You must see that your umbrella is in the stand. But you can't live on it, more than on the stand itself."

§ 4, line 6, for "wicked men" the "Note" reads "misers."

§ 6, line 7, for "may turn out advantageous," the "Note" reads "ends"; and in lines 11 and 12, for "subscriptions . . . living by," "help of"; in lines 13 and 14, it omits "or accomplish any public work." The "Note" ends thus: ". . . pockets of private persons, even though ever so softly and flatteringly applied, it could become law."

Mr. Faunthorpe's "Note 3" was printed by him in error; the passage was already in the text of Letter 78, § 9 and *n.* (above, p. 133).

Mr. Faunthorpe's "Note 4" has not seemed worth including in the present Appendix to *Fors*, for it is merely a newspaper extract summarising

a portion of Letter 76. But for the sake of completeness it is here subjoined :—

"MR. RUSKIN—CURIOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Mr. Ruskin announced, under date April 2nd, that he has, at the request of a few Sheffield workmen, authorised the investment of £1200 in an estate of thirteen acres of land near Sheffield, whereupon the workmen may spend what spare hours they have, and for which they agree to pay 3 per cent. Mr. Ruskin says, 'Here at last is a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand and heaven's.' Mr. Ruskin also publishes his autobiography, saying his father left him £120,000, besides property at Herne Hill, Denmark Hill, Greenwich, and pictures; and left his mother £37,000. He gave £17,000 to his poor relations; sold the pictures, bought Brantwood, assisted a young relation in business at a cost of £15,000, spent £15,000 on *harness and stables*, and has given £14,000 to St. George, besides having spent £70,000 variously. He is now worth £55,000, and announces that he will give the Marylebone property absolutely to St. George's Company. The Herne Hill property he gives to his cousin, and will finally invest the remaining £12,000, and live or die upon its interest.—*Inverness Courier*."

Ruskin no doubt preserved the cutting for the comic instance of a journalist's unintelligent summarising which is supplied by the underlined words: see Letter 76, § 18 (above, p. 101).

THE PRESENT INDEX

The scheme of the present edition does not admit of an attempt to include in the volumes devoted to *Fors Clavigera* a corrected and complete Index to the work. *Fors* is indexed, as part of the editors' general plan, in the General Index to the edition. But the separate Indices to Letters 1–48 were Ruskin's own, and he attached considerable importance to them.[1] He also intended to complete them by similar Indices for the rest of *Fors*, and he had nearly completed the notes necessary for that purpose. It has, therefore, seemed right that his Indices should be completed and incorporated here. It should be understood that, in preparing this "Ruskin Index," the editors have made no attempt to make it exhaustive. They have accepted his scale and method, and carried it through where he had left the work undone. It is an Index to some of the topics which he considered of principal importance.

The present Index, then, has been thus put together :—

(*a*) The two Indexes published by Ruskin have been combined. That is to say, in the case of Letters 1–48, the references given are those (and, with a few exceptions next to be stated, those only) which Ruskin gave in his two volumes. This combination has occasionally necessitated rearrangement and the transference of a reference from one head to another; in fact, however, there are no omissions.

In a few places of the text of *Fors*[2] Ruskin notes topics which ought to have been, but were not, included in one or other of his two Indexes. These topics have now been added. They are "Beer," "Glass Pockets," and "Misery."

In a few places in Ruskin's Indices he included corrections of misprints in the text of *Fors*, or notes explanatory of it. The corrections have all

[1] See his references in Vol. XXVII. pp. 437, 505, 553, 568; Vol. XXVIII. p. 528; and in the present volume, pp. 13, 166.

[2] See Letters 62 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 528), 73, and 93 (above, pp. 22, 469).

been made in the text; and the notes, as already stated (p. 603), are now transferred from the Index to the Text.

Ruskin's references were, in the case of Letters 1–36, to the number of the Letter and to the page of each Letter; and in the case of Letters 37–48 to the number of the Letter and to the page of the volume. In the present Index the references throughout are to Letters and sections (§§).

(*b*) Ruskin's copy of *Fors Clavigera* at Brantwood contains various Index notes. In another copy, of which only volumes i., v., vi., and vii. (in Mr. Wedderburn's possession) are forthcoming, he made many other Index references. In this copy he thus noted Letters 49 (fully), 50–60 (sparsely), 61–72 (all fully), and 73–84 (mostly done). Thus in the case of Letters 1–48, Ruskin's printed Indexes have received some additions from his MS. notes; while in the case of Letters 49–84, the Index references here given are chiefly from the author's memoranda.

(*c*) Ruskin did not note volume viii. for Index; here, therefore, the editors have supplied references; adhering, as above explained, to the scale, and method of selection, which Ruskin's own indexing seemed to suggest.]

RUSKIN'S INDEX

TO SOME OF THE

PRINCIPAL TOPICS IN "FORS CLAVIGERA"

The larger black numerals refer to the Letters; the smaller numerals, to the Sections (§§)

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„ 37–72 „ „ XXVIII.
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[1] [It will be noticed that in the Index Ruskin now and again refers to the Guild of St. George (as it was ultimately called) as the Company of Monte Rosa.]

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[1] [So in Ruskin's Index; the comma is in this edition duly inserted.]

[2] [Really, Professor Cairnes: see Vol. XXVII. p. 246 *n.*]

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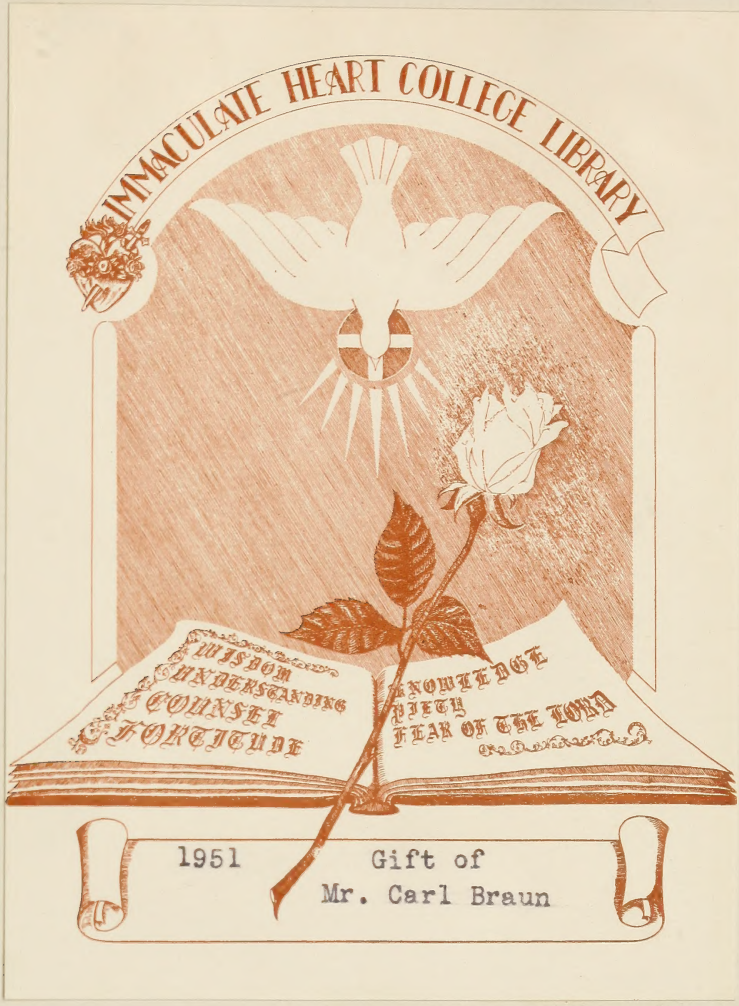

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